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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Bertram Atkey—Leonard H. Nason—Octavus Roy Cohen—Samuel G. Blythe
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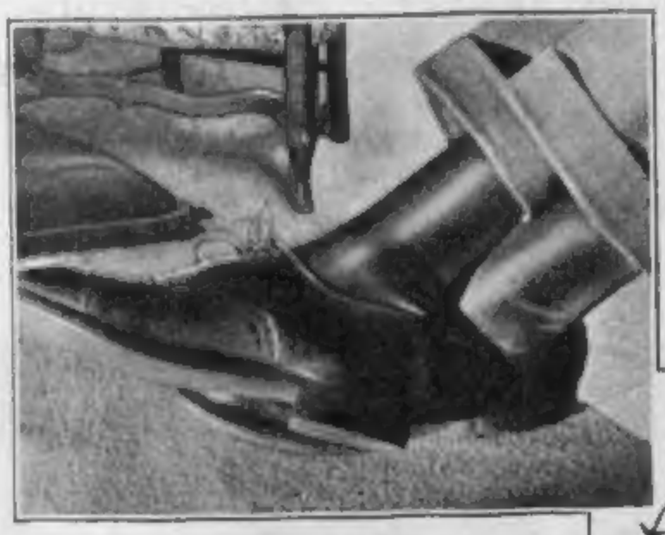

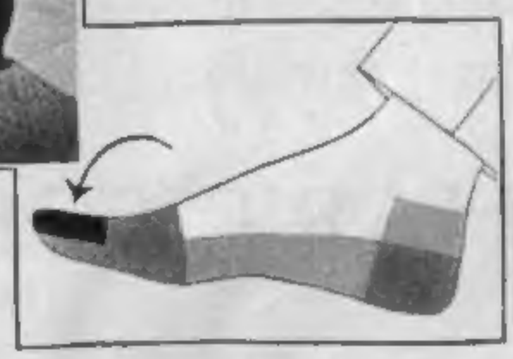

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SHAPES IN LIGHT

PHOTO. BY HENRY WAXMAN, HOLLYWOOD

Lillian Gish as Mimi, in the Production of La Bohème

By Joseph Hergesheimer

THE approach to Southern California, through the desert and barren mountain passes, could not be a more admirable preparation for groves of orange trees—since they are the most romantic and sun-saturated trees that grow. When, suddenly, I saw them—the dark foliage heavy like painted metal and globes of gold—I had a sharp sense of arrival in a world utterly different from the place, the winter, I had left. A world of warm and exotic brilliance, romantic like its trees. For that, just then, I was entirely ready, since only a few weeks before I had finished the prolonged hard discipline of writing a novel; and the mere thought of a pen, of any responsibility, was more than I felt I could support. Well, for a pleasant while I wouldn't have to; I had come to California at the invitation of Mr. Samuel Goldwyn for no more than a discussion of the possibility of a moving picture to be made next year; I was to see Miss Frances Marion and Henry King; and that, it seemed, was all.

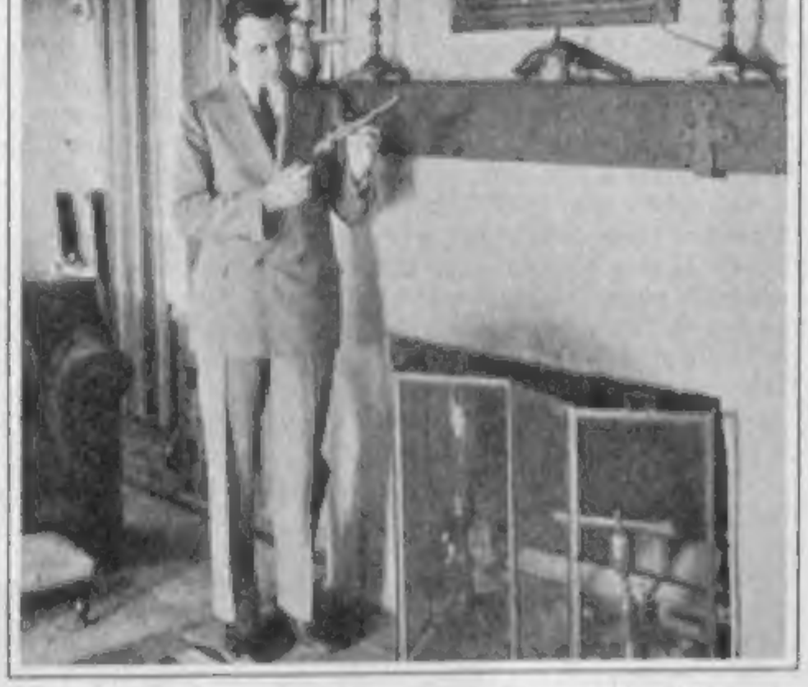
Moving pictures were like that; they began slowly and regally, with a very great deal of what, I suppose, might be called associated talk; preliminaries, at least where I was concerned, garlanded with pleasure. I had already met Miss Marion under very happy circumstances; Henry King had made Tol'able David, the first successful moving picture lured from one of my stories; and, in prospect, the weeks before me in California were as golden as the oranges half hidden among their leaves. I had in one bag all the bright shirts I owned, in another my most ornamental necessities, and there was an actual feather, a pheasant's feather, in my hat—a symbol of what I hoped was before me. When the train definitely left Pasadena I gave my porter a larger tip than I had intended—larger, I saw at once, than even he had expected.

Doffing My Coat to California

THERE was yet twenty minutes before the train's arrival at Los Angeles, and the porter stood in the doorway of my compartment, wondering if he could keep flowers left in a drawing-room alive until he had returned to Chicago and his wife. Since the flowers were already wilting, I questioned it. He shook his head dejectedly; he certainly did want to take his wife those flowers. Then he disappeared and shortly returned in a blue jacket in place of the white linen he wore in transit, and, all traces of his floral melancholy gone, removed my bags. The progress of the train grew slower; it stopped entirely and there was a concerted surge of people in the corridor of the car.

They had all scattered when I finally reached the station platform. I was identifying my bags when, most hospitably, I was discovered. Mr. Goldwyn had sent his compliments and apologies at not meeting the train—he was confined to the house by a bad throat. If you don't mind, his associate, Mr. Lehr, proceeded, the papers would like to have a picture, and he showed me where some exceedingly diffident cameramen were waiting with a pretty patience. I didn't, I am afraid, object with a very impressive sincerity. To be charmingly met in a strange city, to have polite young men asking for a picture, under the impression that the taking of it was at least worth the trouble, had never seemed to me an insuperable hardship. I suppose I should have hurried away, under an immediate great pressure of affairs, or turned my face from the cameras, but actually I made it all as easy as possible. I was assisted back onto the steps of the car, sustaining the photographic illusion that I was at that moment arriving, when a Californian, keener than the rest, ordered everything stopped—he had discovered my overcoat.

That, he said positively, you must take off—you are in a perpetually sunny and perfect climate. You don't need an overcoat.



King Vidor, Creator of The Big Parade and La Bohème

A Place in the Sun for Everyone

WE DON'T need them—in Los Angeles. Naturally, I got rid of mine at once. Embarrassed, I tried to drop it among the bags, but I was interrupted. No, you have just taken your overcoat off and you are handing it to Mr. Lehr. In the photograph, in Los Angeles, you are glad to be done with it. And so, on the motionless steps of the car, discarding a coat—the whole truth was—I could still with a degree of comfort have worn, the cheerful young men of the press made their exposures and records of me.

It was a process very characteristic of California, where any success or accomplishment was given its fullest possible measure of praise; there, the writing of a single book, or of even a pamphlet, was crowned with all the laurels of literature. Individuals small of stature in other and colder states, in California were giants; everything was gigantic in California; the poets, the trees, the oil wells, the mountains. Anyone not appreciated there had scarcely a reason to remain alive. And so, riding through the city to the Ambassador Hotel, with Mr. Lehr correcting me for smoking one of my own cigarettes, I began to expand in a warmth of being not wholly created by the sun. I thought unusually well of myself—the searching criticism

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

Dorothy and Lillian Gish

of sharp winds, the blank indifference of a world of snow, the hardness of a region of ice to my virtues, had all melted into a condition suitable for the growing of oranges. Flowers were for sale in great colorful banks at the street corners, flowers were blooming in gardens and along walls, and lawns were emerald green. A mocking bird sang very beautifully. Mr. Lehr, like Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, said:

We hope you will have a splendid time in Hollywood. Henry King is still cutting a Potash and Perlmutter picture, and he won't be free until next week; and Miss Marion, I understand, is very busy with Lillian Gish and an adaptation of The Scarlet Letter. You won't mind if we are not in a hurry.

I assured him that I would not. I couldn't, at that moment, have faced any prospect of hurry. And half conscious of Mr. Lehr's words, I was thinking: Before I go to dinner tonight I'll have a camellia for my buttonhole, a red camellia with two glossy leaves. If I can't get that, a gardenia will have to do. The first has no scent, but it is preferable. And under no circumstance on earth will I go to dinner before half-past eight, and then not in a cab. Jesse Lasky will have a car; if we are invited in the same direction we can go together.

Mr. Lasky's Tie is Tied

JESSE had reached Los Angeles two days before, and at the office of the Ambassador I found a note from him, saying that my rooms were above his in Huerta, one of the hotel bungalows, and that he would see me before we went out for the evening. He'd be certain to do that, I realized, since he would want me to tie his dress tie, an operation in the interest of which, in New York, he had been known to send an elaborate car for me. Huerta was beyond the immense lawn of the Ambassador grounds, reached down a long walk under a pleasant lattice of vines; and while the boy with my bags was opening windows, I was actually shocked at how comfortable I would be. I had a wide sitting room with English chintzes and white-painted wicker furniture, a private hall and bath in silver and white, a bedroom with closets and tables and dressing tables and cases of drawers, a breakfast room in green and beyond that a balcony over the half-inclosed patio, delicate with young planted bamboo, below. The patio was filled with the afternoon sun, mimosa was in flower, and two lovely young things strolled along the path toward Wilshire Avenue.

I unpacked as slowly as possible, stopping for cigarettes on the balcony, cigarettes in the sitting room, a cigarette over my razor and brushes and soap in the bathroom. The bright shirts I put in one drawer, white linen in another, a short row of shoes was placed to the greatest possible advantage, and, highly energetic, I telephoned for the valet. When he came, being a valet in Southern California, he knew my name. He passed an approving hand over a dinner coat, suggested a touch of the iron for a white waistcoat and ran his eye down the vivid red suspenders Alfred Knopf had brought me from Paris. Altogether his manner suggested that he found my things worth his practiced attention. This, naturally, made me even more felicitous in spirit; a good opinion in that quarter was as difficult to merit and as valuable, as the praise of the most distinguished English critic of letters.

I did nothing, practically, for an hour, and then for another hour I did nothing at all. Mostly undressed, I occupied three chairs and enjoyed the rare benefit of being actually, restfully, alone. There was no one I had to see, no voices, demands, to disturb my peace, and no duties to be ignored or fulfilled. Simultaneously, I made the discoveries that I was tired and that I had come to exactly the right place for rest. I realized for the first time how little, in all my life, I had been alone and quiet. Quiet, it appeared—the sort of quiet I could enjoy—was the most difficult of all conditions to reach. I had, of course, been shut for many years in a still room, writing, but God knew that wasn't quiet; it had been torn with all the tragedies and noises and rebellions of the countless people who had passed through my mind; always people, real or imaginary, importunate or threatening or dull. But now, at last, I was peaceful—and then the telephone sharply rang.

Eleanor Boardman

It was Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, speaking in a very faint and rasped voice, to say that he had been asked by Marion Davies to invite me to her house for dinner. At what time, Sam? I demanded. He didn't exactly know, but it would be late. Thank you, I told him, and went back to the chairs. My relaxation went uninterrupted for a long while; the sunlight died from the room, the traffic over Wilshire Avenue grew louder and more continuous, and Jesse Lasky came in breathless with hurrying and with the high color of a boy. He was more than glad to see me; it was remarkable that we should both be there, in California, and what was I doing that evening? I told him. He had had other plans for me, but now, he supposed, it couldn't be mended. Jesse was depressed for a second, but he instantly recovered. Anyhow, you'll have time to tie my tie. I would, I assured him, and he cascaded downstairs, late, as usual, for his massage.

I liked him, personally, enormously. He was an ideal companion, privileged and generous and sensitive, and appreciative to an extraordinary degree. He was, perhaps more than anything else, incurably young, with an unspoiled and romantic freshness toward every conceivable experience, and a deep horror of the ugly; except, it seemed, where the pictures his company had made from stories of mine were concerned. There a certain philosophy supported him. But in the evening ——

If I get only one camellia, I reflected, Jesse will take it immediately; his manner is such that I will let him have it; of whatever I buy there must be two. However, I didn't have to face that for another hour or more, and again I dropped all thought of heavy responsibility. Impatient in character, I was usually oppressed by the apparent slowness of the hours; invariably punctual, a great deal of my existence was spent waiting for the delaying approach of moments or individuals; but now, fortunately, all that was lost; time had fallen into a soothing suspension. Later, without trouble, I would find myself at dinner. At last I stirred around, putting on lights, and collected on a bed the clothes I was to wear. In Jesse's room, he looked up from the studs he was fixing into a shirt.

I am going to be late, he said. I should have been dressed half an hour ago.

I laid his flower, wrapped in tissue paper, on a table, and looked around at the evidences of great hurry; then, mechanically, I began to put away his things. Jesse thanked me and stood, necktie in hand, with his head back in a very high London collar.

Don't touch it, I said finally; and at once, before the mirror, he pulled his tie into a totally different shape.

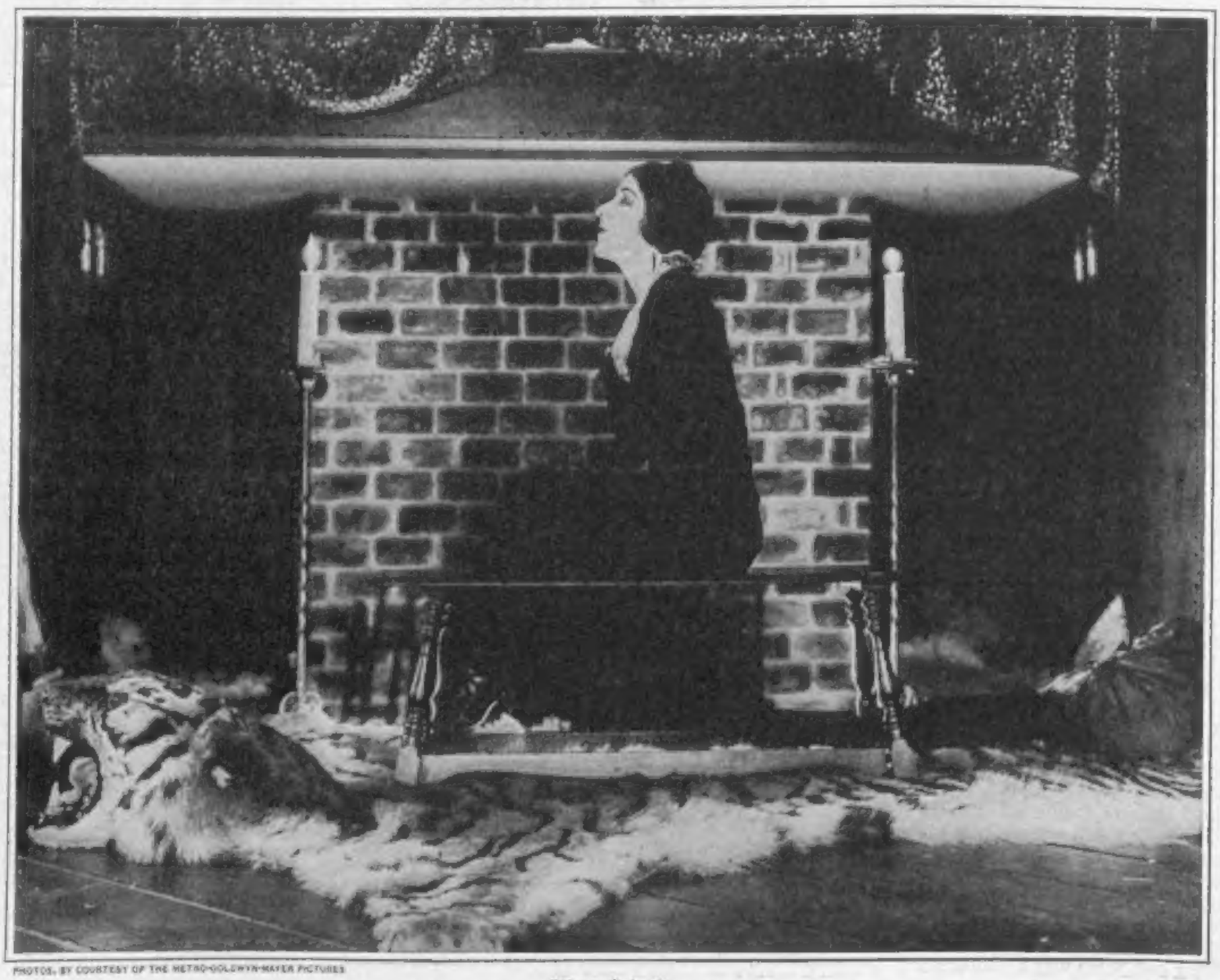
He asked me where I was going, and I discovered that he was bound in a direction opposite from mine; but that, after all, didn't much matter, since Goldwyn had promised to send his car for me. I wouldn't have to ride in a casual public automobile. That was a necessary part of the restfulness I had come into; it was composed of a hundred such details—camellias and charming rooms and growing bamboo, the warm evening with an amber-colored moon and the satisfactory town car waiting at the foot of my walk.

The Joy of Being Trivial

TOGETHER they created more than a sense of well-being, of expensive superficial comfort; they were the aspects of an admirably ordered selective existence, like the right words, the fine web, of a beautiful prose.

I knew that ease brought corruption and that comfort meant degradation; I realized that any nobility of mind was scornful of town cars; I understood that I must be regarded from higher spiritual planes with contempt; but in Los Angeles, in the early evening, in Samuel Goldwyn's deeply cushioned car, I really didn't care what anyone thought. I was willing to take the chance of being completely ignoble, to be comfortable if corrupting. Certainly, everybody had a difficult enough time in my books, Alexander Hulings and the Pennys and Richard Bale. It was a question if Govett Bradier, in the novel I had just finished, hadn't had the most difficult yet. I understood the use of suffering, the sharpness of the spur of want; I understood them and I wished to be as far removed from them, at that moment, as possible. It was my firm intention to be as trivial as I could manage, to

(Continued on Page 141)



PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

Aileen Pringle

THE NEW HINDENBURG LINE

By Wythe Williams

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The Signing of the Locarno Treaties at the British Foreign Office

IT IS the night of the Chrysanthemum Ball at the Adlon, that great Berlin hostelry inaugurated by Kaiser Wilhelm II, where the imperial features, in bronze, still frown from above the marble fireplace in the central lobby. Chrysanthemums have been brought by wagonloads and formed into large beds throughout halls, salons and the suite of splendid dining rooms given over to the great society event of the season.

The night is cold and crisp. Moon and stars cast luster over deep snow covering the city. It is early, only ten o'clock, but Unter den Linden and the Pariserplatz are filled with slow-moving limousines that halt before the hotel to discharge befurred, bejeweled occupants. Platoons of gold-braided servants usher the guests through a maze of cloak-rooms to their tables. Five orchestras in as many ballrooms are in full operation and the dance floors are already animated. Champagne—German champagne—is beginning to pop, to the clink of fifty cents a glass—not bottle—and the spirit presiding over the affair has decided that it is to be a large night, extra moist—fashionable, of course, so therefore proper. Later, at the more enthusiastic tables, French champagne appears, to the more effervescent tune of a dollar the glass—not bottle.

The Pact of Locarno has been signed only recently at London. In Berlin they talk of the ghost of Locarno, but in the German language there is one word for both "ghost" and "spirit," and it is the spirit of Locarno they mean really. The Germans are believers in the spirit. They have signed the pact, and now they have the Chrysanthemum Ball—proceeds, if any, for charity. Stresemann, the Foreign Minister, who has been the most fortunate of all German statesmen in his relations with the Allies, has reserved a table, but this is a detail. Locarno is a *fait accompli*, while the Chrysanthemum Ball is still to be enjoyed, tasted, lived.

Heavily Tripping the Light Fantastic

FEW foreigners are there, but we sojourn temporarily at the Adlon and have been invited by an American friend who enjoys a unique position in postwar Berlin society and among German officialdom. We find our table where we expected it, in the biggest ballroom, in the front row near the orchestra, and next that occupied by Herr Stresemann, who is smiling happily while squinting through a glass of wine. A galaxy of beauty—Teutonic feminine—surrounds him.

Midnight sounds. One o'clock—two o'clock. The dance floors are crowded; the German vintages have been withdrawn. French champagne has won definitely the battle of liquids, and money—the good honest rentenmark at par—flows in equal proportion. But there is stolidity, rigidness, about the affair. A formality, much bowing and clicking of masculine heels, and a resulting heaviness that we are pleased to miss at Latin or Anglo-Saxon soirées.

A beautiful Polish lady, dancing with a slightly mellow Parisian, designs to introduce a lighter note. Her gown is Rue de la Paix and has become rumpled by the pushing of the crowd. Also her dainty silver slippers have several times felt the impress of the heavy Teuton boot. She guides her partner to a vacant space on the platform beside the orchestra. There they continue the dance and immediately are the center of attention. The orchestra falters. The conductor frowns and motions the pair back where they belong. Several on the floor demand that they conduct themselves properly.

"We are in Berlin," the Polish lady says, and sighs.

"Where there is no sense of humor," the Parisian says, and grins.

The music leader hears the last remark and an expression of bewilderment spreads over his features. It remains there through the night.

Three o'clock; four o'clock. Hundreds still crowd every dance floor. Many brilliant uniforms, garnished heavily with decorations, including Iron Crosses *ad lib*. The feminine jewelry is magnificent and the gowns expensive, even though there is sufficiently little of them for the *dernier cri* of fashion. But they weigh—they weigh in the same manner as the stucco-and-gold ceiling, as the perfumed air, as the manner in which the orchestras render American jazz. They were built for Unter den Linden, not for Fifth Avenue or the Avenue du Bois.

We notice a new species of the Teutonic feminine—the monocled woman. In London, occasionally, we have seen the long-limbed, horsy type of Englishwoman sporting a monocle and ordering whisky-and-soda in a hotel lounge. *La belle Française* sometimes wears a monocle at the Grand Prix de Longchamps or at the polo matches at Bagatelle. But she does it as though she were paying a bet, diffidently, awkwardly, and usually for the happy result of later seeing her otherwise chic person photographed in the fashion journals. In Berlin it is different. At the Chrysanthemum Ball the monocled woman is more numerous. We count, but lose track after checking off several dozen. She is in a class by herself, not especially aloof or casual of male companionship, but forbidding, sinister.

One, when she is not dancing, sits at the second table from us. She has long forsaken the lightweight category; her ankles are cast after the mold of the baby grand. Her arms, back and most of her bosom are draped with jewels only, and her skirt is the proper knee shortage. But we refrain from concerning ourselves with these details, for it is her face that fascinates. She wears the boyish bob, and the monocle is attached to a heavy gold chain, draped over a nude ear. The rim of the monocle is thick gold and there is no glass. She wears it as though it were a badge.

Westare, rudely perhaps, until finally we catch her eyes. She returns the stare, coolly, insolently, and continues to hold our eyes, gazing back across her shoulder as she sways heavily away from us in the dance. She sneers. We feel it, but we see only that gold-encircled eye. At first it has a chilling, dead look that seems reptilian. Then it has a glint that is reptilian, hypnotic, until the unseemly spell is broken by the crowd on the floor. We sight her later, her eyes darting here and there, but we do not stare again. Once she bumps into the dainty Polish lady, who draws away hastily.

Five o'clock; six o'clock. The crowd is thinning. In the biggest ballroom the music master still ponders over his lack of humor. The idea oppresses him and he is dispirited. Perhaps he is tired. No, for he signals the Polish lady. He will prove that he has a sense of humor, for he invites her and the Parisian now to dance upon his platform. But the lady abandons her partner, leaps to the platform alone, seizes the baton and continues directing the orchestra, which gasps audibly for breath. Faint applause and cheers in distant corners—from foreigners, no doubt.

The Camouflage of Disease

SEVEN o'clock; eight o'clock. At last the Chrysanthemum Ball is dead, and Berlin awakens to a white day, clear and sparkling. The newspapers that morning announce solemnly that Germany is a sick nation, and unanimously criticize the foreign view that the nation is economically sound.

The optimistic tone of certain passages in the report of the agent-general for reparations payments under the Dawes Plan would seem to have produced an impression, in the United States particularly, which is very different from that held by local observers.

It would appear to these pessimists that although a large body of everyday Americans may have the notion that somehow or other Germany is all right, only the reverse is true.

After a few hours' slumber, during which time that class of Berliners that did not attend the Chrysanthemum Ball is engaged in shoveling snowdrifts, we drift around to several quarters, both political and industrial, to check up on the situation. We are dismayed at the frostiness of our reception.

A year before, we had written about Germany and the Germans. Without overdoing it, keeping our enthusiasm from racing ahead of us, we did pay a certain amount of tribute to what we honestly considered the marvelous fashion in which the nation was coming back to power—political and industrial. We both praised and admired. We made a mistake, we are told. The contradictory statistics, both past and present, are lies, we are also told. We wonder naïvely, now that wars are over, whether the German Republic is indulging in the camouflage of disease, and why.

The powers are gathering at Geneva, America included and Germany included, for another solemn discussion of disarmament that may lead to practical results.

(Continued on Page 209)

THE ADOLESCENT MARRIAGE

"Well, it Started One Afternoon When She Took All Our Money and Threw it Away"

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

CHAUNCEY GARNETT, the architect, once had a miniature city constructed, composed of all the buildings he had ever designed. It proved to be an expensive and somewhat depressing experiment; for the toy did not result in a harmonious whole. Garnett found it depressing to be reminded that he himself had often gone in for monstrosities, and even more depressing to realize that his architectural activities had extended over half a century. In disgust, he distributed the tiny houses to his friends and they ended up as the residences of undiscriminating dolls.

Garnett had never—at least not yet—been called a nice old man; yet he was both old and nice. He gave six hours a day to his offices in Philadelphia or to his branch in New York, and during the remaining time demanded only a proper peace in which to brood quietly over his crowded and colorful past. In several years no one had demanded a favor that could not be granted with pen and check book, and it seemed that he had reached an age safe from the intrusion of other people's affairs. This calm, however, was premature, and it was violently shattered one afternoon in the summer of 1925 by the shrill clamor of a telephone bell.

George Wharton was speaking. Could Chauncey come to his house at once on a matter of the greatest importance?

On the way to Chestnut Hill, Garnett dozed against the gray duvetyn cushions of his limousine, his sixty-eight-year-old body warmed by the June sunshine, his sixty-eight-year-old mind blank save for some vivid, unsubstantial memory of a green branch overhanging green water. Reaching his friend's house, he awoke placidly and without a start. George Wharton, he thought, was probably troubled by some unexpected surplus of money. He would want Garnett to plan one of these modern churches, perhaps. He was of a younger generation than Garnett—a modern man.

Wharton and his wife were waiting in the gilt-and-morocco intimacy of the library.

"I couldn't come to your office," said Wharton immediately. "In a minute you'll understand why."

Garnett noticed that his friend's hands were slightly trembling.

"It's about Lucy," Wharton added.

It was a moment before Garnett placed Lucy as their daughter.

"What's happened to Lucy?"

"Lucy's married. She ran up to Connecticut about a month ago and got married." A moment's silence. "Lucy's only sixteen," continued Wharton. "The boy's twenty."

"That's very young," said Garnett considerately; "but then my grandmother married at sixteen and no one thought much about it. Some girls develop much quicker than others."

"We know all that, Chauncey." Wharton waved it aside impatiently. "The point is, these young marriages don't work nowadays. They're not normal. They end in a mess."

Again Garnett hesitated.

"Aren't you a little premature in looking ahead for trouble? Why don't you give Lucy a chance? Why not wait and see if it's going to turn out a mess?"

"It's a mess already," cried Wharton passionately. "And Lucy's life's a mess. The one thing her mother and I cared about—her happiness—that's a mess, and we don't know what to do—what to do."

His voice trembled and he turned away to the window—came back again impulsively.

"Look at us, Chauncey. Do we look like the kind of parents who would drive a child into a thing like this? She and her mother have been like sisters—just like sisters. She and I used to go on parties together—football games and all that sort of thing—ever since she was a little kid. She's all we've got, and we always said we'd try to steer a middle course with her—give her enough liberty for her self-respect and yet keep an eye on where she went and who she went with, at least till she was eighteen. Why, Chauncey, if you'd told me six weeks ago that this thing could happen ——" He shook his head helplessly. Then he continued in a quieter voice. "When she came and told us what she'd done it just about broke our hearts, but we tried to make the best of it. Do you know how long the marriage—if you can call it that—lasted? Three weeks. It lasted three weeks. She came home with a big bruise on her shoulder where he'd hit her."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Wharton in a low tone. "Please ——"

"We talked it over," continued her husband grimly, "and she decided to go back to this—this young"—again he bowed his head before the insufficiency of expletives—"and try to make a go of it. But last night she came home again, and now she says it's definitely over."

Garnett nodded. "Who's the man?" he inquired.

"Man!" cried Wharton. "It's a boy. His name's Llewellyn Clark."

"What's that?" exclaimed Garnett in surprise. "Llewellyn Clark? Jesse Clark's son? The young fellow in my office?"

"Yes."

"Why, he's a nice young fellow," Garnett declared. "I can't believe he'd ——"

"Neither could I," interrupted Wharton quietly. "I thought he was a nice young fellow too. And what's more, I rather suspected that my daughter was a pretty decent young girl."

Garnett was astonished and annoyed. He had seen Llewellyn Clark not an hour before in the small drafting room he occupied in the Garnett & Linquist offices. He understood now why Clark wasn't going back to Boston Tech this fall. And in the light of this revelation he remembered that there had been a change in the boy during the past month—absences, late arrivals, a certain listlessness in his work.

Mrs. Wharton's voice broke in upon the ordering of his mind.

"Please do something, Chauncey," she said. "Talk to him. Talk to them both. She's only sixteen and we can't bear to see her life ruined by a divorce. It isn't that we care what people will say; it's only Lucy we care about, Chauncey."

"Why don't you send her abroad for a year?"

Wharton shook his head.

"That doesn't solve the problem. If they have an ounce of character between them they'll make an attempt to live together."

"But if you think so badly of him ——"

"Lucy's made her choice. He's got some money—enough. And there doesn't seem to be anything vicious in his record so far."

"What's his side of it?"

Wharton waved his hands helplessly.

"I'm damned if I know. Something about a hat. Some bunch of rubbish. Elsie and I have no idea why they ran away, and now we can't get a clear idea why they won't stick together. Unfortunately, his father and mother are dead." He paused. "Chauncey, if you could see your way clear ——"

An unpleasant prospect began to take shape before Garnett's eyes. He was an old man with one foot, at least, in the chimney corner. From where he stood, this youngest generation was like something infinitely distant, and perceived through the large end of a telescope.

"Oh, of course," he heard himself saying vaguely. So hard to think back to that young time. Since his youth such a myriad of prejudices and conventions had passed through the fashion show and died away with clamor and acrimony and commotion. It would be difficult even to communicate with these children. How hollowly and fatuously his platitudes would echo on their ears. And how bored he would be with their selfishness and with their shallow confidence in opinions manufactured day before yesterday.

He sat up suddenly. Wharton and his wife were gone, and a slender, dark-haired girl whose body hovered delicately on the last edge of childhood had come quietly into the room. She regarded him for a moment with a shadow of alarm in her intent brown eyes; then sat down on a stiff chair near him.

"I'm Lucy," she said. "They told me you wanted to talk to me."

She waited. It occurred to Garnett that he must say something, but the form his speech should take eluded him.

"I haven't seen you since you were ten years old," he began uneasily.

"Yes," she agreed, with a small, polite smile.

There was another silence. He must say something to the point before her young attention slipped utterly away.

"I'm sorry you and Llewellyn have quarreled," he broke out. "It's silly to quarrel like that. I'm very fond of Llewellyn, you know."

"Did he send you here?"

Garnett shook his head. "Are you—in love with him?" he inquired.

"Not any more."

"Is he in love with you?"

"He says so, but I don't think he is—any more."

"You're sorry you married him?"

"I'm never sorry for anything that's done."

"I see."

Again she waited.

"Your father tells me this is a permanent separation."

"Yes."

"May I ask why?"

"We just couldn't get along," she answered simply. "I thought he was terribly selfish and he thought the same about me. We fought all the time, from almost the first day."

"He hit you?"

"Oh, that!" She dismissed that as unimportant.

"How do you mean—selfish?"

"Just selfish," she answered childishly. "The most selfish thing I ever saw in my life. I never saw anything so selfish in my life."

"What did he do that was selfish?" persisted Garnett.

"Everything. He was so stingy—gosh!" Her eyes were serious and sad. "I can't stand anybody to be so stingy—about money," she explained contemptuously. "Then he'd lose his temper and swear at me and say he was going to leave me if I didn't do what he wanted me to." And she added, still very gravely, "Gosh!"

"How did he happen to hit you?"

"Oh, he didn't mean to hit me. I was trying to hit him on account of something he did, and he was trying to hold me and so I bumped into a still."

"A still!" exclaimed Garnett, startled.

"The woman had a still in our room because she had no other place to keep it—down on Beckton Street, where we lived."

"Why did Llewellyn take you to such a place?"

"Oh, it was a perfectly good place except that the woman had this still. We looked around two or three days and it was the only apartment we could afford." She paused reminiscently and then added, "It was very nice and quiet."

"H'm—you never really got along at all?"

"No." She hesitated. "He spoiled it all. He was always worrying about whether we'd done the right thing. He'd get out of bed at night and walk up and down worrying about it. I wasn't complaining. I was perfectly willing to be poor if we could get along and be happy. I wanted to go to cooking school, for instance, and he wouldn't let me. He wanted me to sit in the room all day and wait for him."

"Why?"

"He was afraid that I wanted to go home. For three weeks it was one long quarrel from morning till night. I couldn't stand it."

"It seems to me that a lot of this quarreling was over nothing," ventured Garnett.

"I haven't explained it very well, I guess," she said with sudden weariness. "I knew a lot of it was silly and so did Llewellyn. Sometimes we'd apologize to each other, and be in love like we were before we were married. That's why I went back to him. But it wasn't any use." She stood up. "What's the good of talking about it any more? You wouldn't understand."

Garnett wondered if he could get back to his office before Llewellyn Clark went home. He could talk to Clark, while the girl only confused him as she teetered disconcertingly between adolescence and disillusion. But when Clark reported to him just as the five o'clock bell rang, the same sensation of impotence stole over Garnett, and he stared at his apprentice blankly for a moment, as if he had never seen him before.

Llewellyn Clark looked older than his twenty years—a tall, almost thin, young man with dark-red hair of a fine, shiny texture, and auburn eyes. He was of a somewhat nervous type, talented and impatient, but Garnett could find little of the egotist in his reserved, attentive face.

(Continued on Page 229)

"It Lasted Three Weeks. She Came Home With a Big Bruise on Her Shoulder Where He'd Hit Her"

THE PRANKING GUINEA

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

A COCK crowed. Not thrice, but many times. Across the level cotton fields, eddying amongst little clumps of timber, and reverberating into deeper forests, chanticleer hurled his shrill defiance. Full-throated and strong the challenge sounded, daring whoso would to join with him in battle; a wide-open challenge with no contender barred, no owl of the air, no opossum of the trees, nor any serpent that crawled along the ground.

For private reasons—whereby hangs the tale—this rooster did not select one of those hours when it is customary to let off steam, but shouted his quarrel through a torrid afternoon to penetrate the window of Major MacDougal's sprawling plantation house. Inside his bedroom the rotund old planter was sound asleep, snoring hallelujah, wearing a goatee and little else.

Since the first gray hint of dawn Major Robin MacDougal had been in his saddle, overlooking the gangs of cotton pickers. At midday, with the thermometer sizzling at one hundred and four, even his negroes could not endure the heat of bending over cotton plants and presenting their broad backs to the sun. Everybody hunted a shady spot while the major took his siesta.

Again the cock crowed. The sleeper stirred, stretched drowsily, blinked a time or two, then sat up on the edge of his bed. For if Major Mack should ever become so lifeless that the crow of a gamecock failed to make him sit up, then would sorrowing friends assemble, and send flowers.

"Devilish fine bird," he nodded. "Joney! Joney!"

"Yo' coffee's ready, suh." From just outside his door the negro's response came so promptly as to rouse a tinge of suspicion.

Without troubling to dress, for Major Mack was alone in the big house, he took up his palmetto fan and began to operate it as he shuffled into the hallway where the heels of his run-down slippers went slap—slap—slap on the bare floor.

"Set here, major. Nice breeze." A copper-colored negro with most ingratiating manner placed a chair for the boss, poured his coffee, and made pleasant remarks to put him in good humor: "Major, yo' gin's runnin' fine. Turn't out nine bales since one o'clock."

"Excellent!"

"An' dem niggers sho is pickin' rapid dis evenin'."

"Whew!" the major puffed. "This weather's hot!"

"Yas-suh. But powerful good for cotton. Lemme work dat fan, major, so you kin drink yo' coffee comfortable."

Behind his chair Joney spun the palmetto like a whirligig, lifting the major's undershirt and sending cool currents along his naked back, while with crafty eyes he watched the white man's face.

This pair had grown old together; they knew each other's ways, and Joney's extraordinary activities warned the major that he was about to be touched from some direction. Other folks knew Joney, too, and didn't trust him; but Major MacDougal couldn't get along without this all-round factotum, who served as valet, as master of horse and hound, in former years as custodian of fighting birds, and now acted as plantation chief of police.

"Hear dat, major?" Joney nodded toward the door through which the crowing came again. "Hear dat? Bully Boy is feelin' vigus tonight. Mammy Liza's pet guinea must ha' been touzlin' him."

The major continued to blow his coffee and said nothing. He, too, had heard that clarion cry and knew the gamecock, a magnificent black-breasted red game which belonged to Joedick, one of his tenants. Had he thought at all of Bully Boy's excessive crowing, the major would have comprehended that some unusual excitement woke the wrath of Joedick's rooster.

Joney didn't need to think; he instinctively kenned the thoughts of every gamecock; and that rooster's voice betrayed an exasperation that could be accounted for only by Mammy Liza's guinea.

"Bully Boy sho is flustrated," he persisted, for Joney was an authority on pit games, and had a motive in directing the major's attention to this particular bird.

"Major," he observed with careful offhandedness to disarm the boss, "major, dat rooster o' Joedick's is far an' away de quickes' fighter what ever hit Miss'ippy. He weighs three ounces more'n de next biggest cock I ever handled, an' stouter'n Foster's bull ——"

"Yes?" The major wondered what Joney could be leading up to.

"I'd bet dis shirt off my back dat Bully Boy kin lick any chicken twixt Saint Looey an' N'Yawleens."

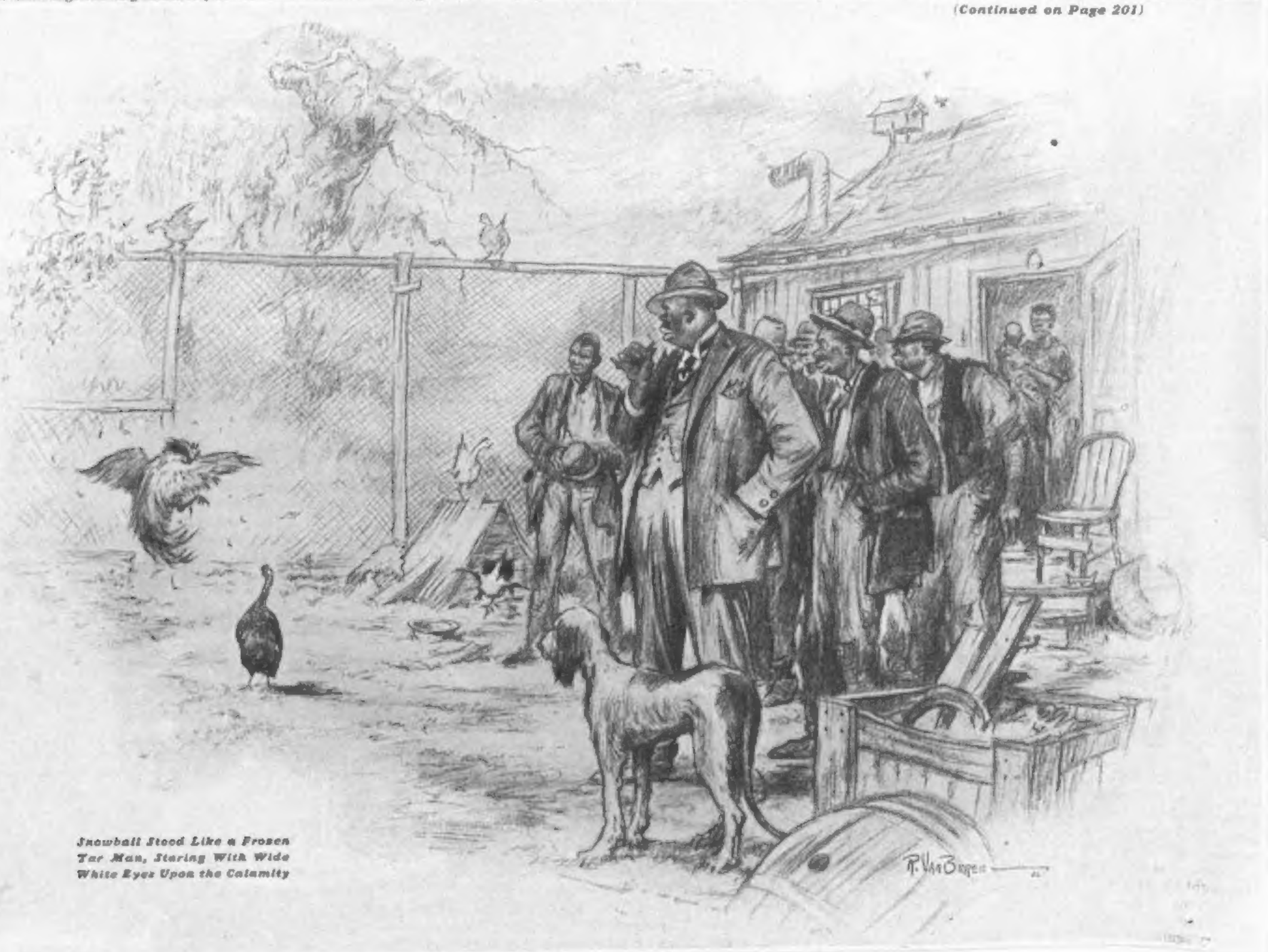
"He's already done that, hasn't he?" The major sipped his coffee and showed interest to keep Joney talking.

"He sholy is. Did you ever hear how Joedick got dat bird? Well, suh, Joedick used to wait on Mister Charley Magruder. Dem two went fishin' together. Mister Charley, he'd jest as soon pay five hundred dollars for a rooster as to pay five cents. An' he give dis black-breasted red game to Joedick one Satady whilst he was drunk. It turn't out to be a wonder. Never beat, plumb till now."

Having clinched his first point by reminding the major of Joedick's unconquerable rooster, Joney apparently changed the subject. However, the boss knew better, for Joney never abandoned one trail to pick up another. Perhaps he seemed to break off, to detour, to travel by circumlocutional paths; yet in the end they all connected.

"Lord, Lord, major!" He laughed and fanned, and fanned and laughed. "'Tain't so overly much diff'unce twixt chickens an' humans. Does you 'member how Mister Charley used to git took down drunk ev'y week? Den how mad he'd git when he come to hisself an' swore off agin for his whole life? Jeemuny! Mister Charley got savage. Better let him 'lone, too, in dem times, 'cause he was p'intedly swift for a scrimmage. Sorter eased his mind to fight. Dat rooster, crowin' over yonder, makes me think o'

(Continued on Page 201)



Snowball Stood Like a Frozen Tar Man, Staring With Wide White Eyes Upon the Calamity

Dimity Gay, Aunt Eleanor's Chick

"Why, You Silly Little Thing, You Made Us Look Quite Feeble Before Daddy!" They Told Her

ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

By BERTRAM ATKEY

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ALTHOUGH it had been obvious from the moment he entered the house, on his return from business, that Mr. Gainsborough Gay was in a blizzardly frame of mind, nevertheless, that patient lady, his wife, considered it wise to break the dreadful news to him as soon as he had dined. She did it when he adjourned to his study, there to insult a glass of port with a cigar, or vice versa—a moment which long experience, nobly borne, had taught her was normally a good moment for the breaking of dreadful news.

Elaine did not hasten things. She sat through a fairly corrosive bit of word painting concerning the things called authors taken en masse, the whole fulmination topped off with his undiluted opinion of one artistic-temperamented four-flusher who had most temperamentally failed to keep one single clause in a certain contract with Mr. Gay.

Having agreed with the ill-used Gainsborough that the author in question was so excessively low that, so to express it, he scraped along the ground as he walked, the patient Elaine spilled the first scalding drop of news into her husband's receptive ear.

"Eleanor called today with her—her fiancé, Gainsborough. She is anxious to have the girls for her bridesmaids."

Mr. Gay removed his cigar and stared rather fixedly at his wife. "Eleanor! Fiancé! Bridesmaids! Bridesmaids! Forgive me, Elaine, but quite what the devil are you trying to tell me?" he said rather acridly.

"I am trying to tell you, Gainsborough, that my stepsister, Eleanor Savernake, having engaged herself to marry a Major Denzil D'Estrange, is anxious that all the girls, and particularly Dimity, should be her bridesmaids when the marriage takes place."

Gainsborough's jaw sagged in spite of his better nature. He caught his cigar as it fell.

"But, my dear Elaine, let me get that correctly. Do I understand that Eleanor—Eleanor!—has secretly arranged to marry again? Eleanor! Forty-odd years old! Eleanor, who has repeatedly declared her intention of leaving the—um—considerable bulk of her by no means inconsiderable fortune to our children!" Mrs. Gay nodded mutely. "You are implying that, not merely content with depriving our girls of what they have always been led to expect, Eleanor Savernake intends to add to that injury the insult of making them her bridesmaids!"

"She said so this afternoon, Gainsborough."

Mr. Gay's jaw set. With a very real effort he unset it.

"This—this is distressing. I won't attempt to conceal from you that I am hurt—hurt. Good gad, Elaine, what is she going to do about her cats? Why can't she be content with her cats? She's always pretended to love them. Good cats too. I've bought her cats and cats—that last animal was a pure-bred blue Persian. I—I—really, I shrink from saying what I paid for that beautiful beast. Scratched me on the hand, at that!"

He rose and paced around a good deal.

"This is disturbing," he announced twice. "Eh? No, no, it's not the money, though seven thousand a year is by no means to be—um—sneezed at. It's the man! The fellow has trapped her, obviously. Major Denzil D'Estrange! Good gad, Elaine, the fellow's a crook—eh?—yes, a plausible crook—probably dangerous!"

Mrs. Gay leaned forward a little eagerly.

"You know him, Gainsborough?"

But Mr. Gay shook his head irritably.

"Know him? Good heavens, no! Never met the man in my life! A man in my position has to be at least moderately careful about his company."

"But how do you know he is a—a crook?"

"Know? Why, good Lord, look at the name of him, my dear good soul! Major Denzil D'Estrange! Was there ever a good, sound, honest person with a name like that? It's an obvious *nom de—de guerre!* Denzil D'Estrange! Bah! You won't find him in any Army List, that's certain!"

Mr. Gay grabbed an old Army List from a convenient shelf, and with the uncanny speed and accuracy of one well-accustomed to handling books, found instantly the name he had described as fanciful. He shut the book and returned it to its shelf before his wife could see the entry.

"Huh! Something wrong anyway. What was the fellow like?"

"Oh, quite presentable! Charming, indeed! They were only here for quite a few minutes, but we all rather liked him," explained Elaine.

"Liked him—the man who looks like taking the bread out of your own offsprings' mouths! Bah! Don't be sentimental!"

"Eleanor seemed to be just as fond of them, particularly Dimity, as ever," put forward Mrs. Gay.

But the good Gainsborough ignored that entirely.

"Something must be done," he declared, "and quickly. We cannot possibly sit idly by and see Eleanor throw herself away—spoil her life—in this way. You should have telephoned me at once, Elaine. It was vital that you telephoned me about this—this peril at once!" He reflected for a few moments. "Are they staying here—in Ernemouth?" he asked presently. Elaine shook her head.

"Oh, no, they just motored down for a run."

"Huh! And when is the wedding to be?"

"It's not quite settled yet, but I gathered that Eleanor was planning for it in about six weeks."

"Hum! Very well, my dear. I'll think it over—make a few inquiries about this major. I only hope he will prove all that Eleanor appears to think he is," said Mr. Gay truthlessly. He turned rather pointedly to his desk.

"Eleanor invited the girls to visit her for a few days. She has ideas about their bridesmaids' frocks," said the patient lady as she turned to leave. "Though I gather that they are not very interested in the idea of a visit."

"Hah! But you corrected instantly any mad notion they may have entertained of refusing the invitation, I hope."

"I spoke gently to them, of course—particularly Dimity. She is a funny little thing and she is quite royally careless of—of money and prospects, as you know. I thought it wiser not to press them especially Dimity—too anxiously at first."

Gainsborough was pleased to approve that bit of innocent maternal strategy.

"Yes, you were right there, my dear. Dimity is an unusual child and requires extremely tactful handling. I will have a little chat with her presently."

"Very well, Gainsborough. I think you are right. She always listens very attentively to anything you say and seems very glad to have your advice," replied Elaine. And if she added, "And having received your advice, she proceeds to drop it in the discard and act precisely as she thinks she will," she added it under her breath. At the door she paused.

"Perhaps I ought to say that once or twice it occurred to me that Major D'Estrange seemed rather—taken with Torfrida. In a furtive sort of way. Eleanor noticed nothing, but—well, it occurred to me." Gainsborough Gay stared.

"You are very observant, Elaine. It is perhaps just as well you mentioned that, for it is the most important point of all," he explained with truly husbandly irony. "To allow Torfrida to attract this dubious major away from a woman who has always intended to leave her a quite capital income would be about the most faultlessly effective method of getting herself cut forever out of her aunt's will that the finest intellect in the world could conceive." Mrs. Gay flushed faintly.

"Well, with your intellect, no doubt you will find it an easy matter to conceive a far less effective method, Gainsborough," she countered sweetly, her eyes sparkling, and left him to think that over.

Which he did, smiling rather wryly as he bit, presently, upon the slice of real lemon concealed in the unreal sugar. But he thrust aside the temporary chagrin which every husband must feel when his wife implants a shrewd one through a chink of his armor, for the matter was too serious to allow trivialities to grit up the delicate cogwheels of his intellect.

Mr. Gainsborough Gay was not a mean man, but much experience had taught him to be foresighted and careful. Not a mean man, but a hater of waste and a habitual suspecter of fortune hunters.

It was all very well for Elaine to take things lightly, or for Dimity and her sisters not to bother their pretty heads about the matter, but he had responsibilities. Suppose this person D'Estrange were an adventurer, marrying Aunt Eleanor for her money—as probably he was. That meant that the complete control of the big business built up by the late Samuel Savernake would pass into the hands of Mrs. Savernake's new husband—almost certainly a man but poorly equipped to control so prosperous, so solid and well-established a concern.

Every year of her life Aunt Eleanor drew anything from six to eight thousand pounds from the Savernake Tankard Manufacturing Company, and that in spite of the fact that the general manager thereof, one P. J. Alabone, was, in Gainsborough Gay's opinion, due and overdue for retirement on a very middling pension—if, indeed, any.

Was a proposition like the Savernake Tankard Manufacturing Company to be placed in the prehensile hands of the first plausible stranger named Denzil who bobbed up from nowhere?

"No," said Gainsborough Gay, emphatically, to his cigar. "Particularly when it is borne in mind that in the hands of a real business man—for example, a man who like myself has graduated with honor in the bitterly close-clipped business of book publishing—the business could be made to produce double the profits. And, in a way, there has always been a vague sort of understanding that when that scoundrel Alabone retired, I should be consulted about—um—future control and development. I could double the woman's profits and still leave enough to make it worth my while as a side enterprise to the publishing."

And that was the stone-cold truth, for the Savernake Tankard Company was established, as one might say, on foundations of solid, gold-bearing quartz. There is no article more firmly rooted in the favor and affection of the average Englishman than the tankard—the pint tankard.

And it was a factory, perfectly equipped with machinery and well endowed with long-standing, regular contracts for the production of quart, pint and half-pint tankards, that Samuel Savernake had left his wife Eleanor some ten years before. Short of a rich little oil well, he could have left her nothing more attractive to a man like Gainsborough Gay.

He pondered the problem through two cigars before his face lightened a little and he reached for the telephone.

Quite apart from Aunt Eleanor's future happiness, there was threatened the girls' ultimate legacy and a little something per annum for Gainsborough, when, in accordance with his old-established idea, he became, as it were, managing director of the tankard works.

The thing was serious, and he purposed calling in reënforcements forthwith. He was telephoning a man whose ability had recently impressed him very much indeed—an impression that was fortified to no mean degree by the almost extravagant corroborations of two very wealthy old gentlemen—namely, Mr. Avery Hackett, manufacturer of the famous natural mineral water, Sfitz; and the near-millionaire, Sir Bessemer Crust, to whose son, Archie, Gainsborough Gay's good girl was engaged when she felt like it. Mr. Gay, in short, was calling up none other than the celebrated business expert and social adviser, Mr. Julius Balm.

Because there never was a period in the history of British business and social life when expertness in the former and advice in the latter were more poignantly needed, Mr. Balm was well accustomed to receive cries out of the night similar to that of Mr. Gay; indeed, it might almost be said that Julius sat up at night waiting for them. So it was but a matter of moments to arrange for a conference at Gainsborough's London office on the morrow.

That achieved, Mr. Gay, his countenance 60 per cent less strained, strolled into the drawing-room for an hour or so of the softening influence of Elaine and his four charming daughters.

"I am Dreadfully Worried, Dimity Dear, and It's Just Because I Know What Quick, Cool Wits and Perfectly Reckless Impudence You Have That I Thought I Would Like to Ask You About Something"

II

IT WAS—or seemed—a far less taut and much more delightful atmosphere to which the good Gainsborough went in the drawing-room than that which he had left in the study, and it was not without an excusable thrill of profound self-respect that he paused on the threshold and surveyed the charmingly populated apartment.

His eyes, as usual, wandered first to his little favorite, Dimity, who was sharing the big settee with her mother and seemed wholly absorbed in a new task which she had recently challenged. She was working a sampler—copying from one which her grandmamma had made in 1847—delightful work for slim white fairy fingers.

Daughters Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe were variously occupied—one at the piano with Chopin, another writing letters, and the third doing something with a cat's cradle of colored wool and a pair of long bone knitting needles. Mamma was reading—the grocer's book. Dull stuff apparently—judging from mamma's expression.

A warm wave of right feeling flooded Mr. Gay's system as he advanced into the room under the gaze of ten bright eyes. He felt uplifted at the prospect of the fight facing the family, and the exalted mood was tinged with a generous impulse.

"Why, Elaine, my dear, you look a little pale and tired. I think you should have a glass of port," he stated.

"Thank you, I will, Gainsborough," accepted Elaine, and had it, Mr. Gay blandly joining her.

But something must have been a little amiss with the publisher's usually rather sharp eyes, for mamma, strictly speaking, was looking far from pale and she was much too anxious to look tired.

For, in the corner of the settee, behind her and rather uncomfortably pressing into her back, was a fairly sharp-cornered jewel box containing the very fine and ludicrously expensive pearl necklace to which little Miss Dimity had taken a fancy that afternoon, and which, in her blithe and careless way, she had ordered to be sent up to her on approval. The jeweler had obeyed the child's command and had sent the necklace. But he had also sent with it an elderly and unimpressionable assistant, who was at that moment waiting down in the hall for either the necklace or a check in payment therefor.

It was all very tiresome. Mamma had already spoken very seriously to Dimity about the sheer folly of having sent on approval things which she could not possibly buy—or, rather, pay for—and she, with Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe, was only just completing a quick peep of admiration at the pearls prior to sending them down to the person in the hall, unapproved and therefore unpurchased, when Gainsborough's step was heard outside. But mamma need not have worried, for daddy's good girl was standing by.

It was Dimity who rose when the good Gainsborough turned to hold up to the light and peer profoundly through mamma's glass of purple nourishment, and gathered up the little pile of tradesmen's books together with the jewel box, cooing kindnesses to the effect that mummy mustn't bother any more about the housekeeping books now that daddy had come to be with them, and that she, Dimity, would go and put them on the table in her mother's workroom. Daddy overheard, and he nodded benign approval as his eye followed Dimity's graceful little figure to the door.

"What a considerate little soul the child is," he murmured. "There, Elaine, try that. It will do you good. It is an unusually fine wine. Cost me no end of money."

Down in the hall Dimity was explaining that the string of pearls was not quite good enough, but that if his employer would advise her when he had something better in stock she thought it would be very nice of him. Then the man went away and Dimity turned to go upstairs again.

"But all the same, they were very nice pearls, I think, and they would have been quite good enough for me," she

told herself. "It is such a pity that mamma is so nervous that she is afraid for me to order a few silly old pearls."

She popped into the small compartment that was known as mamma's workroom and dumped the account books on the desk. "It is silly of me to bother about things that only come out of old oyster shells, after all, but"—she sighed, smiling—"everybody has a weakness, and I suppose pearls are my weakness just at present." She ran upstairs again, there to discover that the climate had changed a little. The comparatively genial warmth which Mr. Gay had brought into the drawing-room had become a shade less genial and considerably less warm.

Daddy was talking about the forthcoming marriage of Aunt Eleanor, and although it occurred to Dimity once or twice that there was perhaps just a touch of querulousness in his voice, on the whole he was quite obviously giving his family to understand that he was in sympathy with aunt's notion of giving matrimony another chance.

"Provided always that your aunt has chosen wisely, and that Major D'Estrange—of whom you all seem to think so well, my dears—is all—um—that he should be."

Torfrida, tall, dark, stately, seemed to note a half question in her parent's tone.

"Well, papa, I think he has charming manners," said Torfrida.

"And he is extremely good-looking and well-preserved," contributed Maulfry.

"I like his kind, half-humorous eyes," added Bethoe.

"Humph!" said Gainsborough, a trifle sulkily. "And what does Dimity think?"

"He had a hole in his sock," said Dimity shyly. "A little one."

"Hah! Did he, by Jove?" Gainsborough's glance at his wife was significant. "Show me a man with a hole in his sock and I will show you a man with a hole in his character!" it said, plainer than speech. He was extremely pleased with his good girl.

"Did you notice anything else, kitten?"

"N-no, daddy—except that I just thought that Aunt Eleanor seemed a tiny bit nervous of him."

"Hey, what's that? Afraid of him, Dimity, my dear? Come now, that's very observant of you, very. You are a clever little woman—yes. Did you notice anything of the kind, Elaine?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Gay. "Really, I think Dimity must have imagined that."

But Mr. Gay shook his head. "I question that, my dear. Dimity is a very observant child—very. She has a—a—yes, I might call it a knack of noticing which way the wind blows." He leaned forward and drew Dimity to him. "Now, my dear, just try to describe him to your daddy. Listen now, you girls. Go on, kitten."

Dimity reflected, one tiny finger tip touching a red lower lip. She looked pretty enough to frame.

"Well, daddy, he was a tall man—six feet at least, I should think—and although his eyes twinkled, his face was stern like those faces of the Roman emperors with the big chins at the British Museum. And his chin was bluey—like an actor's. His voice was quite soft and his hands were white like a woman's, and he wore a brown suit and brown shoes and silk socks ——"

"With holes in them"

"Only one tiny one that had just started, daddy. . . . And I think he was younger than he looked, don't you, mummy darling? He reminded me of somebody ——" Dimity paused, thinking.

"Yes, yes, child—of whom?"

"I can't quite remember, daddy." Her lovely little face lighted up. "Oh, yes, I can—in a way, he reminded me of that piano tuner mummy didn't like."

"There! I knew it!" said Mr. Gay enthusiastically, then curbed himself a little, for he had no desire to startle the girls.

"Dimity has a very neat descriptive gift. Try to cultivate it, all of you girls. It can be invaluable, can it not, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed," smiled Elaine.

Then Mr. Gay patted gently his good girl's fair cheek and let them all go to bed.

"There, you see, it is as I said. She—Eleanor—has picked up this bull-necked, brutal-jawed, unshaven, ragged-socked, piano-tuning adventurer somewhere or other, and it is my clear duty to see that no harm comes of it. I shall do so—at all costs. He reminded Dimity of that piano tuner you disliked, and I may tell you frankly that the piano tuner she spoke of reminded me of a confidence-trick man. I shall investigate this gentleman, Elaine, without delay. I mislike the sound of him I mislike it greatly. Therefore I shall make some inquiries, for the sake of all concerned—and, above all, for sake of Eleanor herself. It would be mad, quite mad, and wrong to allow her to throw her life into the—um—melting pot without warning."

Mrs. Gay did not dispute that obvious truth.

Upstairs three charming but slightly annoyed sisters were scolding Dimity like anything.

"Why, you silly little thing, you made us look quite feeble before daddy!" they told her. "You know quite well that Major D'Estrange is a very handsome and distinguished-looking man!"

Dimity slipped off a minute shoe and watched her toes wiggle themselves inside her stocking.

"Well, so was the piano tuner," she returned; "and mummy didn't like the piano tuner because his eyes were bold—and the major's eyes are bold, too, in that twinkly way. I don't think very much of him; and even if I did, I would not dream of hurting daddy's feelings by praising him up. You make daddy irritated because you don't see which way the wind blows like I do, you see." She laughed gayly. "It is so easy to see which way the wind blows, I think; and when daddy comes home tired after working so for us all, it is our duty to be considerate of him and to let him be happy and to make the wind blow the way he wishes it to blow."

But Bethoe, the almond eyed, looked Chineseily upon her little sister.

"But that's dishonest, you little trimmer!"

"Of course it's not, Beth—it's only just common tact," yawned Dimity, taking off her second shoe and wiggling the five other toes.

"Daddy spoke the truth about you when he called you kitten," declared Bethoe crossly. "For you are like a little cat that laps up all the cream and makes other people defend you and do things for you so, and ——"

She faltered under the wide, wide gaze of the loveliest pair of blue eyes in the country.

"Oh-h, do I? Do I, really?"

Bethoe melted and hugged her little sister.

"No, no, not really, darling. I was silly and cross. You are just perfectly sweet and generous, and awfully kind in your funny way, and awfully clever too."

"Dear Beth!" sighed Dimity, and kindly let Beth fuss her into her little white bed.

But the sisters turned back just before they switched off the light.

"Oh, Dimity, darling," asked Torfrida, with a species of nervous delight, "did you really mean to have those pearls if the man was willing to give you credit for them?" They crowded round to hear the answer. Dimity gurgled adorably at them all.

"Well, when I saw them in the shop window for only two hundred pounds, I thought I liked them; but when I saw them tonight I did not seem to like them very well—did you? I would sooner have some like Aunt Eleanor's. Hers are just exquisite ones, I think, and those that mummy made me send back tonight are only just ordinary old shop pearls. I don't think they are worth bothering about. I like pearls, but if I can't have nice ones like Aunt Eleanor's I don't want any at all. So I was quite glad to send them back to that stuffy old jeweler man, you see. Some day I shall have a necklace just like Aunt Eleanor's—I expect," she prophesied sleepily.

"Archie will give them to you, darling," Torfrida reassured her—with some reason, for Dimity's fiancé was the sole son of wealthy Sir Bessemer Crust. But Dimity only yawned.

"Archie? Oh, you mean Archie? I don't think I want to bother any more about Archie. I am awfully tired of Archie, and I should think he is awfully tired of me by this time."

They left her then, practically on tiptoe, and respectfully so.

"Really, you know, mother is right—I simply don't know what will become of Dimity," said Torfrida seriously, as they went down the corridor. "It's—it's rather worrying, you know."

But it evidently wasn't worrying the adorable little devil in the tiny white room they had just left, for she was

(Continued on Page 213)

"How is James, Beth? Isn't That His Writing?" Asked Dimity Idly, Swinging Her Hat

MY DEAR! HE SAYS HAWAII IS AMERICAN!—By Samuel G. Blythe

ON THE fifth day out from San Francisco I noticed what seemed to be a new agitation among some of my deck neighbors. A further problem had encountered them. Until that time they had been concerned principally over how they should tip the Chinese cabin and table boys, and whether a dollar from all three would be enough for the deck steward. They had worried over that from the Golden Gate to the twenty-third parallel, but now it was apparent that something else had risen.

This was important, for poppa and momma were in close and earnest conversation over it, and Aunt Lizzie put in a good many words of counsel and advice, as was Aunt Lizzie's way. She knew everything, that woman, or thought she did, which amounted to the same thing so far as broadcasting was concerned.

Poppa was meekly resigned to her, and momma listened raptly to her. Aunt Lizzie had something on the air every minute, mostly to the effect that the Chinese boys aboard the boat are not used to the American scale of living, and that fifty cents apiece would be large sums for them to have all at once. Probably most deleterious and debasing sums, so far as their personal morals were concerned, after they reached port and had these vast amounts to squander.

"I tell you," said Aunt Lizzie firmly, "we must be watchful or they will cheat us every time we turn around. Why, when Mrs. Johnson went to Paris that time she lost I don't know how much in exchange."

I was dozing in my chair, but that word "exchange," hammering on my drowsy senses, woke me up. Exchange—exchange—in Honolulu? What the ——

"I guess that's so," poppa agreed. "They are all robbers, them exchange fellers. The thing to do is to read the papers every morning and see what the rate is and stick to that. Yes, sir-ree! That's the thing to do."

"But," protested Aunt Lizzie, "there won't be any papers until after we get there, and they'll cheat us on the pier, for of course our American money won't be any good."

The Unbelievers

AMERICAN money—not good—in Honolulu! That had me blinking, and I turned to see if they were serious. They were. It was a deadly earnest momma who impaled me with an eager eye.

"Oh," she said, "I thought you were asleep. We don't know just what to do with our American money so we won't lose anything when we get to Honolulu. Can you tell me the rate of exchange?"

"Exchange?" I repeated dully. "Exchange?"

"Yes," she broke in. "How much do we get in Hawaiian money for our American money?"

"But, madam," I said, "Hawaiian money is American money."

"Wha-a-at?"

"Certainly. Hawaii is a territory of the United States."

Momma looked at me with mingled incredulity, alarm and pity. "You can't mean it!" she protested.

"But I do mean it. That is the fact."

This was too much for momma. She laughed. The idea was really funny. She must tell it to poppa and Aunt Lizzie, and there was derision in the telling and superiority, and a crushing of me back to where I belonged.

"My dear!" she shrilled. "My dear! He says Hawaii is American!"

Of course after that there was nothing left for me to do but jump overboard or go forward and talk to the flying fishes. I chose the drier part, but the thing seemed so incredible that I decided I must get more information about it than the flying fishes had, and I sought out the purser.

"Some people up on deck don't know that Hawaii belongs to the United States," I ventured, expecting the purser to be astonished. He took the information calmly.

"Huh!" he said. "That's nothing. Half the people who come over here don't know it either."

"Half?"

"Oh, well, probably that's too high an estimate. A quarter anyhow."

"You're kidding."

"I am not. They come to me and ask what sort of postage stamps they use, and what the rate of exchange is, and can I change their American money into Hawaiian, and is it hard to pass the customs, and what is the duty on American goods in Honolulu, and all that sort of thing—come in shoals, I tell you. They think Hawaii is a foreign country, and most of them do not believe you when you say it isn't."

Surf Riding, a Wonderful Sport, But Only for the Young

Young Girls With Hawaiian Instruments

Pineapple Plantation, Showing Its Geometric Layout

Inasmuch as Hawaii has been an integral part of the United States since August 12, 1898—almost thirty years—this seemed incredible, and I started some investigations of my own, and experiments. I found that poppa and momma and Aunt Lizzie were not the only ones on that ship who thought Hawaii was a foreign kingdom, or possession, or something not American in any event. I said casually in the smoke room that the purser was running short of Hawaiian money and those who hadn't changed their American money would better hurry, and four men dashed out for the purser's desk—four Americans, three of whom are prosperous business men and the other a doctor.

Honolulu, T. H., U. S. A.

THIS and two or three more similar experiments convinced me the purser was right, and when I got ashore I looked into the matter further. The result of those investigations was astonishing.

Postmaster MacAdam, at Honolulu, showed me customs tags on parcels from many parts of the United States, sent by post, which showed that the persons who sent the packages didn't know that Hawaii is American territory, and that the postmasters who transmitted the parcels and sold the stamps for them did not know it either. One morning in Hilo, Postmaster Daly showed me four customs tags that had come in that day from the United States. The inquiry from American tourists as to what the postage is to the United States and what sort of stamps they must use is constant at every postoffice in the territory.

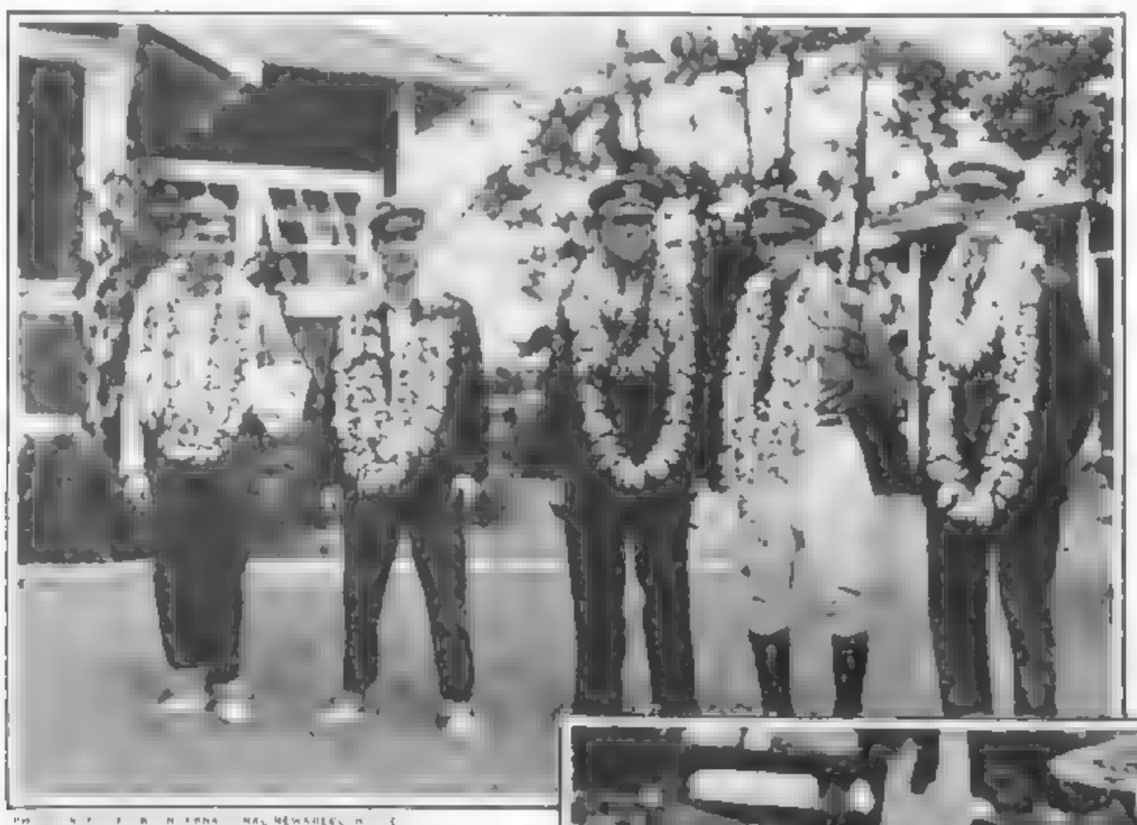
A doctor friend of mine showed me a letter he had from one of the largest manufacturers of surgical instruments in the United States. This letter acknowledged receipt of his order for some instruments, and made elaborate inquiries as to exactly what steps must be taken by the manufacturers to comply with the Hawaiian customs regulations, and could the doctor tell them just what the duty would be?

One of the leading publishing houses in the United States sent back a remittance a Honolulu friend of mine made in accordance with one of their coupon offers—tear

off the coupon and remit—and said that the coupons, as printed, did not apply to foreign countries, but only to the United States.

And preserved as a curio by one of the civic organizations of Honolulu is a letter, written by a New England congressman, on House of Representatives paper, dated at Washington and inclosed in an official envelope, addressed: "To the American Consul, Honolulu, Hawaii."

Momma and poppa and Aunt Lizzie were not unique. Evidently it takes a long time for such news as the taking over of a group of eight islands, aggregating 6500 square miles of territory, and containing some 300,000 people, to get around among us. There is the experience of Mrs. George Mallon, a Virginia girl, who went to Honolulu and married a Seattle man who lived there. Mrs. Mallon was brought over to the United States in 1924 by the Republican National Committee to make speeches for Coolidge, and she made them in many parts of the mainland. Always, the ladies were interested in this speaker from



Commander Rodgers and His Men Decorated With Leis

far-away Hawaii, and when they discovered, as women will, that she had married there, always they said, "Of course you had to learn the language."

"Why, no," the Hawaiian lady answered politely; "that wasn't necessary."

"But how do you talk to your husband?"

Forgotten History

WELL, there you are. Here, on the Pacific one hand we have Hawaii; and here, over 2000 miles away, we have the mainland: and to a considerable extent, the residents of the mainland have no more idea to whom Hawaii belongs, save that it is "foreign," than they have of the location and dominion of Eritrea. Naturally, this makes these island Americans sore and, naturally, it makes them rather sad and forlorn, for they are running a fertile, prosperous and beautiful territory, in the middle of the Pacific, paying more Federal taxes than a long list of states that sport a star in the flag, doing more business than a lot of states, also; and, to many of our mainland people, they are nothing more than some sort of territorial foundling or orphan where the ukuleles and the Hawaiian songs on the phonograph records —maybe—come from.

Not to labor the point unduly, American influence has been dominant in Hawaii for more than 100 years, and Hawaii has been an American topic all that time and was a tremendously live one during the last Cleveland and the first McKinley administrations. It isn't so long ago that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, with greater vision than most of his colleagues, was standing in the Senate and declaring that we must have Hawaii; and not so long as that when President Cleveland and his Paramount Commissioner Blount were insisting that we did not want it. The revolution—the provisional government—Sanford B. Dole—the Wilcox uprising—annexation—all these were first-page stories in all our newspapers for months and months, made even more sensational because of the romantic situation of them—the Sandwich Islands—Hawaii—a story-book land.

So we took the islands, and they are ours forever, as is proper, for we civilized them, even if we did do pretty well by ourselves during that process. The English had a chance to get them, but let it slip. It is always interesting to speculate on what an Englishman, seeing modern Hawaii, thinks of that diplomatic maneuver. Still, the English made a considerable number of blunders in those early days. There was that little matter of letting the North American colonies get away from them, for example.

The great hope of the Americans in Hawaii is statehood; and looking at it from one angle, that hope is not unjustified, because there is much more to Hawaii than climate, flame trees, flowers, palms, surf-boarding, ukuleles, hulas, steel-string guitars, poi and leis. Much. For example, ships entering and leaving the harbors of Hawaii in 1924 grossed 6,699,681 tons. I set down these figures before the 1925 compilations are made; but the 1925 figures in each instance will be greater than those I give, because Hawaii is an up-and-coming territory. There were 61,114 pupils in the schools. The bank deposits were $56,495,762.41. The exports were $110,608,253, of which $77,409,978 was sugar and most of an item of $28,372,055 pineapples canned. The total sugar crop for 1925 was about 750,000 tons, and approximately 7,500,000 cases—cases, not cans—of canned pineapple were shipped to all parts of the world. There is a good basis for statehood there—better by far than most of the states showed when admitted, and better, also, than a good many of the states have now.

But there is a problem—a racial problem—that may withhold statehood from Hawaii for a long time. At least, there is no practical solution of it in sight at present. The population of Hawaii was 307,100 on June 30, 1925. Of these, 34,272 were Americans, mostly, with some British, some Germans and some Russians. There were 24,522 Chinese, 39,608 Filipinos and 125,368 Japanese. In addition, there were 26,791 Portuguese, and Koreans, Spaniards, Porto Ricans and other races in smaller numbers.

The nubbin of this racial situation is the Japanese. The Portuguese were originally brought in as laborers in the sugar fields. They remained and they are good citizens. The trouble with the Japanese is that though nominally he is American, he sends all his money back to Japan, close observers in Hawaii say, pays very small taxes, and remains entirely Nipponese in all his affiliations and sympathies.

Whatever the status of the parents who came to Hawaii as immigrants, there is no doubt as to the status of the children. They are American, and when they reach voting age undoubtedly they will vote. The immigrant Japanese does not show much interest in politics, but his children will, because they are being educated Americanwise in American schools, and the Japanese have very large families. They are a fecund people.

This extraordinary mixture of races in Hawaii came primarily from the labor necessities of the sugar planters, and later of the pineapple planters. The native Hawaiian is a fine swimmer and a good fisherman, and can sing mournfully for hours without end, and wear a hibiscus behind his ear and a lei around his neck; but the idea of getting into the sugar fields and laboring there did not appeal to him. He was not raised to be a worker. Why should he work? He could grow a little taro, find plenty of fruit; and there were fish in the sea, wine in the palm and pigs in the brush after the white man came. What more could any man want, in a benign climate and amid surroundings entirely beautiful?

A Problem for Politicians

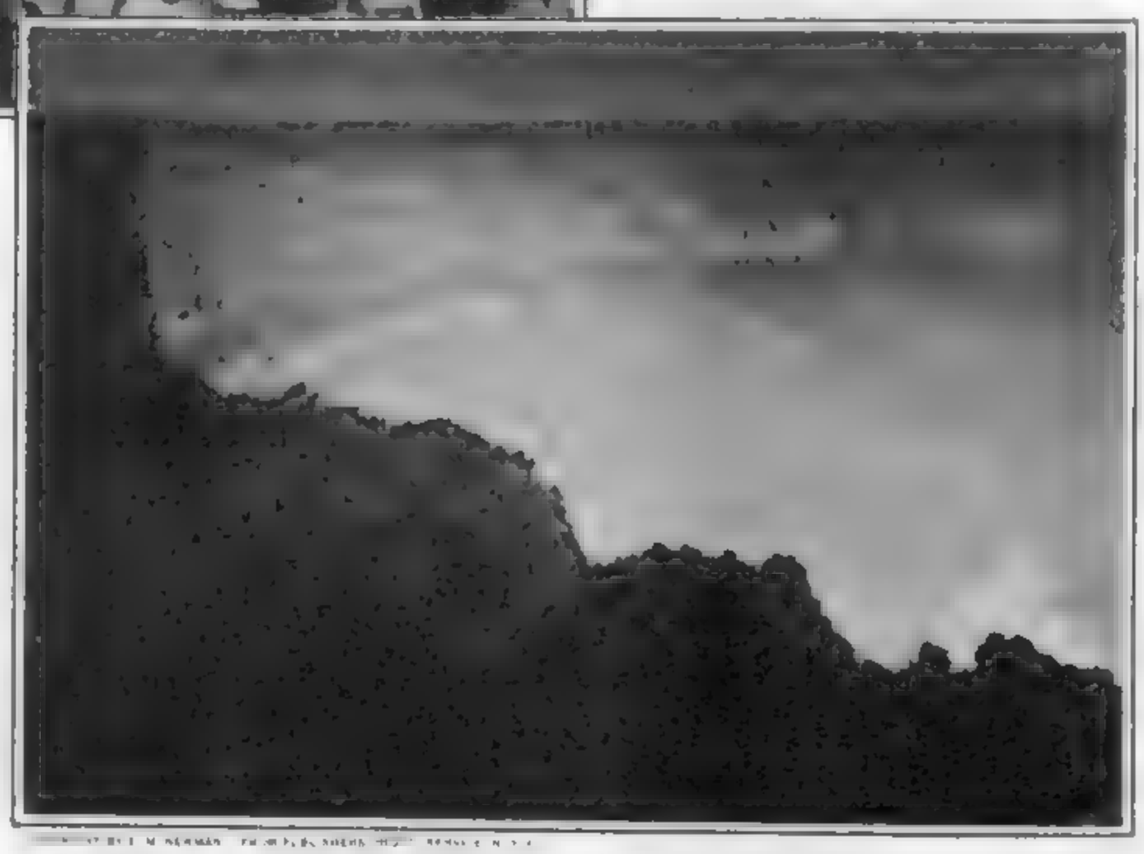
SO THE planters brought in Chinese, and these were sufficient until the islands became American territory and the Chinese Exclusion Law operated automatically against further Chinese importations. Then came Portuguese, Japanese, and so on, with the Filipinos as the present source of supply. The planters have ransacked the world for labor, which must be cheap labor and strong labor. Labor is the dominant factor in the production of these great Hawaiian staples, sugar and pineapples. Running parallel with this is the political situation presented by this heterogeneous population, and the two combined make Hawaii a most interesting study for sociologists and political economists, and a most difficult problem for politicians.

The bogy of Japanese domination, which is perfectly demonstrable by any person with a pencil, a bit of paper and a familiarity with the vital statistics of the islands, is always in the minds of those who have a real concern in the future of the islands, as it is always in the minds of the men at Washington who have to do with such phases of our Government.

The Japanese in the islands meet it with assertions that they are Americans, and not Japanese; but nobody who knows the Japanese does more with those assertions than listen politely to them. The truth of it is that the entire matter, in its eventualities, rests with the thousands and thousands of little Japanese boys and girls now going to American schools in Hawaii, wearing American clothes, learning to talk American, reciting the pledge to the flag and otherwise—and seemingly—absorbing

(Continued on Page 170)

Japanese Children in Hawaii



The Halemaumau Crater Photographed at 8 A. M. by the Red Glow of its Fiery Contents

THE LAST SURVIVOR

The Wounded Man Looked at the Officer Stupidly, Then at the Stretcher-Bearers and the Intent Face of the Little Man in the Sheepskin Coat "Where's the Rest of I Company?" Repeated the Officer

By Leonard H. Nason

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

WHEN a cessation of wheeled traffic and a total absence of other troops warned him that he was getting close to his destination, the captain halted his company, which, being a well-trained organization, at once took to the ditch with much clanking of equipment. It was night, and black. To the north, lights twinkled, trolley cars rattled, rolling mills whirred and clanked, and boiler factories worked double shift. The captain shivered a little bit as he listened, partly from the chill bite of the cold that precedes the dawn and partly because of what awaited him and his men among those trolley cars and rolling mills and what not. That sound was not what it seemed, but was caused by machine guns, high-explosive shells, grenades, rifles, pistols, and possibly night-bombing airplanes, employed by the American Expeditionary Force and the Imperial German Army for their mutual destruction.

The captain cleared his throat. This would be the last halt and his orders directed him to make a little speech to his men before they went into action, pointing out that they were modern crusaders, that the eyes of the nation were upon them and that it was eminently fitting and proper to die for one's country. The captain had two companies here under his command, some three hundred rifles, and how he was to make himself heard above the grumbling of the barrage and the rattling of machine guns had not been explained in the order. Nevertheless he began.

"Men," yelled the captain, "this is our last halt. I Company of our regiment is up there in the woods surrounded by the enemy and it's up to us to dig them out. C and D Companies are going in from the west, the entire Fifty-ninth is in support, and we're going to try our luck from the east. I want this outfit to be the first to get in. Remember that this is a war for humanity, that every German that is killed brings the war that much nearer an end and us that much nearer Hoboken."

"Hurray fer a long war!" muttered someone.

"Who said that?" barked the captain.

Silence. The captain paused for breath, undecided whether to conduct an investigation or to continue his speech. He had thought up that speech on the march—it kept his mind off his troubles—and he had some idea of leading a cheering, irresistible company of crusaders to victory.

"Here's twenty francs!" spoke an angry voice from the darkness. "Give us a shot o' that! Twenty francs would buy yuh a gallon!"

"I don't want your twenty francs," said another. "What good's twenty francs? I can't drink twenty francs. Whyncha think of that when the buyin' was good? Nix! They's four guys in on this canteen now, and if every guy was to drink down his share at one gulp, he wouldn't have enough to make him cough."

"Men," yelled the captain again—and every one of the three hundred heard him—"we're going up to have a fight, and if I catch anyone camouflaging, he'll see a fine Hamburg steak the next time he looks in the mirror! I'll crusade you, you bunch of lop-eared bar flies!" Again he paused, for his rage choked him. From the darkness came a rustle and a murmur, like a river sliding over stones. The three hundred were closing in on the man with the canteen.

"Dog-gone it," muttered the captain, or something with a similar import, "what can a man do?" He became suddenly conscious of someone standing near him, and at that instant a hand brushed his arm.

"Er—captain," said a timid voice, "if you've got that speech in writing, would you let me have a copy?"

The captain spun about like a top, his fist ready to strike. He looked fixedly into the dark and finally made out that a man stood beside him, a man whose head did not quite come to the top of the captain's gas mask. This man was not wearing a steel helmet, but an officer's cap, and down around the ears in true mail-order style.

"Who the hell are you?" demanded the captain.

"I'm the European representative of the Springfield Morning Star," replied the other. "I've been directed to write of things as they are, and I thought that an officer's speech to his men before an action would be a fine item."

"What are you doing up here?" continued the captain. "Correspondents aren't allowed on the front line."

"Yes, I know that; but I thought that the place to get a fight story was in a fight and not in Paris. I just mingled with the troops, as it were, and no one asked me for my authority. I wore a helmet until it got dark, but took it off because it gave me a headache."

"But listen here," objected the captain, "this isn't going to be a picnic. We're going up here in order to retake some ground and dig out a company, and it's going to be a red-hot scrap."

"Yes," said the little man, "I assumed that. That's why I came."

"Suit yourself," said the captain. "You've left word to have your relatives notified and all that, I suppose."

He blew a long blast on his whistle. "Up on your feet!" he barked. "Forwa-a-ard!" There was a long rustle of slickers, like the sighing of wind in trees, a thumping of packs, and then the click and scrape of hobnails on the roadbed. The march had begun again.

"I'm supposed to meet a guide," remarked the captain to the little man, "but I can get lost without a guide to do it for me. We won't wait. It will be light in another hour. As long as that racket keeps up in front, I Company is still on the job; but they've been in there for three days now and they must be damn near out of gas. Minutes may count."

They pounded silently along for some minutes, then a load of bricks was delivered in the woods beside the road. No one said anything, but the march quickened just the slightest. That load of bricks had been a shell, probably intended to land on the road, but it had just missed its mark. With a fearful siren-like shriek another shell arrived—blong! The flash of it lighted the column and the wall of trees on either side of the road. A hurly-burly of cries and frightened calls of "First aid!" told that the column had sustained its first casualties. A man who is hit in the dark has a right to be frightened, especially if his comrades immediately take up the double time and begin to trot away from him.

The captain applied his eye to his wrist watch.

"I wish it was a shade lighter and a man could know where he was." All lay down while another shell howled overhead and became junk beyond them. "I'll bet that's the Binarville-Baulny road we just passed. Fritz has just begun to shell the crossroads." He made a mental calculation of the time the column had been on the march and the distance from their starting place to where the front line had last been reported. "I'll take a chance I'm right. We ought to be about where I decided we were." He blew his whistle for a halt. "Scully!"

"Here, sir!"

"Find Captain Lee and tell him to form combat groups and go forward as soon as the barrage starts. Tell him to cross the brook on the power-house bridge and follow down the right bank. I'll be on the left. Now then, where's my man with the rifle?"

Up stepped another soldier.

"Got the flare ready?" asked the captain. "Good! Let 'er go."

The rifle cracked and a flare leaped like a ball from a Roman candle. The flare did not go very high, however, and a sudden red glow illumined the halted column and the long line of trees. All looked up. A chain of red stars hung above them, smoking bravely, but it was apparent to all that the chain was caught on a tree limb. The captain's language became distinctly nonregulation.

"Got another? I suppose not. Threw 'em all away so you wouldn't have so much weight to carry, huh? Wore a hole through your pocket and fell out, huh? Say yes and see what happens to you!"

"No, sir," said the soldier, "I got another."

"Shoot it!"

This time the rifle was pointed carefully overhead and the flare burst above the tree tops, then drifted slowly down wind, held aloft by its parachute. All eyes watched it out of sight.

"Pardon me, captain," said a timid voice, "would you mind explaining the purpose of that rocket? I don't mean to intrude, but I'm curious, you know. These things are all so new to me."

"Well," said the captain, "the troops that we are going to leapfrog are reported as being two hundred yards north of the intersection of the Binarville-Baulny and Four-de-Paris roads. When I was a younger man I used to try to find troops that I was to leapfrog, but I don't do it any more. Since that report came in they may have advanced, or they may have fallen back at dusk and be a mile in rear of us. Shell fire may have moved 'em by the flank. We'll assume they're there; if they aren't, I'll soon know it when the advance begins. Well, when I get to my two hundred yards north I fire a chain of red stars and the alert artillery lays down a barrage for me to advance behind. They see the stars and they know where I am on the map, and they place their barrage and away we go. That's the theory."

"Ah!" said the little man. "Thank you so much."

They waited patiently, and a muttering from the men in the ditch announced the arrival of rain. It began with a gentle fall, but this gradually increased until it was like standing under a hose. The rattling of the drops on three hundred or so steel helmets added another weird sound to the many already audible.

"Well, come on, artillery!" muttered the captain. "For someone's sake, if not for mine, get going!"

The distant battle growled, shells clanged behind the column on the crossroads, machine guns hammered their steady way through belt after belt, but the requested barrage did not arrive.

"Er -is it usual to have to wait so long?" asked the little man.

"Oh, the damned artillery!" cried the captain. "Got another flare? Fire it! They're all down in their dugouts waiting for the rain to let up. If I wait here for the barrage, they'll swear they never saw the rocket and I'll be broken for cowardice and sent to Blois. If I advance, they'll snap out of it and let go the barrage right on my neck!"

The third flare brought no response. The captain spoke profanely and again consulted his wrist watch. He called again for Scully, but received no answer. Another man was sent scurrying to find Captain Lee, with orders to begin the advance immediately, and the captain himself did a little whistle blowing and yelling

"Come on!" he commanded. "On our way! This will start the barrage if nothing else will."

The column surged forward and then began to split up into smaller groups, the officers apparently following some prearranged plan. The captain, one eye on his watch, kept stopping, every minute or so, to listen, and each time he stopped, the little man collided with him. Finally the captain wrathfully demanded the reason.

"I'm sorry," said the little man. "I can't see very well at best. I don't mean to keep falling against you, but you stop so suddenly, you know"

"Well, keep the hell away from me then," cried the captain. "I know now why correspondents aren't allowed on the lines. They're worse underfoot than a setter pup. You might as well listen too. I'm listening for my other company. A burst of firing will mean they've got contact with the enemy and I'll know I'm due myself any minute. They ought to get it first though."

The woods remained silent. Men could be heard tramping along the road, others crashed through the brush alongside; there was a faint rattling of carts where the machine gunners had taken up their burdens and were sending back their mules to a place of shelter

Plop! S-s-s-s-s! S-s-s-s-s! The scene became as bright as day. The place blazed with rockets. Fourth of July in all its glory paled beside that display. Flare after flare hissed into the black sky and burst. Ground lights zipped into sudden brilliance, and then, like a huge orchestra swinging into an overture, machine guns, section by section, began to roar. Shouts, cries, confusion. The column took to the ditch without command and lay down as flat as they could. The captain, on his knees in the mud, tried to get some idea of what was going on. Part of it he could visualize and part of it was still hidden. The enemy had put trip flares in the road and the first men advancing had set them off. Thereupon every German with a device for projecting artificial light had turned it loose and the machine guns had begun to do their duty

How badly had the Americans been hit? How serious was the confusion? In moments like this an officer is helpless; the men are scattered far and wide, just as they dropped at the first burst of fire, and their future conduct depends upon their noncoms. The captain was thankful

Continued on Page 153

Ground Lights Zipped Into Sudden Brilliance, and Then, Like a Huge Orchestra Swinging Into an Overture, Machine Guns, Section by Section, Began to Roar

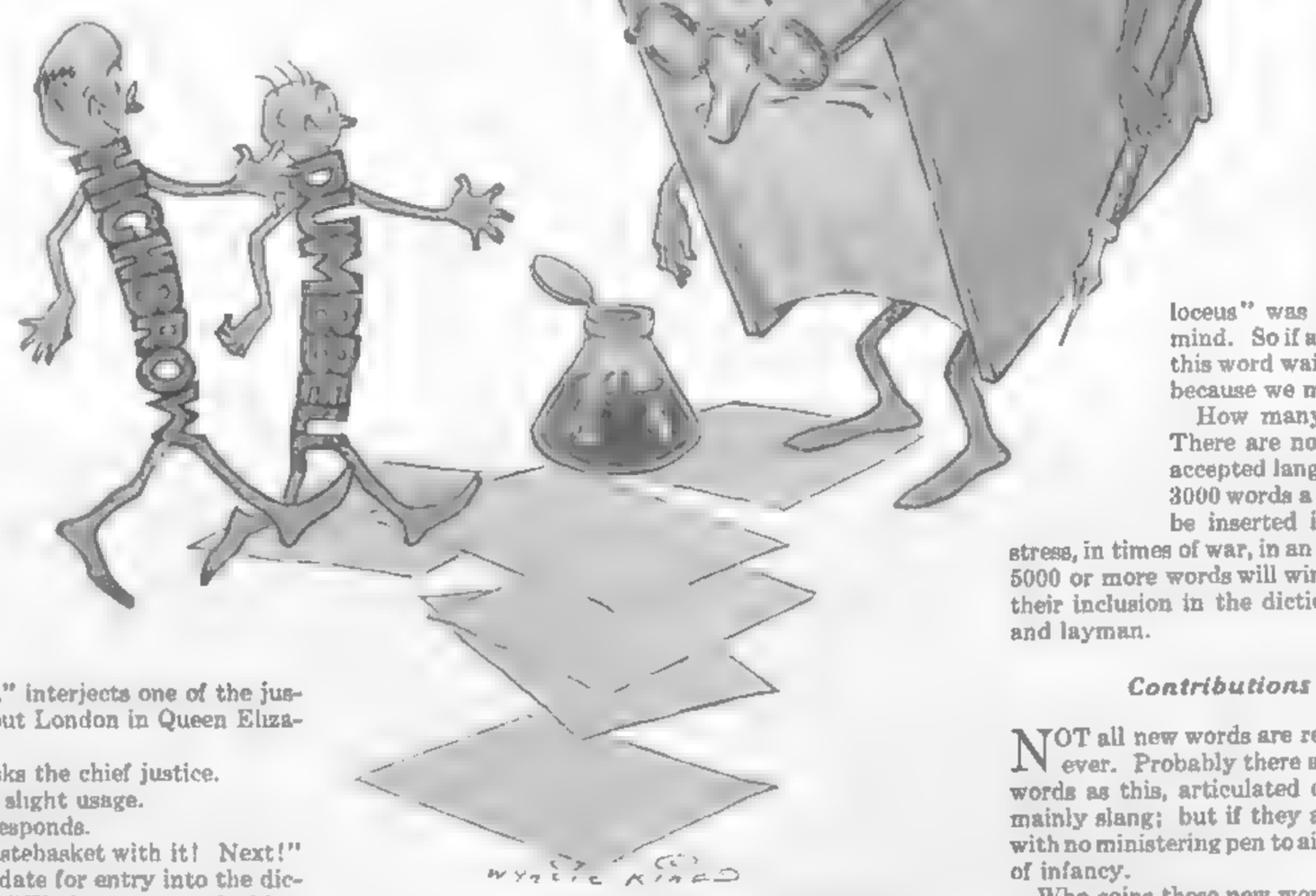
Let's Look it Up in the Dictionary

By SPENCER ARMSTRONG

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

HIGH above the bedlam of one of Manhattan's busiest thoroughfares, and just around the corner from the beautiful little plaza of Madison Square, is our word shop. It isn't very pretentious, our little shop; I know of many others whose artistic appointments and decorative graces are far more alluring. We have no velvet curtains as a back drop for our wares. They are merely words. No suave clerk will usher you across deep carpets to overstuffed divans. Your heels will click against nude concrete floors, and the rustle of paper is the nearest approach to the swish of silks and satins.

You might imagine from this that our word shop is a barren little abode. But it isn't. It is the rendezvous of the romances of time. It is the trysting place of almost all the hopes, hates, conquests and accomplishments of mankind. Into our little shop, at every sweep of the clock, pour the doings of the day from every point of the compass.



Yet Some Slang Terms May Enter the Dictionary—in Time. "Dumb-Bell" and "Highbrow," for Instance, Seem Sure to be Recorded

Instead of the walls of our shop being tinted in the latest fashion's decree, they are lost in tiers of books, stacks and stacks of books, worn and seasoned, some by hands that have been cold and rigid for centuries. But though their appearance may be ragged, within the oft tattered covers is almost the gamut of human knowledge. And here, when the shutters of the word shop are thrown back in the morning, convenes one of the high courts of the English Language.

As a tribunal of review, every word candidate desiring admittance into permanent speech must pass before the justices.

The court convenes.

"Here's a new word," announces a clerk.

"No, that's not a new word," interjects one of the justices. "It was well known about London in Queen Elizabeth's time."

"Been seen much since?" asks the chief justice.

A perusal of the files reveals slight usage.

"Once or twice," the clerk responds.

"Much too lazy. To the wastebasket with it! Next!"

"'Flapper' is the next candidate for entry into the dictionary," the clerk continues. "We have a record of her appearance in England about 1690, but she wasn't very popular. Her modern counterpart is a very pretty sprite, however, bubbling with pep and enthusiasm, and most popular. We have found her smiling at us from the covers of all the magazines, preening in the advertisements, using up miles of columns in the public prints, and the heroine of many of the best sellers."

But before the chief justice has an opportunity to ask for a decision, a chorus of ayes rips the cloak of dignity that is purported to enmantle the bench.

Of course, it really isn't a court. It's just a word shop with judicial functions, filled with desks and files and telephones and typewriters like any other office, peopled by lexicographers, readers, stenographers and clerks; only, our business is to hunt for and pass upon new words, to keep the dictionary up to date.

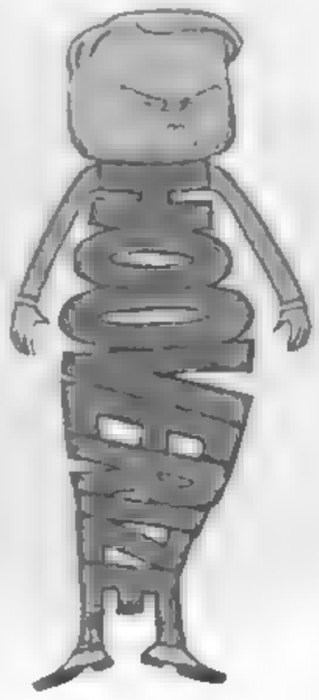
Good Little Words That Never Arrive

A STAFF of readers and correspondents is continually searching the press of the English-speaking world, the newspapers, magazines, technical periodicals and books for virgin words. When an apparent new one is discovered the first task is to ascertain if it is actually new. We first seek its pedigree in Cockeram's Interpreter of Hard English Words, published in 1623; in Blount's Glossographia, of 1656; or perhaps in Samuel Johnson's famous dictionary of the vintage of 1755.

Unfound in any of the many English lexicons of the past, we deem it may be of foreign extraction. For this purpose we have dictionaries in Sanskrit, Maori, Hausa, Hebrew, Urdu, Afrikander, besides those of modern languages from French to Japanese. We have, too, complete dictionaries embracing lace making, draperies, politics, petroleum, ethics, botany and a myriad other specific subjects. Then also there are encyclopedias from almost every nation, English-speaking and alien. So it is a foxy word, parading as a new one in an attempt to elude its past, that can escape the net of this investigation.

But if the new word is bona-fide, freshly minted, we take it into our care for five years, place it on file. We watch its use by the people and tally this against its record during the probationary period. Also, in this interim, numerous letters will arrive at our office asking for the meaning of the intruder into the language. At the end of the interval the record of the neophyte is computed, and if its score shows a popular demand, the new word is awarded a place in the dictionary.

Incorporation in the dictionary, though, is no signal for a word to become indolent. It must work. We have a list of more than 50,000 words now in our word shop that have shown little or no activity in the language for a long time. We keep a tally on these words, too, that have been abandoned by the public, for possible ejection. It is a sort of waiting list—waiting for the ax. Infrequency of use means deletion from the dictionary.



Not all new words have to wait five years to get into the dictionary, however. Sometimes the acclaim of a new vocable is so universal and widespread that its inclusion is assured at once. "Flapper," for instance.

Then again some good words never become popular. We have a pet in our shop, orphaned by the world of letters, that has been hungering for admission into the dictionary for more than twenty years. It is a charming little word with the euphonious title of "meloceus." The first and last time we have been able to discover "meloceus" in literature is in Oscar Wilde's The Picture of Dorian Gray.

It seems to be a name for a precious gem capable of detecting criminals. If so, in this one word is a theme for a series of detective yarns that might shake the laurels of a Sherlock Holmes. But nowhere can we find it repeated—never used again.

We have searched the lapidary's lexicons of all ages, we have combed the encyclopedias of many countries, we have sought the assistance of gem lovers from Johannesburg to Maiden Lane; but to no avail. Always we receive the negative answer—unknown. The lips that might offer enlightenment are now still, and we can only suppose that "meloceus" was the coinage of an imaginative mind. So if any writer feels inclined to foster this word waif, we shall be more than happy, because we must soon abandon it.

How many words are coined annually? There are no figures. In normal times the accepted language grows at the rate of about 3000 words a year—of sufficient currency to be inserted in the dictionary. In days of stress, in times of war, in an era of discovery and invention, 5000 or more words will win the favor of the public so that their inclusion in the dictionary is demanded by scholar and layman.

Contributions to the Language

NOT all new words are recorded in the dictionary, however. Probably there are at least three times as many words as this, articulated or printed, minted every year, mainly slang; but if they are not stillborn, they soon die with no ministering pen to aid them through the vicissitudes of infancy.

Who coins these new words? Today most of the orthodox new words emanate from the research laboratories where men are toying in crucibles of thought to conceive a new idea. Once born, it needs a name and forthwith a new word arises. The medical, chemical and electrical fraternities sponsor the greatest galaxy of freshly minted speech. Nor are these words all technical.

Radio, for one branch of electricity alone, has fattened the dictionary with more than 5000 new words and compounds. The fan chats of neutrodyne and audiofrequency as glibly as a technician, and the dictionary must contain them.

Discovering something previously unknown to man, the scientists inadvertently enrich the language. If the find proves extraordinary the name of the inventor or discoverer is frequently used to commemorate the deed in our speech. Well-known examples of this cognizance in the realm of electricity are "ohm," "watt" and "ampere." In other fields are "hooverize," "galvanize," "bessemerize," "gerrymander" and "spoonerism," celebrating in lay speech the doings of Messrs. Hoover, Galvan, Bessemer, Gerry and Spooner.

There have been many exponents of this art of creating expressive terminology. They have come from almost every station in life, but naturally those who command the public spotlight have their mental offspring registered sooner.

Theodore Roosevelt, reflecting the explorer in his character, minted new words with an agility that kept lexicographers ever on the *qui vive*. His best-known contribution to the language perhaps was "chinafy," coined to express the complete helplessness to which pacifism would reduce America. He could have used the synonymous adjectival root, sinetic, already in the language; but he created the more forceful term that would catch on quicker. When the Government was building the Panama Canal he commanded much space in the press crusading to "sanitate" the Zone. This was heralded as a new word, but upon investigation we found that it had been introduced into speech as early as 1811, though used infrequently since.

A journalist, on a swing of the country with the late William Jennings Bryan, on a stumping trip in the popocrat days, coined the term "volublist" to describe the oratory that poured from the famous golden throat. The description fired the fancy of the retinue of reporters on the tour and in one blaze the word flashed from the front pages of the press from coast to coast, and thence was cast into the dictionary.

President Grover Cleveland, reputed an omnivorous reader, was forever digging up the archaic in some fastness of literature and grooming it for contemporary use. Who first phrased "innocuous desuetude," to express simply a harmless disuse of something, no one knows probably; but doubtless it will always be associated with Cleveland, who brought it to light in modern times.

Mayor William J. Gaynor, of New York City, whose clever and original personal letters brightened many drab columns in the news during the tenure of his popular favor, will long be allied with "spissitude," which was archaic previous to his resuscitation of it from the tombstones of the tongue. He unearthed this word to impress upon the public consciousness how sticky or gummy some of the politicians' fingers could become when funds for public improvements were being passed out.

Woodrow Wilson undoubtedly was about the greatest phraseologist, outside of an advertising agency, that the United States has heard in many generations. "Watchful waiting" and "too proud to fight" are memorable of his expressiveness in arranging new word groupings; but he failed to enrich our mother language with new words.

Warren Harding, desirous of unmeshing his country from its postwar plight, sounded an appealing slogan of Back to Normalcy, and the nation hailed the introduction as symbolizing the hopes of a debt-burdened land in one fresh new word. We turned to the files in our word shop for corroboration, but—unfortunately perhaps, for it was a happy phrase -we discovered that "normalcy" was in circulation at the latest by the year 1857.

A Cartoonist Who Struck Oil

THERE was a young detective in the New York City Police Department some years ago who was acclaimed the handsomest man on the force. This gift of the gods he accepted as a license to strut and swagger a trifle more than his companions. Combined with a flowering of the physical, he was also clever in his appointed tasks. After culminating several successive scoops, his chest measurement seemed to increase perceptibly. In order to relieve the strain on his vest buttons the then Chief of Detectives Devery stated to reporters anxious for details of this thief catcher extraordinary that he was a splendid officer, but too chesty.

Chesty! Again the subheads of the newspapers featured a new word. Forsooth, it became overworked, so widespread was its appeal; but this constant repetition whipped it into the working vernacular of the average person and today it is a byword on the tongues of the multitude. Upon retrospection, it is almost difficult to imagine that it hasn't been with us always, and it hasn't celebrated its twentieth birthday yet.

Another fertile source of new expressions, idioms more than words, is the studio of the cartoonist, the columnist and the gag man of the motion pictures and the theater; also the campus of the carefree collegiate. These are mainly springheads of slanguage, mothered mostly by a desire to be smart or witty. The issues emanating from this speech incubator, though popular for a brief period, fade into oblivion in the same skyrocketing spirit that marked their ascent.

"So's your old man," "dimbox," "necking" and their ilk, though humorous and catchy, have no innate lasting qualities and are only mottoes of the moment. Each year brings a veritable horde of such linguistic corruptions that are scarcely worth housing room in our word shop; but we offer them shelter for the one gem in a thousand that will rise above its class and become a member in good standing in the society of speech.

"Tabloid" Was Stolen, If So Harsh a Term May be Used, From its Progenitors

Then who shouldn't coin such chatter when it irons the wrinkles from wan purses? A little more than two years ago I chanced to meet a struggling young cartoonist, and he was struggling. A most engaging personality, brimming over with a radiant line of bright banter, willing to illustrate his ideas on the back of an envelope or a scrap of paper, he cooled his heels in the waiting rooms of many of New York's publishing plants. He had the goods, but it seemed no one would let him deliver.

Eventually he obtained contact with a metropolitan journal, and within a short time coined a word that captured the fancy of the public. Forthwith he was famous and well started on a successful trail. I am informed that envoys from many of the publishers who once spurned his wares have since waited in his anteroom. He has gone now to Hollywood, where he has been promised some of the fabled wealth of that cinema community.

But don't think the dictionary wears a high hat. Far from it. In assembling new diction we are only hearkening to the edicts of the time-ripened formulas of accepting the best, the most useful. Slang isn't.

Though we do ferret slang from its habitat for investigation, there is a more fertile field, somewhat allied—dialect. A dialect is still considered by many people as degraded and a vulgar variety of speech. But it isn't. Beyond the rim of the city's stir and strife, along the shady lanes and in the nurtured acres of the countryside, there has gradually grown from time immemorial a distinct vernacular. It is rustic, we say, and the pedagogically inclined are apt to sniff at this poor relation of the literary language. Evolved by those who live closest to Nature, it is not only more varied but, within limits, much richer than its more precise counterpart.

The cant of every class is as much dialect as the jargon of the gypsy. Every profession and vocation is alive with terms that are Greek to another. The lawyer, the mechanic, the housewife, the journalist and the laborer, each has a vernacular that mystifies a hearer from another environment.

The dictionary must become the clearing house of these diversified provincialisms and argots. So we scout the meeting places of the arts, crafts and trades to report the new words for the purpose of aiding English-speaking people to understand other English-speaking people.

Again, the language is in a constant state of flux; there is a ceaseless mutation of the meanings of words. "Boy" once meant girl. "Agony" once meant a wrestling match, or exhibition of combat. "Run" years ago was a simple little word denoting the forceful dashing movement of a being. Now it has expanded until the dictionary lists ninety-four different meanings for it. Thus a writer or speaker may give a new interpretation to a common word which, gaining currency, takes unto itself another significance. These departures from the normal must be captured, for they modify the language.

Busy Workers at the Word Mint

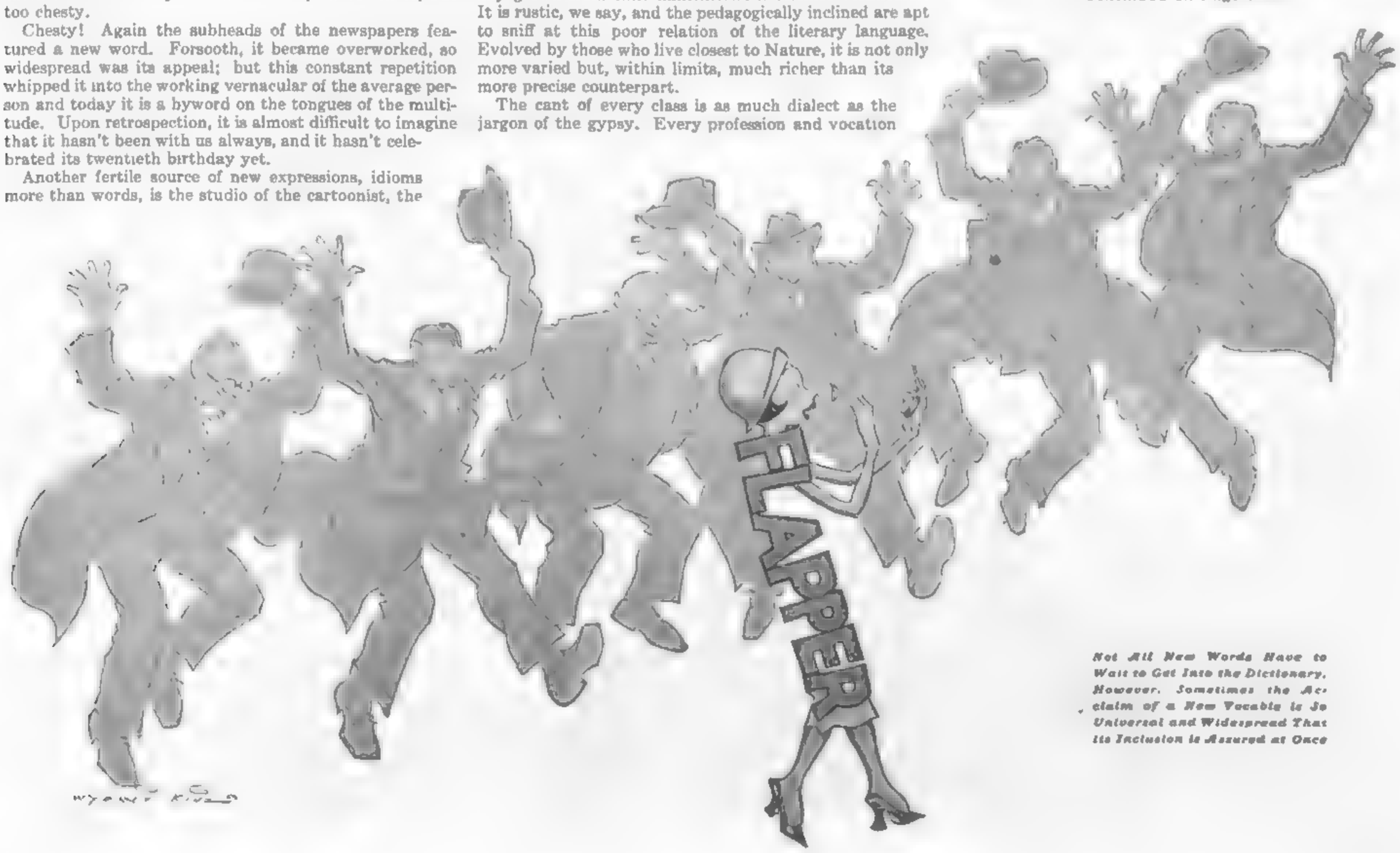
TO THE trained eye and ear, words are flowering everywhere; new meanings for old words. In one of Octavus Roy Cohen's merry stories of colored society in Birmingham appearing in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST we spotted "exodust," a new speech mintage.

Mr. Cohen wanted to express excessive speed in the departure of a dusky gentleman from troublesome quarters. I suppose that no word that was already in the dictionary could denote the swiftness of this runner as he sped in front of a razor flashing in the hands of an expert wielder behind him. He was exiting in a cloud of dust; thus, exodust.

In fact, a new profession—the word coiner—has capitalized the modern demand for personal and business distinction.

Though the numerical power of this group is small, perhaps not exceeding a dozen exponents in the whole country, its output is sometimes quite prolific.

(Continued on Page 55)



Not All New Words Have to Wait to Get Into the Dictionary, However. Sometimes the Acclaim of a New Vocable is So Universal and Widespread That its Inclusion is Assured at Once

RATTLESNAKE

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

They Seemed Not to Have Noticed the Approach of the Car Until Demlow Began Honking

THE Mohave is a desert of various amphtudes, according to your road. From the Colorado River on the east to the Tejon Pass on the west, or more correctly, the Cañada de las Uvas, which connects Los Angeles with Bakersfield, is more than three hundred miles as wheels run. Its true northern edge, the line at which the heat-tolerant creosote bush becomes frost killed and the frost-tolerant sagebrush becomes heat killed, is probably three times that long, being deeply serrated. In the south you can throw a stone from the desert into the orange groves and rose gardens of Southern California. It is also a desert of dramatic and contrasting altitudes. Telescope Peak stands nearly two miles high. Death Valley, at its foot, lies below sea level.

It is a desert of other contrasts. It is one of the hottest regions on earth and one of the driest, yet water will sometimes freeze there at night, and ducks and geese stop there in their migrations. Its ashlike mountains rise above wastes of borax, yet they rise also above some of the richest gold mines on the continent, some of the fairest expanses of wild flowers, some of the most varied animal life.

Old Clausson had to drive out of his way to stop at the White Hope borax camp, but he had money invested in the company, and Donovan, one of his guests, wished to see Death Valley afterward. His other guest was his niece, Elizabeth.

Donovan's wish made the excuse. Donovan was jewel expert for Redelos Indemnity, but for a number of years he had spent his vacations with men who knew mountain and desert, so that he himself was beginning to feel that he knew them.

At the present moment the three were seated about a table with Demlow, the resident manager, in the latter's two-room cabin, turned over for the night to uncle and niece. The chauffeur for the party, a man named Hebben, had retired for the night to a shack apart. Clausson was showing his diamonds. He turned to Donovan.

"Do you know these stones?" he asked, uncovering a pair of blindingly brilliant pendants.

Donovan lifted them into his palm. The stones referred to were matched rose-colored Brazilian diamonds that could not have been duplicated by any dealer in the world. He did not have to ask about their authenticity. Clausson was the Clausson of James Clausson & Co., Los Angeles, who specialized in the finer precious stones.

"Flaming red diamonds!" He looked them over thoughtfully. "Mrs. Rivera, of Rio de Janeiro, owns a matched pair of such diamonds," he replied at last. "Her husband is a coffee king. I have never heard of any others. These are of a rare brilliance, and perfectly matched. Where on earth did you get them?"

Clausson flushed with pleasure. "I bought them from Mrs. Rivera's husband. His wife died last month."

"He sold her jewels?"

"Some of them—to me, quietly. I think he found himself pinched for cash and did not dare offer them publicly because of the effect on his credit. If you had called at the office I would have shown them to you in town."

"You're not offering them—with the others?"

The others included a diamond necklace valued at eighty thousand dollars, and a brooch of such exquisite beauty that Clausson had not yet made up his mind to sell it. The purpose of his present trip was to show these diamonds, and a few more, through her dealer, to the young wife of a rich miner in Goldfield.

"The woman can afford them."

"Are red diamonds more valuable than white?" asked Clausson's niece.

"Are they, Donovan?"

"Very much more valuable—red stones as clear as these." He added, "I wonder at your risking them like this."

"We're pretty honest out here in the borax country," said Demlow.

"No one could sell such stones," Clausson told him, placing the matter of honesty upon a practical basis.

"Why not?" asked the girl.

"They could be identified too easily."

Demlow threw more wood into the sheet-iron stove. Although the day had been exceedingly hot, the moment the sun set behind the gray-purple butte in the west the temperature had fallen like lead in a shot tower.

"Don't be too sure," said Donovan.

"Besides, no one knows I have them with me, or even that I have them at all. Diamond men can't afford to be nervous about living with their diamonds."

Nevertheless, he began placing his loose diamonds back into their papers and his set diamonds into their boxes, and the packets and boxes into his wallet.

"What's that?" asked the girl, starting as if at a sound.

"You hear the wind," Demlow replied.

It was not the wind, for today the wind had begun blowing early and had died down early.

"I'm sure I heard something else. There it is again—the sound of a car. Put the diamonds away—quick!"

Clausson laughed at her excitement, but in spite of himself was affected by it. "The diamonds are hereby suppressed," he told her after a moment.

"A traveler from the north," said Demlow, listening. "This place stands on a kind of twice-a-week highway—we're always liable to have visitors asking for water. Even at night we are. Desert folk like to travel by moonlight."

The explanation was obviously reasonable; but whether because of the Rivera matched diamonds, or of the necklace and brooch, or of the falling away of the wind, or of the sense of isolation, or of the darkness and the borax, all stood listening to the rapid fire of the muffler cut-out, as if the new car represented a menace and not a mere errand to the railroad for supplies.

"They're stopping," said Donovan as the car drew up to the door.

"Wait till they knock," said Clausson.

The knock did not follow, as was expected, but there fell a delay, as if the man in the car were inspecting the house and its surroundings. The delay enhanced the effect when the summons finally made itself heard.

The stranger who stood blinking his small eyes in the door would have passed unnoticed on Spring Street, but the circumstances of his appearance, added to the consciousness of the nearness of Clausson's diamonds, caused his somber figure to expand like a threat. Ordinarily his errand would have been unexciting to the point of whiteness. He was driving to the railroad. Did Demlow or anybody know the state of the wells along the road? Demlow did know, and told him. What of it? But as he asked his questions his small eyes wandered over the room and everything it contained, blinkingly but searchingly, until those present felt that they stood under espionage.

He stood so, blinking his small eyes at the light, then backed away into the moonlight outside. His departure seemed not to ease the strain of his presence.

The owner of the diamonds broke the spell by clearing the room of its visitors.

"Time to go to bed," he said. "Elizabeth is tired after the long drive and so am I. Good night to you."

Donovan walked with Demlow across the little flat to the shack apart. They stood outside for a moment, looking out over the glorified waste. In the foreground stretched the dim expanse of sloping plain, its infrequent shrubs all but indistinguishable. Behind this dimness rose still dimmer mountains. A movement not far distant caught their eye, as of a shadow changing into substance. Even as they watched it the substance took form, swayed from side to side, faded back into shadow, again became substance, then suddenly stood clarified in the moonlight at one side as the elflike kangaroo rat. An inadvertent lifting of the hand sent it flashing back into its burrow, perhaps from perils merely feared into perils imminent. A burrow affords protection against kit fox and owl, but no protection at all against that deadliest of desert hunters, the rattlesnake.

They waited so until the rapid fire of the retreating car could no longer be heard threading the desert silences, then without speaking went inside. As Clausson had said, they were tired, and it was very late.

II

DONOVAN was dressing when he heard the scream. The voice was that of Clausson's niece, and its direction the two-room cabin. Throwing his towel across its peg he made a leap for the door and flung it wide. Demlow and Hebben were off behind the cabin, looking over the car. Even as he listened he heard another scream.

"Coming!" he cried, springing outside into the glare of the early desert sun. He reached Clausson's door, which was standing open, at the same time as the others.

"What's wrong?" called Donovan.

"What is it?" asked Demlow.

A moment later they saw. On the improvised couch bed in the living room sprawled the diamond merchant, rigid in death, his grizzled head slumped sideways, his right arm dangling over the edge of the mattress. Before him knelt his niece Elizabeth, sobbing hysterically.

Donovan crossed to the couch, but he had only to lay his fingers upon the cold brow to perceive that Clausson had been dead for hours. After making a hurried examination for causes, he tenderly closed the eyes and drew a sheet over the strained features. Then he placed his hand upon the girl's desperately clutching fingers.

"Better come away, Betsy," he said. "You can't help your uncle by remaining. Hebben will stay with him."

The touch of his hand seemed to soothe her. Her sobbing gradually subsided. After a little she let him help her to her feet, but when he looked into her eyes he saw that they remained wide with horror.

"The snake bit him!" she whispered.

He tried to calm her fears without understanding quite what they were, as people sometimes do when calming a frightened child.

"I will see that he has every care. Don't be afraid, my dear. Leave it all to me."

"The snake bit him!" she repeated tensely. "It was waiting for him under the bed!"

"Don't let yourself think such things Do you wish me to take charge of the diamonds?"

"Oh, of everything! Everything!"

"Then you must help me. I will ask Mr. Demlow to take you over to the mess room for a cup of coffee. Get your hat."

She shuddered. "I couldn't—not now!"

"Anyhow, walk about outside for a while. The sun's hot—you'll need your hat. Don't think of any of it."

"Please come," said Demlow.

"I'm afraid!" she whispered. "I don't dare!"

"Afraid of what, Betsy?"

"Of the snake—the snake that bit him!"

"There are no snakes in the house, my dear. Our desert snakes don't enter people's houses. I think they don't like the hard floors. We haven't seen any snakes, even in the road along the way. You're excited."

"I'm afraid of the other snake—under the bed!"

"Other snake?"

"It darted its tongue at me—the snake that bit him. Its mate stayed behind. It's—there now!"

"Just what are you talking about?" asked Donovan. "What is this about a snake?"

"When I knocked to call my uncle and he didn't answer I opened my door to look. He was lying—like that. So I ran to the door—this other door—to go for help. But I didn't dare leave him alone: so I turned back. Just then a big snake dashed past me from under the bed. It was hiding there waiting for somebody to open the door, and when I opened it the snake darted straight out the door."

"You were excited, my dear. Our desert rattlesnake doesn't travel so."

"But I saw it! It made straight for that clump of bushes over there, past me out the door."

Donovan smiled tolerantly. "Some day I'll show you one of our desert snakes coiled up in the sand. We call it the sidewinder, because it does not move straight ahead when it travels, but sideways, by loopings and glidings."

"This snake traveled straight ahead," persisted the girl.

"Did it rattle when it heard you?"

"It did! I heard the whirring sound when I opened the door, but I didn't know at first what it was that was making the noise."

"Maybe you weren't quite wide awake," Donovan ventured to suggest. "Our sidewinder wouldn't have warned you off like that. Was this snake you thought you saw fawn-colored?"

"Dark gray, like the gray of pepper-and-salt. It had blotches over its back, outlined in a kind of diamond-shaped whitish chain stitching."

"A snake about as thick as my thumb?"

"Much larger. As thick as your wrist."

"And as long as my forearm?"

"Longer. As long as I am, almost."

"Why do you think this snake killed your uncle?" Donovan asked then. "You couldn't have seen it strike him, for he was already dead when you found him."

"I don't know how I know," she replied, "but I know it did. I know it inside me."

"The trouble is, my dear, the snake you describe isn't one that would be likely to be present."

"But I saw it!"

"That's precisely what's so odd about the matter," said Donovan.

It was Hebben, the dead man's chauffeur, who called attention to the more direct evidence of the cause of Clausson's death.

"What's that mark on his hand?" he asked, indicating the hand that hung over the edge of the mattress. "Looks like a tooth mark to me."

Neither Donovan nor Demlow had examined the body closely.

They now lifted the hand into view. As Hebben had suggested, at a point just inside the base of the thumb the skin showed a pair of clean-lipped punctures, barely perceptible against the faint blueness in the tissue surrounding them, spaced apart the width of the nail upon Donovan's little finger.

"By Harry, the man's right!" cried Demlow. "Fang punctures!"

"Odd, isn't it!" said Donovan, examining the wound; but he did not explain what he considered odd about it.

"The hand was hanging almost to the floor," said Hebben, "and it must have touched the snake."

Donovan made no further comment, but stepped back, silent and preoccupied. After a while he turned to Demlow.

"Betsy spoke of the presence of a second snake. Would you mind finding it if it's in the room?"

"Not here," announced the borax man, after making a thorough search of the cabin. "Not in this room, nor in the bedroom either."

"Did you see this second snake, Betsy?"

"Not actually with my eyes."

"She saw the first one," said Hebben.

"Did you actually see that first snake?"

"Yes."

Donovan began speaking as if to himself.

"This is what we have. Poor Clausson lies there dead, with a fang wound in his hand; but everybody knows that the bite of a rattlesnake isn't instantly fatal. Why didn't he call out for help? And why didn't he kill the snake that struck him? It remained in the room."

"He must have lived for hours," Demlow agreed.

"Why should he have died at all? I don't remember ever hearing of a death by the bite of this rattlesnake."

Hebben suggested that he might have had heart disease. "I knew a desert rat one time had heart disease and got bit and died right in his tracks."

"It seems reasonable to suppose so," said Donovan. "If we were in the city we could tell. Heart disease would have acted so. I dare say it was that."

Dismissing the matter, he began talking to the girl, now more herself, about subjects unrelated to her uncle's death. Then, as if remembering his responsibility, he turned to the chauffeur.

"I wish you would see, Hebben, if you can reach the wallet containing the diamonds that Clausson put away last night."

Hebben produced the wallet from under Clausson's mattress. As he handed it to Donovan he flushed.

"Thankyou, Hebben."

"Don't you think," suggested Demlow, "that you ought to check up those diamonds somehow before making yourself responsible for them?"

"We'll do that," said Donovan. "Then we'll place them under seal. Suppose we walk over to the shack and use the table there. Hebben can remain here on watch."

Donovan watched the girl closely as he laid the wallet upon the little table; but she seemed to breathe easier away from the death room, and he began breathing easier himself. He went over the diamonds about as Clausson had done the evening before. The matched diamond pendants that Mrs. Rivera's husband had sold had been placed by Clausson in a dark-green box lined with white satin and tooled delicately in gold.

This box Donovan now opened. The pendants disclosed within nestled snugly in their soft bed, their stones flushed with the rosy hues he remembered. Lifting one of these from the satin, he held it in the light; but

(Continued on Page 162)

"When I Knocked to Call My Uncle and He Didn't Answer I Opened My Door to Look"

LADIES' CHANGE

Into the Golden Beam Slid a Golden Girl—Golden Hair, Golden Skin Flushed With Indian Rouge, Golden Dress, and Glittering Golden Slippers on Her Little Bare Feet

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

NOW, folks, this li'l' girl—li'l' Miss Marty Golden—Golden Marty—is the greatest li'l' Charleston baby on ol' Broadway. She eats, sleeps, breathes the Charleston; an' her motter is, 'Let not your right foot know what your left foot doeth.' She's all ready an' waiting to prove it to you, an' I want you all to give her a great big hand!"

In the spatter of applause this announcement raised, Rod Slavin, proprietor and manager of the Moidore Night Club, stepped aside.

The spots turned from white to cold blue, from blue to dazzling green, from green to warmest, richest gold; and into the golden beam slid a golden girl—golden hair, golden skin flushed with Indian rouge, golden dress, and glittering golden slippers on her little bare feet. Her long eyes, fringed with mascara, were without expression, and her lips wore the professional's stiff smile. To the riot of drums and saxes she began to strut her stuff.

The banked tables, with their blurred high lights of dress shirts, of women's bare arms, the strange pinkish blots that were faces and shoulders, the shimmering stripes that were bare-kneed legs in palest thin silk—all became motionless, a painted background of concentration for that golden figure swimming on the polished dance floor like a dragon fly above a pool of still water. For in the drift of news that washes up and down Broadway among the wise-crackers there had been lately a persistent question: "Seen that Marty kid dancing at the Moidore? She's a wow." Added to this was the rumor that Slavin—the clever guy—had spotted her in a bum Harlem cabaret and tied her up with a two-year contract at less than half of what she ought to get.

The music quickened, deepened; the dancer tilted up her elfish face as if to hear it better, her smile became real, vivid. Shaking knees, rubber ankles, hands crossed, uncrossed, quivering, flying—she was no longer a human, but a puppet on mad wires, an automaton gone crazy to the broken rushing throb and beat of barbaric rhythm. Her hair swung out, a rough golden fleece; her body, slender and boneless, became a scrap of golden willow withe, twisted into a thousand eccentricities of awkward, exciting grace. Her little heels beat on the floor the melody of a heart run wild. The blurred pink faces leaned and gloated.

She had circled the dance floor twice, paraded the center three times. Now for the last, the hardest, the newest step, her great effort—a triple drumbeat was the signal.

"George, it is Min Scott—it is!"

She heard it, the sharp nasal whisper, just as the drum pounced. For the slightest catch of breath she paused. Min Scott! Now who in the world, in this strange night world of Broadway, knew that Marty Golden, the dancer, was Min Scott? But this was no time to speculate on anything. She leaped into the new step, her second's hesitation an accent of its vehemence.

But when at last, with another harsh triple drumbeat, the music stopped and she came back to bow and bow again to the clapping hands, to the shouts of enthusiasm, she took the opportunity to look coolly at the table whence that telltale whisper came. A thin young man and a fat young woman were staring at her pop-eyed through the smoke fog that was the Moidore's characteristic atmosphere. Marty made no sign, but went back to the performers' room. She was very hot, very tired, and in that state of high nerves that comes with violent physical effort. Mechanically, she smoothed her hair, heightened her make-up.

"Shall I, or shan't I?" she kept asking herself. "If I only knew! Wonder how they ever got the jack to pay the *couvert* charge here—she with a tongue like a razor, and he, the poor boob! Glory, how they'll dish the dirt when they go back! Maybe—maybe ——"

Rod Slavin was raising a penetrating roar to herald his troupe of Russians as Marty slipped out of the performers' room and headed for the table of the whisper. Rod liked his people to mingle with his patrons, and he had more than once bawled out Marty for high-hatting various genial butter-and-eggers who had expressed a wish to meet her. He would therefore be gratified to see her out among those whom he so affectionately addressed as folks.

Heads went round to see Marty as she passed, but the thin young man and his companion were so intent on the Volga-ing Russians that they did not know of her approach until she was beside them. They started, confused, at her greeting.

"Glad to see you, Ralph and Lola! Whatcha doing in the great city—wedding trip, not?"

She sat down with them, while they stammered a sort of welcome.

"Min, I couldn't believe my eyes, I really couldn't! Is it you—honest, in that dress and—and everything?"

"It's sure me. How'd you like my act?"

"Say, Min, it was great, simply great!" This from Ralph, with unfeigned enthusiasm. Lola scowled at him.

"I sh'd think you'd hate being in a place like this"

Marty trumped the scowl with a smile. This was going to be fun! Only, she must find out one thing first

"You poor old stick-in-the-mud," she said, with deliberate aim, "you don't know a good place when you see one. The Moidore's the slickest night club in the world, and anybody who gets on here is made for life. I got offers this minute from managers for more'n a week than Ralph makes back home in the bank in a year. I don't really see how you can afford to come here, even once. It is your wedding trip, isn't it? And Ralph said you'd got to have a real time—don't care what it cost."

"Yes, it's our wedding trip." Lola flung that at her, tried again for the ascendant. "We had a big wedding, Min—biggest in Thomasville for years and years! I wisht you could have been there. We got lots and lots of presents; the bank gave us a grand silver service. We're going to live in the old Jameson place."

"My, my, think of that!" Marty pretended to be impressed. "And how much longer you going to stay in the great and wicked?"

"We got to go back tomorrow morning," said Ralph. "I'm two days overdue at the bank as it is."

Marty had found out what she wanted to know. She sat up and registered regret.

"What a shame! I'd 've just loved to have you come up and see my little place on Park Avenue. It's only twelve rooms and five baths, but it's kind of sweet and homelike. And I got a Jap cook who's a wiz. What that fella can do with chicken and asparagus is a crime. . . . So you're going to live in the Jameson place. Where did they move to?"

"Didn't you know? Old Mrs. Jameson died last June and Bert's gone down to the hotel."

"Well, for goodness' sake! I sh'd 've thought he'd get married and live in the house himself."

Lola's fat little turned-up nose fairly quivered with malicious curiosity.

"No, he hasn't got married, but he has a good time. He beaus around every new girl that comes to town. I guess that was why you two broke off, wasn't it? You got mad because he took that red-headed girl to the Easter hop."

"You always could cook up a good story out of nothing," said Marty tranquilly. "I'd forgot all about that red-headed girl till you reminded me."

"Bert Jameson is real well off. He's a catch."

"Catch for who? Catch for those small-timers down home, maybe. But for me? Say, listen, Lola, I don't wanta brag, but I can go out on a party every night of my life with men who could buy and sell Bert's garage business with their loose change. My maid"—she paused to let the two words sink in—"my personal maid, I mean—gets all fagged out with fighting off interviewers and photographers and people who want me to use their cold cream and perfume and silk stockings and such. I can't have my phone number in the book because the bell would ring all the time and drive me dippy." She raised her hand, displaying her rings and bracelets. "I bought the most of those with one week's salary, except that diamond bracelet, which was sent to me in a box of orchids with just merely a card, and written on it was From an Ardent Admirer, and I never did find out who it was. It's nice I happened to wear this stuff tonight and didn't leave it in my safe-deposit box with the rest of my jewelry, for I'm glad to show 'em to you." Her wide eyes made a mocking survey of Lola's string of pearl beads, her minute diamond solitaire. "You simply got no idea how much money I make or what fun I have. I wish you'd tell Bert about it when you get back. It might enlarge some of his ideas."

"Bert never really cared for any girl but you, Min," said Ralph solemnly. "He told me so himself."

Marty laughed loudly. "Get off the comic strip, Ralph. That's the best joke I've heard in years."

"I think that's funny too," put in Lola. "Bert's always been such a hand with all the girls. . . . Go on, Min; tell us some more about yourself. Gee, I wisht we could see your apartment!"

"Too bad you can't," Marty agreed. "How'd you like me to send you one o' my Oriental vawses for a wedding present? I collect 'em. But I'd love to spare you one."

Lola licked her lips greedily. "That's real nice of you. I'd be crazy about it. My goodness, won't folks down home talk when I tell 'em I've seen you, and all about what you're doing? I don't want to make you cross, Min, but reelly, you know, that dress is extreme! Nothing but those strips across the back, and so short, and then—no stockings! Your father would turn over in his grave if he could see you."

"I hope he does," said Marty. "I hope he knows how well I've done and how much money I make and what a good time I have. He hated anybody to have a good time; it was poison to him. Now about this dress"—she eyed Lola speculatively. How much more would she swallow?—"about this dress. You see, Lola, I have all my clothes designed over in Paris, and this is the French idea and the very latest for this kind of dancing. As for not wearing stockings, that's the French idea too; and after I saw it over there I made up my mind to introduce it here; and now all the girls that can—do."

Her explanation was lost in a greater wonder.

"Oh, Min, have you been abroad?" breathed Lola, and if she had asked "Have you been to heaven?" her voice would have held no more awe.

"Oh, yes, I been back and forth quite a few times. I do love the ocean. I got an offer to dance next season in the Follies Brujare over there, and I may go, for it does broaden your education to get around and see the world. . . . Well, I've got to leave you. I usually have a massage between my appearances; but seeing old friends out here, I thought I'd rather come out and have a little chat. It's been mighty nice to see you both, and you've got my best wishes for your success and married happiness, I'm sure. So long, Lola. Good luck, Ralph."

She swaggered away, leaving them staring, dazed and envious, at her gold-latticed back, her twinkling sure-stepping shoes. Marty made a good exit. In the performers' room she relaxed, dropped her smiling mask and dumped herself down wearily beside the Clox sisters, Zoe and Chloe, who were waiting to sing their famous ballad, I Got the Mygod Blues.

"Nothing's so long as a night in the night club," remarked Chloe Clox, yawning

"You said it. And nothing smells so bad as the Subway when you're going home at three A.M. And you don't get your proper rest during the day. The woman I room with has just got a new roomer with a piano—a jazz hound for fair. I'd leave in a minute if it wasn't so cheap. I got so many old bills to pay up from last year I got to squeeze every nickel."

"Yeah," agreed Chloe. "There's always sumpin. Besides, we don't know but what this place'll be pinched any night of the world, and that'll make another little group of talent wearing out their shoes hunting new jobs. The performers that's out of work, dearie, right this minute—it's terrible!"

"I know it," said Marty. "Listen, Chloe. Coupla hicks from my home town out there tonight and I've just been talking to 'em. She was a girl I knew, and a regular cat, but he's not so bad; kind of a dumb-bell—works in the bank. It made me kind of sick, thinking how secure she'll be all her life. Nice house on a nice street, with trees, three squares a day, nice friends ——"

Her voice trembled, caught. Chloe Clox looked at Marty curiously. To her associates the golden dancer was usually cool and a little remote.

"I'll bet you got a boy friend back there, and they got talking to you about him, and you got all worked up," she deduced sagely. "There's always a man mixed up in everything, seems to me. Don't cry, dearie, you'll ruin your make-up."

"You said it, Chloe. Well, I wasn't going to let him think but what I was having a swell time and going strong, was I? I had to spread the three-sheets and shoot the hop, didn't I, to let him know what he's missed? I handed them a line of patter to take back to him that'll give him a jolt anyway. I got my pride. The stuff those two boobs swallowed you'd never believe. I told 'em this junk was real and they thought it was true." She shook her rings.

"How some folks manage to run along, missing on every cylinder!" sympathized Chloe. "But there you are, dearie—they're all right out in the sticks, but they'd never make a dent in New York."

(Continued on Page 70)

They Practiced Together Seriously and Painstakingly, and She Found That He Could Offer Very Acceptable Suggestions and Criticism

JOHN HERD'S DAUGHTER

An Old Man Was Driving In the Cattle—Five in All, Three Milch Cows, a Heifer and a Bull Calf—More Hide-Covered Racks

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

GRAY NURSE, the fourth Kempis pony of the afternoon, broke into the game on a run the instant her blankets were shpped. The young man in the saddle was making a day of it, having just hit his fourth goal for the Calibans. Certainly a sad session for the picked quartet from New England; their little song just wasn't being heard. An elderly gentleman sat in isolated grandeur under the press stand. He hadn't smoked for several hours until now, so that the roll of fruity Havana leaf actually had a bit of old-time flavor. A tempered wind blew through the stands, and his cooling system worked evenly so far, in spite of the fact that out yonder in the dust, the youngest player on record to make the top of California polo, was the son of his heart.

"Tom—Tommy Kempis!" Some youthful associate was letting it be known that the name for him was a matter of household intimacy.

Silence fell like a stroke on the stands; then an awed undertone, out of the core of which, "Horse down—man under," reached Mr. Kempis' ears. A dust cloud covered the focal point of the field for several seconds; then the father saw Gray Nurse up and shaking herself under an empty saddle, bridle rein trailing. Two players were lifting another; the great audience murmured in keen expectancy of fatality. Someone near coolly formed the words, "Neck broken." Mr. Kempis had not thought of that; a leg at worst. The coppery film of blood pressure wavered before his eyes, but presently a cheer rent the air—young Kempis on his own feet and moving toward his mare. Play was resumed; also a running conversation at Mr. Kempis' back.

"Third year of polo only—not more than twenty-three—great kid all through—but that's all there is to it."

"How do you mean?"

"Stocked locker room—thirty thousand a year to spend. He'll be talking polo instead of playing by the time he's twenty-five. Too slow for golf at thirty."

"Only son?"

"Only son. Old man never had any time for play himself—Kempis of Kempis-Alden. Hard old rooster. Hard to meet, hard to beat. Don't know, himself, how rich he is, and that kid out yonder never earned a dollar in his life."

The red overtone seemed to be thickening on the polo field for Mr. Kempis' eyes.

"No fool otherwise," the voice behind went on. "Something stirs inside the old man's hatband every little while. Why, they say at Kempis-Alden's that he can think his side of a question so hard that the opposition presently forgets what it's holding out for."

The Calibans scored again; the spectators stood and yelled—that is, except Mr. Kempis. He kept his seat a moment longer below the surface of the crowd, cigar out, neck and temples throbbing, his next move toward home and bed.

Through the autumn dusk and evening, fanned and cooled as well as possible by external means, Mr. Kempis lay propped in his pillows, strangely sleepless. It was true perhaps that he had shown more feeling and less sense toward his son than toward anyone else; true that he had let Tommy do the playing he had been denied; even true that the young man had handled him a bit—same irresistible magnetism that went into his handling of horses, cars, girls, friends—cool laughing ease. . . . Not much like his own beginnings, Mr. Kempis reflected; a kid studying arithmetic in the collieries of Pennsylvania, memorizing two times two, four times four, eleven times eleven, often in the dark of the chute so that he couldn't see the book—head full of figures, stomach aching for food. Rapacious kid, that; rapacious for learning, money, for things to eat and drink, to be somebody, to have power; one fierce hunger all the way.

It couldn't be said he had failed to make good, but an altogether different section of life had opened from his secretly watching the budding career of his son. Often, of late, he had actually longed to begin life all over again, as one of Tommy's pals—men and horses to play with, mountains to sit on and hike over, deserts to stare into, seas to dive, swim, fish and yacht in, country clubs standing wide open.

And here he lay, shot from the one big game he did know—the one that Tommy didn't—the tough, slow, cruel-humored game of modern life. "Don't know how rich he is," he repeated whimsically. "Oh, yes he does." And it was more, not less, than anyone else knew. He was still awake when Tom came in at midnight.

"I saw that fool Gray Nurse go down with you," he said.

"Not a scratch on her," the other laughed. "She's a moron all right—to all except her stick and ball."

No word about being knocked out himself; not a word about his part in the game. Tom would let the newspapers bring that home. Mr. Kempis closed his eyes. It had to be done now.

"I got word today that knocked me out," he began; "rocked the whole Kempis-Alden footings. I'll need you on the job from now on." He met a straight steely look, but no answer in words. "If you make as good downtown as you have in polo, we'll be on our feet again in two or three years," he went on.

"Is it really as bad as that?"

"Pretty bad." Mr. Kempis' voice was husky. Hard going, this. He kept his fist under the bedclothes—a hard-hitting fist in the old days—and forced the words: "Keep one of the smaller cars. Get rid of the rest. I don't suppose anyone would take that palpitating fiend, Gray Nurse, for a gift. Keep her if you like, but sell the rest. I think I can get a buyer for that Falk chassis I imported for you, and we'll cancel the order for the new body at the coach plant before it goes any further."

"So, it's right off—like that!" Tom said slowly.

"A trifle late, if anything."

"Excuse me for a minute. I'd better get to a phone."

"Here if you like. Use mine."

A moment later Tom had connected with Fisk Culver, captain of the Calibans, still at the country club.

"—— 'fraid so—out of the question altogether, Fisk. My father needs me. Awful sorry. Thought I'd get word to you tonight."

A positive row broke out at the other end. Mr. Kempis quickly came to understand that the Calibans were off to the East for a series of return matches. No trouble here apparently about Tommy breaking down the dearest hopes of his life, but the struggle at the country club keened—Fisk Culver fighting for his team—until Tom's repeated "Awful sorry" finally took effect.

"What's your idea of my next move?" the young man asked, coming toward the bed. "Feel like talking any more tonight?"

"No, the rest can wait until morning."

"I'm sending you out to 'the deserted village,'" his father said several days later. "You've heard of Bethel—the abandoned community town in the Mojave? Fanatics of some kind, the outfit was, a hundred men or more with their families, under a man named John Herd. They came to California from the mountains of Wyoming four years

ago and started things going in the desert—twenty thousand acres, hard against the San Rosario range, little more than a hundred miles from here. Water? All that land needs is water, to grow doughnuts. They ditched it down from Painted Rock Creek. Just as they had things going, there was a big fire in their alfalfa barns and a cloud-burst washed out most of the ditches. Also about this time some railroad sent a satin-tongued agent who had marvelous things to say about free lands in the South. He may have unsettled the community somewhat, but it probably was the death of John Herd that caused the walkout.

"We've taken over the property from a dry-farm developing company of the Imperial Valley. Most of the land and water rights are still in John Herd's name, now held by his grown daughter, who, I understand, is still hanging on in the desert with a few old folks who weren't fit to travel to the South. Expects us to pay for the lumber of fifty cabins, school building, church, silos, dairy plant, lot of bricks, tools and seeds. Go out and look it over. Paying out money right now is the one thing we're feeble about."

Tom was definitely impressed on this point.

"Besides, John Herd's daughter can't hold out. The property's bound to be bid in before it goes back to the Government," his father added.

A girl came out of the community store and her eyes hardened to platinum points in the hot fanning wind as she stared through the strong sunlight toward the mountains.

"Four more days," she said aloud.

A boy followed her out, opening a fresh package of gum.

"But what we going to do when we get there?" he wanted to know.

"I've told you before. We'll get a room somewhere in Los Angeles to put our things. I'll find some kind of work in the city and you'll go to school."

"Easy for people to send someone else off to school—easier than to go themselves," he grumbled, folding in a third stick to his wad

"Suppose you'd rather stay here?" She turned to him with a desperation born of months.

"Yes, I would."

That there was anything under the sun to be dreaded more than staying on in the desert was an utter confusion to Ellen Herd right now Her eyes were almost frightened as they roved over the abandoned settlement—brown empty cottages with open doors; and directly opposite, the empty blacksmith shop, garage and hardware store, with its tattered blowing canvas sign—big letters that the sun had wiped the life out of—S E E D S

"Who's that coming?" said her brother suddenly.

She stared down the road toward Leamington—dust of a motor car, possibly three miles away.

"Can't be the Kempis-Alden man," she thought. "Oh, Link, if it is, we might get away in two or three days, instead of four!"

Her eyes dulled with misgiving. Probably some motor party coming for a look at the deserted village. Bethel was getting on the motor maps—something to ride toward and stare at like the Chocolate Mountains or the Salton Sea. Ellen Herd was coming to know how they felt who lived in a slum when the sight-seeing parties came.

"It's a roadster—only one man," said her brother at last.

"But why pear trees in this country? The last thing I'd think of," young Mr. Kempis said

"The altitude is over twenty-five hundred feet. We have snow in winter, frost fall and spring," the girl answered. She felt indescribably resentful; the other's personal poise and raiment made her light-headed. His remark now sounded lazy, even.

"I always think of a desert as a sunken sort of—sea level, anyway."

"It isn't desert exactly," she said, her hands lifting toward the mountains. "You see, for ages the silt has blown and washed down from there. The soil is ——" Loathing stirred in her as she went on, telling the things her father and others had always told strangers, her words falling into hateful grooves. "The soil is perfect—all it needs is water Our first stand of alfalfa people came clear from Los Angeles and San Bernardino to see it'"

The two were standing in front of the community store. The boy, Lincoln Herd, was across near the garage. He had been getting closer and closer to Tom's roadster for several hours

"Don't encourage him," she had said. "He'll be sitting in it soon enough." Her eyes turned to the two-story brown-painted school, the holes in the glass showing nakedly in the afternoon glare—the school that had once looked to her like the office of God. . . . "And the young pear trees in a single season ——" she went on.

Tom glanced over the dying pear orchards, looking so wiry in the shimmer from the sand. No water since early May and it was now early September. He saw that Ellen Herd's hands lifted as she turned to the mountains. They looked drunkenly happy compared to the desert. Water there—that's where the water came from. She hadn't dared to look at the pear trees, but a sight still more harrowing filled her eyes. An old man was driving in the cattle five in all, three milch cows, a heifer and a bull calf—mere hide-covered racks

"And we had cool dairies with spring water flowing through, hundreds of cattle flourishing in the foothills. You've heard of Bethel cheese?"

"Oh, yes. And what was it happened to your water supply?"

"Cloud-burst—twenty-seventh of last April washed out all the ditches."

"How do you get water for your own use now?"

"Laban—that's the old man with the cows—goes over to Painted Rock Creek twice a week with barrels." The frightened protest was still in her eyes.

"Haven't you got any fodder?"

"I wrote that, too, to the Kempis-Alden people—everything depends on water. No pickings in the desert this time of year."

"I'm afraid I can't quite understand people like your father," young Kempis laughed—"tackling a desert like this. I've been trying to see how it looked at first—how anybody would have had the nerve to come out here in the glare and start making a home."

"It looked a lot better than it does now," she said. "I came with the women. It was May three years ago when we got here. Most of the men had arrived the fall before There were seventy of us, and many children. We had stayed back in Wyoming six months of solid winter in the mountains, and then we came down into this hot wind and sunlight. Seventy of us, singing."

"How was that?" Tom asked.

"I thought I'd never get enough sunlight. The women were coming to their men again. Most of us had walked all the twenty-two miles from Leamington. We began to see what the men had done the first ditches dug from the mountains, the school building started My father always started the school as soon as the first shelters were up—before the church even. I hadn't seen him for six months. He pointed to those mountains where the water is and he said, 'Lift up your hands to them, Ellen Everything we need is there!' We saw the barns, and one big field was already green with alfalfa and the young pear trees were coming on. You'd have started in singing, too." They laughed. "It wasn't the women who wanted to leave here this spring," she added. "They wanted to stay with their dairies. They came singing, but they went away crying—to the land in the South!"

The boy joined them and talk stopped. Tom's eyes turned up to the naked branches of two cottonwood trees in front of the community store.

"It's the ants that eat the leaves off," Link said

"It's not having any water," his sister added.

"We've got some pop in the store."

"But it isn't cold," she finished hastily. "We haven't ice any more. I'll make some tea. That's better."

Tom drew apart to smoke after the sun went down. The wind was warm now, not hot, but steadily fanned. He was presently out on pale-yellow hard-beaten sand: the rest was greasewood and the crazy black printing of the big cactus trees against the horizon. His foot kicked an old tobacco tin. He picked it

(Continued on Page 104)

His Eyes Followed Her in a Way That Made Her Keep to the Shadows

THE INDEPENDENTS

Their Part in Developing the Telephone in the United States—By Theodore Gary

"WHAT has become of the old fight between the Bell and the Independent telephone people? Guess the Bell has gobbled them up."

One city dweller thus addressed another recently. It set me thinking, not only about the fiercest industrial warfare of our time, but of its outcome. How many city dwellers have the same opinion I heard expressed? How many users of the telephone, Bell and Independent, know the present status?

The eve of the semicentennial of the invention of the telephone finds 16,000,000 telephones in the United States, or 61 per cent of all in the world. This country has 6 per cent of the world's population, so it really outranks the rest of the world ten to one in the matter of telephones. This is not altogether due to government ownership in most other countries. There were special reasons for speedy development in the United States.

The Bell system—as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its subsidiaries are called—is regnant in long-distance communication, as it has always been. It is also now without competition in the largest cities. In fact, there are few places left where there is local telephone competition, yet the Bell does not monopolize telephone facilities or service, and it does not exercise any control over the Independents.

The telephone business of this country enjoys the unique distinction of being controlled by two groups, in no wise financially related. The Independent telephone companies, which own and operate 28 per cent of the telephones of the United States, through 8200 companies, are not owned either in whole or in part by Bell interests. These Independents represent 16⅔ per cent of the entire telephone investment in this country.

The Bell cannot, under the law, buy any Independent property, except upon approval of the Interstate Commerce Commission and of the utilities commissions of the states affected, after thirty days' notice has been given to the Independent group, so that it may protect the interest of any member of that group affected by the proposed transfer. In the purchase or trade of telephone properties, the maintenance of the general balance between the groups is the established policy, strongly supported by governmental authorities.

Telephone Pioneers

YET with this diversity of ownership and control, practically all Independent telephone companies have such contracts as to long-distance connections as will permit the dweller on the remotest farm—and every other farm in the United States has a telephone—to talk over his residence telephone to persons in St. Paul or New Orleans, San Francisco or New York.

Such a consummation was not dreamed of thirty years ago, at the expiration of the Bell patent and the coming of the Independents into competition. At the end of the seventeen years' monopoly through patent, there were less than 300,000 telephones in the nation. The part that the Independents played, both in expansion of their own telephone business and in stimulating the Bell, has never been adequately told. Nor is the present status, with the manner of its attainment, popularly understood.

It is interesting as a part of our industrial history. It may have special points of interest at a time when there is so much attention being given to efforts at coöperation of isolated units in other industries, with little central information or planning, and with lack of effective means for executing plans.

My chief object, however, is to describe as briefly as possible the no inconsiderable part the Independents had in the marvelous development of the telephone in the United States.

I am proud of the two certificates hanging in my office, testifying that I am a telephone pioneer, in both the Independent and the Bell groups. I appreciate it the more because they were awarded to me by the actual pioneers, who watched the birth pangs of a business that is now fourth in the United States in its immensity.

The telephone was twenty-one years old before I became personally interested in it. The patent granted Professor Alexander Graham Bell, March 7, 1876, had expired. In anticipation of such expiration, independent manufacturers had begun making telephone equipment and encouraging the organization of Independent companies. I was engaged in the real-estate, loan and insurance business at the time and gave little heed to telephone matters. It was not until three years later that the owner of the Independent exchange at Macon, Missouri, listed his property with my firm for sale.

Henry P. Davison and Family. Mr. Davison Was the First Bell Director to Recognize the Wisdom of Cooperation of Two Groups Over a War of Mutual Extermination

To make this sale, I began a study of the telephone situation, with results that amazed me. It was discovered that only one other telephone exchange in Missouri was for sale, and its owner, like the man in Macon, was moved by the fact that he had been having personal difficulties with some of his subscribers. Analysis showed it was not the fault of the business itself.

The initial investment in a small city was not large. Most of the property, such as telephones and switchboards, was protected from the elements in all kinds of weather. After the first installation, until a switchboard was filled, additional subscribers piled up the net profits and created a lot of enthusiasm. None of the inexperienced could foresee the continual necessity for replacement of equipment on account of obsolescence, to keep step with the march of growth and invention. We did not realize that larger switchboards would increase the investment and cost of operation by geometrical progression. Neither did we know that the average length of lines increases with the growth of subscribers, nor did we know that with the increased number of telephones in an exchange we should require increased rates—and we did not know this for the first ten years.

It was clear, however, that the telephone, with reasonable rates and passably good service, would become a necessity. It was also clear that as soon as rural communities saw the value of telephone service and could be taught how cheaply it could be furnished, there would be a network of wires.

Yet Professor Bell and his associates had not made a very great showing during the seventeen years they had enjoyed a monopoly under the Bell patent. They had less than 300,000 telephones in the United States when the patent expired. There were several reasons for this. All the world was amazed by the invention. In the days of witchcraft, Professor Bell would doubtless have been hanged. That two men could carry on intelligible converse over a wire when many miles apart was incredible. Not until disinterested people of highest probity made the test could it be believed.

The Electrical Toy

BUT even after the public was convinced of the genuineness of the invention, it was slow to look upon it as practical. Chauncey Depew says he was offered one-tenth interest in the patent for $10,000, but rejected the proposition on advice of experts. The inventor, his friend and assistant, Thomas A. Watson, his father-in-law, Gardner G. Hubbard, and Thomas Sanders, who had more of a sentimental than a business interest in the project—because Professor Bell had taught his mute son to speak—comprised the practical believers in the new invention. It is stated they offered it to the Western Union Telegraph Company for $100,000. The proffer was refused and the invention styled an "electrical toy."

When things looked darkest, the Western Union Telegraph Company, already monopolizing transmission of speech by electricity, organized a telephone company of its own, with three famous electrical experts on its staff, Amos E. Dolbear, Elisha Gray and Thomas A. Edison. The Bell patent was completely ignored. Although much other equipment was necessary to make the telephone practical and the Western Union had soon made enough progress along these lines to threaten the snuffing out of the little Bell Company, in other ways its action had exactly the opposite effect from that intended.

The public evidently took the view that if the great Western Union, with its far-flung telegraph system, was ready to adopt the "electrical toy," it was really something worth while. Capital, not only to supply lawyers for the imminent patent litigation but to establish telephone service, was now eagerly offered.

The thrilling story of the triumph of the Bell patent has been often told. Though Elisha Gray had filed his caveat somewhat later the same day Alexander Graham Bell had filed his application for a patent, Bell won out, although by a divided court. There was certain language in Bell's application which has probably never been surpassed in ingenious inclusiveness since the patent office was opened. It read:

"The method of and apparatus for transmitting vocal or other sounds telegraphically, by causing electrical undulations similar in form to the vibrations of the air accompanying the said vocal or other sounds."

There never had been and there never has since been any practical method of telephoning except that covered by the Bell patent. He was the undisputed inventor for years, and even Elisha Gray had congratulated him upon his invention when it was on display at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876.

The activity of the Western Union's telephone company had rendered a service to telephony. Edison invented a superior transmitter, which stirred Francis Blake to perfect

another for the Bell. Thus was a great impetus given telephone inventions, although monopolistic control deferred the use of many, because of the lack of competition and the high cost of installing improvements.

It seems a fair estimate to say that the Bell and its subsidiaries, during the period of monopoly through patents, relied too much on legal monopoly and not enough on service. The small towns and country districts generally were ignored. Even in the larger cities there was not the intensive development the field required. Rates were high. In some Middle Western towns a rental of twenty-four dollars a year was charged by the parent company to the subsidiary company for a Bell telephone instrument, in addition to the cost of service. Independent companies later charged from twelve dollars to twenty-four dollars a year for instrument and service. However, time proved these rates too low.

There was little effort made to serve country needs. A cattle shipper, near Topeka, Kansas, for example, eager to be connected with the near-by city with telegraphic news of the market, was told if he would construct his own telephone line he would be given service at $200 a year. He considered this a prohibitive figure and became active in the building of a competitive system in the near-by city.

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Theodore N. Vail, Who Returned in Old Age to Carry Out the Dream of His Early Manhood

Meeting Competition by Extermination

THE early Bell companies did not seem fully to realize that the more telephones there were, the more valuable the service would be to each subscriber. In fact, these were days before public-service companies had learned that they must serve all comers if they were to exist. The first Bell companies were protected by patents and gradually relied upon the resultant monopoly idea for protection of their business, which was highly profitable with comparatively small development, since it was made up largely of business and professional subscribers paying the higher rates. These companies had learned early that plants with close-in subscribers were the most profitable; hence many Bell companies made little effort, on account of the increased cost of installation and operation per station, to develop outer districts. For example, Kansas City, which had 280,000 population, had fewer than 4000 Bell telephones when an Independent company entered into competition. Thousands were eagerly awaiting telephone service. Within a year the Independent company had 6500 telephones and at the end of its third year it had 20,000. The Bell also enjoyed a new growth under the stimulus.

James M. Thomas, One of the Organizers and Many Times Chairman of the National Independent Telephone Association, Which Carried on the Patent Fight

Similar conditions prevailed in many of the first cities and larger towns, and practically all of the Bell development at that time was confined to the larger places. This condition was an invitation to the Independents to start competitive, or opposition, exchanges, and, on account of the Independents being able to buy their telephones outright, while the Bell plants were required to lease their instruments from the parent Bell company, the Independents in many instances cut the Bell rates in half

In a real sense an Independent company doing a local business was not in actual competition with the Bell system. In the multitude of small places the Independents had no sort of competition. But even where there were competitive telephones in a fair-sized city, the Independent company did not have to concern itself so much with the great figures of the telephone world. An Independent manager found that his real competitor was the local salaried manager of the Bell. The local Bell manager was not always a formidable competitor to the locally owned and managed Independent company. Often he had conducted a monopoly too long and had formed the habit of answering complaints by suggesting that the subscriber take out his telephone if he did not like the service. Often he did not have a vision of the number of subscribers that could be procured by diligent, systematic effort, coupled with a consistent please-the-patron policy.

F. B. MacKinnon, President of the United States Independent Telephone Association, Which Represents Independents in Preserving the Balance of the Groups

When competition came he usually regarded the Independent exchange as an interloper. His hostility warped his thinking. Even the higher-ups knew of but one way to deal with competition, and that was by ruthless extermination. They felt they had a natural monopoly and their aim was to cover the nation and give it a unified service.

Three methods were used: Cutting rates; tying up by special contracts the railways and the biggest establishments, public and private; and finally, lawsuits, charging infringement of patents.

It was a trifle late in American history for rate cutting to eliminate competition. The public had been made familiar with lurid stories of the ruthless methods of the Standard Oil Company at that time, and the Bell companies were put in the same class of monopolists. The people feared that a cut rate would be balanced by a still higher rate after competition was crushed. The Independent rates were so low that subscribers could enjoy a little sentiment without its being too expensive. They were ready to pay a little more for Independent telephones and even to be less exacting as to service for a while.

War on the Switchboards

THERE was another and decisive reason for the attitude of the public. The number of subscribers who were likewise stockholders in the Independent exchanges increased steadily These generally included the leading banker, lawyer, doctor, merchant and manufacturer, and some politicians. The Independents served not only the towns but also the country districts. The farmers became interested, many of them becoming stockholders in the local Independent companies. Under the local Bell manager the farmers were encouraged to form mutual companies to work against the local Independents. Generally local sentiment grew in favor of the home company, by virtue of the personnel of the company. This factor was to be potent in the struggle, after Independents organized by states, nationally and internationally.

Many of these facts were clear to me when I concluded to buy the Macon telephone exchange myself. My partner, the late James A. Hudson, bought the only other exchange for sale in Missouri, that at Columbia, seat of the University of Missouri. It was not a speculation or a mere investment with either of us. At middle age we deliberately decided to enter the telephone business. Both lived to see its marvelous expansion far beyond the dreams of either of us.

Looking backward, it is hard to realize the bitterness of feeling which marked the long fight. The Bell, backed by Eastern money and large earnings from its long-distance and city business, was bent on wiping out the upstart Independents. Not having money enough itself to meet competition everywhere, it had licensees occupy strategic points.

The Bell legal department for a time seemed to be the most active part of the organization. If a switchboard was found to infringe in any way on any Bell patent the switchboard was destroyed. No pecuniary arrangement could be made. The Bell was not selling patent rights but operating a telephone system. A deputy marshal took the Independent company's switchboard out of the office in Topeka and burned it in the street in front of the exchange. Another at Mobile smashed an Independent switchboard with a sledgehammer in the presence of a mighty throng. In St. Louis there were even protests against the court's allowing the Kinloch Company fifteen days in which to find and install a substitute for its Kellogg switchboard, although at that very time Bell officials owned control of the Kellogg Company.

Theodore Gary, Who Entered the Telephone Business in Middle Age, Was President of the International Independent Telephone Association and Secretary of Commission of Seven Independents That Negotiated With Bell Officials

The famous Bell sign, with a picture of a bell, was hung in front of every available place. The Independents sought to make equally conspicuous an official shield, bearing a heraldic device in red, white and blue, which, according to carping critics, suggested some connection with the United States Government.

In the metropolitan papers appeared many articles advancing the attractive theory of Theodore N. Vail that the telephone was a natural monopoly; that though blessings had been showered on the man who caused two blades of grass to sprout where one had before, curses were the due of whosoever caused two telephone exchanges to appear in the same locality. The Independents countered by statistical showings that duplications did not constitute more than 12 per cent to

(Continued on Page 88)

THE CALL OF THE RILED

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

MIDNIGHT PICTURES CORPORATION, INC.
PRODUCERS OF
WORLD'S FINEST & FUNNIEST ALL NEGRO COMEDIES

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
January sixth.

MR. HECTIC MARSHALL,
Business Representative,
Midnight Pictures Corp. Inc.
New York City.

dear Bro. Marshall: I am enclosing for yr attention the following viz matter, to wit, our new contract with our distributers for 2 [two] aditional years. This contract has got to be delivered by you personal at executave offices of said distributers not lutter than 10 o'clock in the a.m. of jan. 17. . . please inspect and deliver immediately.

You will notice that under this contract we are to get twenty thousand dollars pr picture instead of fifteen thousand as here to for, and this indicats that Midnight is entering on a new error of prosperity which you will no dout be happy about.

Please acknowledge this prompt and let us know that contracts has been delivered safe. Wishing you good health and lots of it, we are

Yrs. resptfuly,
ORIFICE R. LATIMER,
Preat. Midnight Pictures Corp. Inc.

"Uh-Huh!" Continued Hectic Blandly. "If You Had of Had Jense Enough to Let Me Handle Things, I Could of Got You Twenty-Ace Thousan' Easy"

MR. MARSHALL reread the letter attentively, and gradually an expression of abysmal disgust settled upon his lean and languid face. He passed into the next room and shoved the offending communication into the hands of his wife.

"Read that an' weep," he commanded.

Mrs. Easter Marshall obeyed docilely. When she finished she was smiling doubtfully.

"Weep about which, Hectic?"

"Them boneheads down in Bumminham."

"Uh-huh," she answered vaguely. "Who?"

"Who?" Hectic struck an attitude, left hand on hip, right raised dramatically. He was a figure of lithe and elegant grace. "Orifice Latimer, of course. Now I ain't sayin' that he don't know somethin' about projucin' good two-reel comedies, but when it comes to business, what he ain't got is no sense, an' lots of it."

"Meanin' which?"

"That contrack -it's terrible."

"Yeh, ain't it? But, Hectic, it gives them five thousan' dollars mo' per each pitcher than the old one."

"Showly it does. An' Orifice has went an' signed it instead of leavin' such matters to me. That po' ignerant bowl of tripe thinks he is makin' a profit, an' instead he's losin' the company cash money mo' than a quarter millium dollars!"

"No!"

"Yes."

"How you figger, Hectic?"

"Thisaway." Mr. Marshall inserted a cigarette in his face and puffed wrathily: "This contrack calls fo' twenty-six pitchers a yeah fo' two yeahs. Tha's fifty-two pitchers. An' fo' each negative they gits twenty thousan' dollars when they ought to be gittin' twenty-five thousan'. Tha's five thousan' dollars lost on each pitcher, makin' two hund'ed an' sixty thousan' dollars they is th'owin' away. Just heavin' it out the window, tha's all." Mr. Marshall was working himself into a fine frenzy of indignation. "Whaffo' they got me as their New York representative fo', anyhow, if Latimer goes an' transacks all business fum Bumminham? Why di'n't they consult me 'bout this? I ask you that."

"Ain't it the truth?" But the wifely eyes clouded. "I wouldn't git too enthusiastic, Hectic. You has got a good job with Midnight, an' they pays you elegant."

"They's gwine pay me a heap better too."

"Tha's good." Then—"Why?"

"'Cause Ise gwine show 'em Ise wuth it. You reckon Ise gwine sit back an' see that company th'ow away a quarter millium dollars? Nos-suh; posolutely not. I gits paid fo' business representin', an Ise gwine business represent."

"But, Hectic, it's all completed an' signed."

"Yeh," he proclaimed, "but it ain't delivered. Nor neither it ain't goin' to be."

Easter gasped. A great terror struck at her heart and she tried to think of an argument which would dissuade her husband from the wild course he was contemplating. Her quest was futile. Hectic had a few good points, but amenability to argument was not one of them. He considered his judgment infallible and there was no deterring him from any course of action which he had unanimously decided upon.

"Wh-what you aimin' to do?" queried Mrs. Marshall.

"Contrack ain't due to be delivered until ten o'clock in the mawnin' January seventeenth. Ise leavin' tonight fo' Bumminham, where I aims to splain a few things to Orifice Latimer, including what a rotten business man he is, an' how grateful he ought to be on account he has got a New York representative which uses his head fo' somethin' mo' than a top button to his spine. Ise goin' down yonder an' esplain to him that we oughtn't to sign up with nobody less'n us gits twenty-five thousan' a pitcher."

"But, Hectic, he says positivel that you should deliver the contrack."

"Ain't no hahm done by me holdin' it. We got until the seventeenth. Of course Ise gwine tell him it's all delivered an' closed up, an' then Ise gwine make him understan' what a idjit he was. An' after he gits to agreein' with me he's gwine mourn 'cause he went an' closed the deal, an' Ise gwine flash this contrack on him an' esplain that I was clever enough not to deliver same, an' I comes back to New York to git a new distributin' contrack an' a big split in how much money we makes by same."

According to Hectic's analysis, the scheme was excellent. But if Easter had doubts of its ultimate success, she was sufficiently well trained not to voice them. There was no sense in telling Hectic he might be wrong. That always peeved him and caused him to be convinced that the person telling him was bereft of normal intelligence.

That night Hectic left New York on the Piedmont Limited. All the next day he sat staring moodily out upon the rolling, verdant expanse of Virginia and North Carolina, and when night fell he curled up in the corner of his seat and prepared to sleep.

Early morning found him passing through Atlanta, muscles stiff and cramped, soul overflowing with high purpose. He wondered whether by any chance the telegram announcing his arrival in Birmingham had gone astray, and, if not, whether he would be received with the full ceremony due him. At noon the train puffed and snorted to a standstill under the shed of the impressive Terminal Station. Hectic followed the human current through the underground passage and so up again to the street level. There a large and pompous individual descended upon the weary gentleman from New York and pumped his hand largely.

"Well, well, if it ain't Hectic Marshall! Brother Marshall, I bids to make you welcome to Bumminham."

"I is contumely to be heah, President Latimer."

An eager group surrounded Latimer, and the chief executive of the Midnight Pictures did the honors.

"Folks, permit me to present our sagacious New York representative, Mistuh Hectic Marshall, who is a business genius. Brother Marshall, I presents you to Director J. Cæsar Clump an' wife, Sicily; to Director Eddie Fizz an' wife, Glorious; to Opus Randall, which ain't got no wife, an' Welford Potts ditto; to Excelsior Nix, our child progeny; an' to Mistuh Florian Slappey."

A high chattering rose above the group like a miasma. Mr. Marshall withdrew his elegant, slender figure, adjusted a pair of beribboned spectacles and surveyed them bleakly.

"I is pleased to meet all of you, an' I has come all the way fum New York to give you some good advice."

There was an audible gasp. Florian Slappey blinked rapidly. Florian was quick at gauging a stranger's possibilities, and Hectic's frigid announcement had filled Mr Slappey with no particular enthusiasm.

"Midnight pictures," Hectic was remarking casually, "are pretty fair, an' of course nobody can't espect ev'y-thing to be puffeck right off; but you-all can't ever make 'em better less'n somebody with wisdom an' good judgment comes along an' points out where you is weak an' where you is plumb rotten. So in spite of the fack that I is a busy man of large affairs, I come down here to give you-all the advantages of conversin' with a broad-gauge man which knows pitchers an' ——"

"Sufferin' tripe!" The voice was acrid and audible. "How that feller do git careless about praisin' hisse'f!"

The words carried clearly to the ears of the wise man from the East. His gaze shot out and transfixed the speaker, a man shorter than himself, but even more elegantly garbed.

"Boy," queried Hectic, "was you addressin' me?"

The sartorially superb Mr. Florian Slappey arched a supercilious eyebrow.

"No-o," he answered slowly, "I was just expressin' an honest opinion."

"About me?"

"Well, Mistuh Marshall, you don't ezackly claim to be positively no good, does you?"

Hectic swung on the president.

"Who is this person?"

"Florian Slappey," answered Orifice unhappily.

"And what is his position with Midnight?"

"Well, you see, we got li'l Excelsior Nix starrin' in some chile comedies, an' Brother Slappey is Excelsior's legal guardeen an' ——"

"Ah! A nursemaid!"

Hectic swung his cane jauntily and walked toward the street.

From behind him came a muffled plop as Florian Slappey's indignation burst its bounds. J. Cæsar Clump, chief director for Midnight, dropped a sympathetic hand on Florian's shoulder.

"Don't mind that uppity cullud man, Florian. I reckon he don't 'mount to nothin' nohow."

Orifice Latimer's car was waiting at the curb. He and Hectic entered and then waited for Mr. and Mrs. J. Cæsar Clump. Clump was none too well pleased with the gentleman from New York, but was as cordial as possible. And the only person in the car to whom Hectic vouchsafed a second glance was the ravishing Sicily, movie star and wife of the director.

"You acks pretty good, Mis' Clump."

"You think so?"

"Oh, yes. You is the on'y actor in the organization which I considers fust rate. An' of co'se yo' pitchers is the best directed ones which comes fum this studjo."

J. Cæsar squirmed. He wondered whether Hectic knew that Sicily's pictures were all directed by Eddie Fizz. If he did, then his comment savored strongly of a nasty crack.

"Zmatter of fack," Hectic was continuing, "this man Fizz has real ability, an' once he assepts a few bits of advice fum me, his pitchers will have some ginuwine value."

Orifice R. Latimer was distinctly unhappy. He didn't like the New Yorker any better than the others, but Orifice knew that Hectic possessed genuine business ability and so he attempted to direct the conversation into more pleasant channels.

"I reckon you delivered our new contrack over to the distributors befo' you left New York, didn't you, Brother Marshall?"

"Oh, yes," Hectic lied without a change of expression. "I done that, of course."

Orifice puffed pridefully.

"Pretty good fo' an infance industry, eh? Contrack fo' fifty-two pitchers at twenty thousan' dollars a pitcher. I call that travelin' some."

"Not so good!" Hectic's icy voice chilled the president. "Foolishment what you speaks—not so good!"

"Suttinly not. Midnight pitchers is wuth more than that."

"Pity you ain't a distributor," sneered Orifice. "As fo' this new contrack, the distributin' office sent a feller all the way down to Bumminham to talk that contrack over with me. An' then he lef' it heah fo' us to go over with Lawyer Evans Chew."

"Yah! Tha's why they sent a man to Bumminham. Reckon you never considered that he was the on'y man you had a chance to heah fum. If you had of come to New York an' consulted with me, I reckon we'd of had all the short-subjeck distributors eatin' out of our han's an' ——"

Hectic seemed to possess a genius for unpleasant talk. Latimer tried to end the matter.

"What's the use chattin' about that, Mistuh Marshall? Contrack is all signed an' delivered."

It was on the tip of Hectic's tongue to explain that the contract was not delivered, that it reposed at that moment in his breast pocket, but he forbore. Time enough for that later.

That afternoon Orifice conducted the visitor over the Midnight plant—a once-decrepit old warehouse which had been converted into a humming, buzzing hive of efficient activity. Hectic was more impressed than he cared to admit. He had expected to find a helter-skelter organization pursuing slipshod methods; instead he found a well-oiled business machine, moving forward steadily and swiftly, with a minimum of waste effort.

But by dinnertime Mr. Marshall had recovered his egoistic equilibrium, and he beamed superciliously upon the dinner guests bidden by Orifice to meet the visiting dignitary.

Lawyer and Mrs. Chew were present and J. Cæsar Clump and his wife; and, last of all, the frightened, diffident Eddie Fizz in the wake of his bride, the radiant Glorious Watts.

Throughout the long evening Hectic proclaimed his merits to the assembled guests, and when that subject was exhausted he launched a salvo of criticism against Midnight pictures. He particularly criticized the directorial methods of J. Cæsar Clump, the dynamic mainspring of the producing organization. The worst of it was that several of Hectic's criticisms were valid, and Clump writhed at each affirmative nod of his president's head.

"Tha's true, Brother Marshall, tha's all true. But of co'se us has been handicapped down heah on account of limited facilities an' ——"

"Just the same, you don't have to go on turnin' out pitchers which has got holes in 'em. Make the most of what you got, I says; an' now that you is about to 'gotiate a better contrack fo' the sale of yo' negatives, I adwises more care an' greater artisticness."

"Mistuh Marshall," interjected the loyal Eddie Fizz, "I think you is all wrong. Maybe so the pitchers what I direc's ain't no good, but Mistuh Clump is the best director in the world."

"Absurdness what you talks, Eddie. Cæsar ain't downright bad, but he ain't so awful good either."

"An' I guess you know a lot, don't you?" sneered Cæsar.

"I guess I does."

"You eats fish th'ee times a day, huh? An' tha's how come you to have such a wonderful brain."

Hectic froze up.

"If you resents honest criticism fum a high executive of yo' comp'ny ——"

"We is glad to have it, Mistuh Marshall," interposed Latimer hastily. "On'y we is a'ready doin' the best we can."

"Well," finished Hectic magnanimously, "Ise willin' to survey the lot fo' a few days an' give you-all the benefit of my judgment."

"Ain't you the charitable man!" scoffed Clump.

The balance of the evening was marked with a chill restraint. And when finally the guests rose to go, J. Cæsar Clump gazed challengingly into the eyes of their visitor.

"Does you play poker, Mistuh Marshall?"

"That's the fondest game I is of. Why?"

"Oh, nothin' special." Cæsar dropped his lids to conceal the triumphant gleam in his eyes. "I guess you must be a wonder at it."

"Ise pretty good."

"Well, we has got a li'l sassiety amongst the boys heah—we calls it the Full House Poker Club—an' it just sort of struck me that us might git up a li'l game in honor of you Saddy night, maybe." Hectic waved a limp hand.

"Ise willin' that you should pay my travelin' espenses. Count me in."

"Man," breathed Cæsar gratefully, "we suttinly will!"

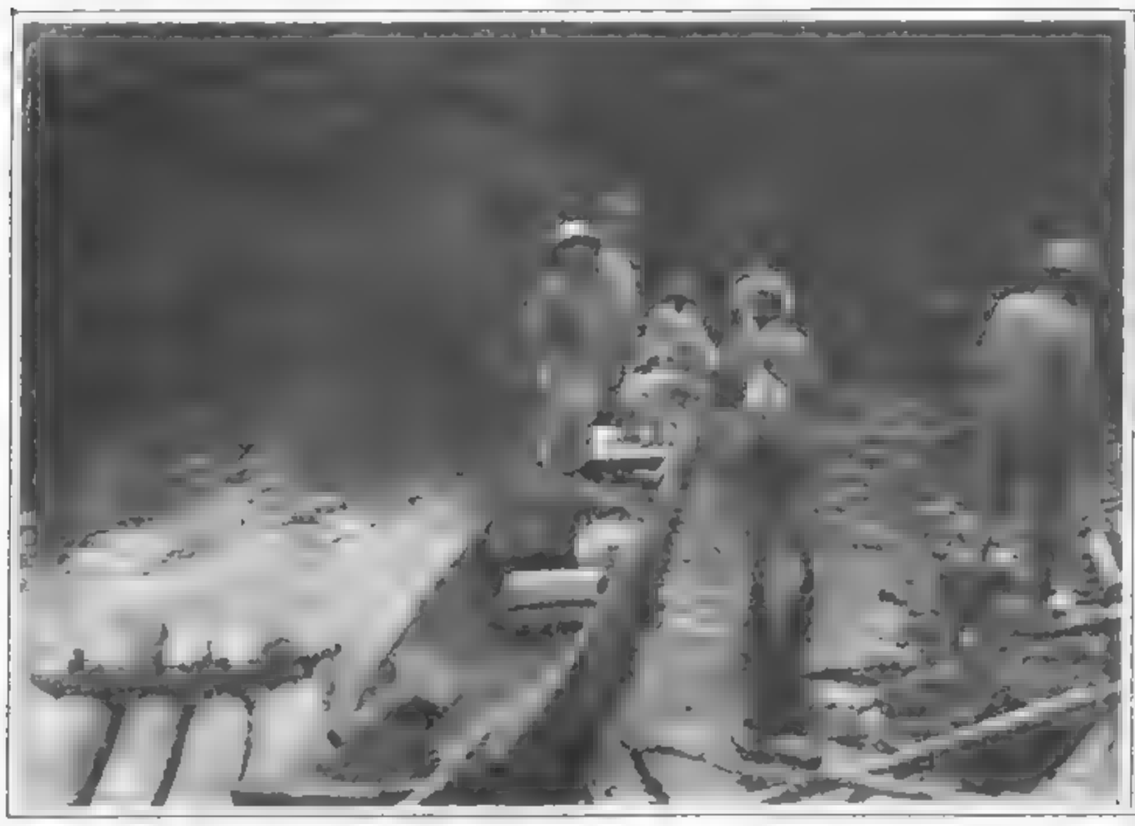
On the curb, the sextet—Lawyer and Mrs. Chew, Mr. and Mrs. Clump and Mrs. Glorious Fizz and husband—watched the door of the Latimer home close behind the

Continued on Page 96

"Thought You Fellers Know Somethin' 'Bout Poker. Ain't You Never Learned, Florian, That Holdin' an Ace Kicker is Silly?"

"Ah, This is the Nursemaid!"

ADVENTURES IN EXPORTS



An Exploration Party in Ecuador From the Department of Commerce

A Commerce Department Representative Fording the Aruza River, Republic of Panama

By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN THE two preceding articles of this series the organization of the foreign service of the Department of Commerce was set forth, together with the work of its ambassadors of trade who scour the world for the business data that are capitalized into profitable opportunity for the American producer and manufacturer. Much of the vast expansion in our exports, which totaled nearly $5,000,000,000 last year—an increase of 13 per cent over 1924—was due to the commercial intelligence which they gleaned.

Our foreign trade is not reared on generalities. It is a commodity job built out of such stuff as machinery, locomotives, motor cars, motion-picture films, lumber, agricultural implements, textiles—in fact, everything that makes the wheels of commerce go round. Mass production and highly organized salesmanship have worked hand in hand for an intensive penetration of the markets of the world.

Hence what might be called the commodity proposition is in the end the vital factor in the standardization of our export volume. Needless to say, these exports are now essential to our economic well-being, because they are insurance against cycles of domestic business depression. To quote the words of Secretary Hoover: "No sensible business man wants boom or slump. He wants stability. Our working folk should dread a trade boom above all things, because it means an afterclap of unemployment and misery."

The so-called Commodity Divisions of the Department of Commerce go a long way toward achieving the stability to which Mr. Hoover refers. They not only represent the last word in scientific development of the over-sea commercial field, but act as unpaid international lawyer and transportation expert for the exporter as well. It is with this phase of departmental activity that the present paper is concerned.

Finding Work for Idle Hands

THE Commodity Divisions are peculiarly a Hoover conception. When he became Secretary of Commerce in 1921 we were in the depths of postwar deflation. Some 5,000,000 men were idle. Industrial and agricultural production was well-nigh paralyzed. It was important, therefore, that output of every kind be resumed, and in a big way.

It was easy enough to put the worker back on his job. The task was to find an outlet for the things that he would make. Home demand was sadly diminished because of a pinched pocketbook. Obviously the one best bet was abroad.

In consequence Mr. Hoover reorganized the department so as to project our foreign trade on a concrete commodity basis. Instead of the old regional divisions which dealt with our exports as a whole, he set up seventeen divisions, each dealing with a specific commodity, whether timber, textiles, foodstuffs, automobiles, paper, machinery or chemicals. A division, therefore, became a self-contained unit which, for all practical purposes, represents a little corporation all its own, doing everything except actually selling goods and collecting bills. Frequently it helps in the latter procedure, especially where governments are debtors. In addition to the various industries, there are divisions that deal with foreign tariffs and commercial laws.

The breadth of the vision that created these divisions was evident not only in the world-wide scope of the organization but in its personnel. Every major industry was requested to name its own man to head the division which dealt with its product. This meant that a trained textile man became chief of the Textile Division, and so on.

The Secretary of Commerce then asked the industries to appoint committees to act in an advisory capacity. Thus the Automotive Division has the close working cooperation of a committee chosen from the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, the Automotive Manufacturers' Association, the Motor and Accessory Manufacturers' Association, the Motorcycle and Allied Trades Association and the Automotive Equipment Association. In the same way, the Foodstuffs Division has the benefit of the advice and counsel of a committee that is selected from the National Canners' Association, the Institute of American Meat Packers and the Interstate Cottonseed Crushers' Association.

Altogether there are sixty-three of these commodity committees. They summarize opinion in the industry, bring about concerted action without delay and enable the department to transmit ideas for expansion promptly. In certain cases where the department feels that it cannot assume responsibility for determining policy and procedure, the committee shares it.

After the great earthquake in Japan a number of the committees joined in lining up various industries for the task of sending goods to the devastated areas. This enabled the American Red Cross to get favorable terms and quick delivery. Their relief expenditure in this instance aggregated $3,500,000, which represented a saving of $1,500,000 due to the service of the committees. Again, the cotton-goods committee improved and expanded the import classifications of cotton goods, increasing these classifications in number from three to fifteen, thereby permitting a closer analysis of imports.

A committee from the Corn Millers' Federation cooperated with the Foodstuffs Division in a six-month survey of Europe for the purpose of interesting European millers and bakers in the use of American corn. In conjunction with the Merchants' Association of New York, thirteen foreign-trade organizations and ten large exporting concerns, the Tariff Division arranged for two conferences which discussed plans for a treaty arrangement with Latin American countries to facilitate the operations of our commercial travelers. One much-desired result will be the issuance of official certificates of identification to American salesmen going to Latin America. This will put the fly-by-night and hot-air gentry out of commission.

Axel H. Oxholm, Chief of the Lumber Division in Sweden

To fix the Commodity Divisions in the large departmental scheme, let me say that they comprise one of the four principal subsections of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Heading this section is Thomas R. Taylor, a civil engineer by profession, who taught economics and commercial geography at the Wharton School in the University of Pennsylvania. After serving in the World War he became a special traveling agent of the Department of Commerce, and subsequently chief of the Latin American Division.

Thirst for Knowledge

SUMMED up, the work of the Commodity Divisions is first, to explore the world for possibilities of American trade expansion; second, to build up profitable connections; third, to set in motion a continuous stream of business information. This means that the primary objective is information.

In the preceding article I showed how the commercial attachés and trade commissioners everywhere keep mail and cable data flowing into the department. When these officials are located in strategic centers of trade they are required to send a periodic commodity cable, which serves specific branches of American industry. With special products like coffee and rubber there is a weekly cable. Before being published or broadcast, these reports are subjected to the scrutiny of experts in the various divisions to test accuracy and determine value.

When the bureau desires reports on the same subjects from a number of foreign countries, the request to the field agents is usually embodied in the form of a questionnaire which overlooks no detail of the matter involved. These questionnaires range in subject from the world market for shoe polish to part-payment contracts on automobiles.

The Commodity Division job would be incomplete, of course, without the maintenance of intimate contacts with domestic trade conditions. It is vital to know what is going on at home in order to give supervision to promotion work abroad. Obviously when production cannot keep pace with American consumption it is useless to encourage additional foreign demand. On the other hand, when industrial surpluses develop here, it is up to the Department of Commerce to find over-sea channels and advise how they can best be utilized.

Each Commodity Division has registered a definite and significant dollars-and-cents achievement. Such an embarrassment of riches, both in method and result, is presented that it is difficult to know where to begin the appraisal of what they do.

Take lumber. We are so accustomed to regard it as a prosaic product that we seldom realize its place in the larger romance of foreign trade. Due in a considerable degree to divisional acceleration, it is involved in activities that circle the globe. We provide the material for the tiny structures that house the Japs—the Nipponese are by far the largest buyers of American timber—while our Douglas fir is supplanting teak for the decks of battleships, and is furnishing Egypt with her railroad ties. The wine industries of France, Spain and Algeria use American cooperage. Yankee hickory is the standard tool handle wherever men work.

The Lumber Division is the national headquarters for American lumber exporters, there being no association that covers the entire trade. Considering the number of clients helped, it is the largest export-lumber-service organization in the world.

American Doors for British Buildings

WHY must we export lumber? In the first place the United States possesses the largest variety of commercial woods to be found anywhere. Europe is restricted to a few important softwoods and half a dozen hardwoods. The tropical forests in Latin America, the Philippines and the Southeast Asiatic islands contain numerous species of useful hardwoods, but few are exploitable. Against these conditions abroad, we have a dozen commercial softwoods and as many hardwoods. The second reason is that our industry is scattered over a large area, the bulk of the lumber being produced on the Pacific Coast and in the Southern states, often several thousand miles from the chief consuming districts of the East. The mills located near tidewater find that certain foreign markets can be reached at cheaper freight rates than our large interior buying areas. Two-thirds of our total lumber production consists of low-grade and common lumber and this percentage will steadily increase as our log dimensions become smaller.

This output cannot stand a high freight rate. A curtailment of the foreign outlet for cheap lumber would immediately be reflected in higher prices for high-grade stocks which can stand the domestic freight rates.

Mill operators would have to make their profit on the upper grades. Since most of the output, as you have seen, is low grade, the foreign field is essential.

Our lumber export has been carried on since Colonial days, but it did not reach a high state of volume or organization until the World War. Today there are approximately 1000 exporters of lumber, logs, ties, cooperage and ply wood. Their names are all on the departmental Exporters' Index, and they receive the immense volume of information garnered by the Lumber Division.

Selling timber is not so easy as would appear at first glance. We have strong Russian, Siberian, Brazilian and Scandinavian competition. During the spring of 1925, for instance, the influence of Russian stocks on the Western European softwood lumber and cooperage market was serious and we suffered from it. The sale of Paraná pine from Southern Brazil to the Argentine and Uruguay is also a factor that we must watch. In addition, there are no uniform methods of handling timber for all countries. Business practices established for centuries must be observed because each nation has its traditions and customs. Most foreign markets have reached a more advanced point of wood utilization than we in America, since lumber prices are higher abroad than at home.

A permanent export lumber business can therefore be developed only through established channels and with a knowledge of local conditions. The Lumber Division locates these channels and keeps the exporter apprised of events. It sends special investigators into the field and their reports become textbooks for logger and millman. It aids in establishing connections between American firms and foreign agents, and helps to combat propaganda circulated among foreign dealers that our forest resources will soon be exhausted. No phase of its aid is more vital than the assistance it gives to reforestation projects.

But the Lumber Division has done much more. I can best illustrate with doors, whose export prior to 1922 was practically negligible. England obtained most of her doors from Sweden. A comprehensive investigation of the British market was made by the division. When the findings were laid before our manufacturers they got busy, with the result that we now dominate the field as far as the foreign product is concerned. American Douglas-fir doors, which are superior in quality to similar doors made abroad, because they are more free from defects, are being largely used in the housing schemes subsidized by the British Government. We have also entered the lumber business in most of the other European countries with the type of door that we sell in England.

A similar piece of pioneering has been achieved with the introduction of our short-length lumber abroad, which scarcely figured in our exports before the Lumber Division got on the job. On the Continent this type of timber is employed for furniture and flooring blocks. Last year we exported $8,000,000 worth.

The Lumber Division was developed by Axel H. Oxholm, who expresses the type of temperament and experience that have been brought to the direction of all departmental activities. A Scandinavian by birth, he has lived lumber all his life. After selling timber in various European countries, he became lumber-purchasing agent for the American Expeditionary Force in France. Following the Armistice he represented an American export corporation in Belgium until he became head of the Lumber Division.

The World on Yankee Wheels

ONCE the division was organized, he made an eighteen months' study of the timber trade of Holland, Belgium, France and Switzerland. He has also made intensive surveys in timbering in Sweden and Finland. Because of his wide experience in investigating the utilization of lumber in this country and Europe, Oxholm was appointed director of the National Committee of Wood Utilization on December first, last. This committee, of which Secretary Hoover is chairman, is composed largely of the presidents of the various wood producing and consuming associations.

Of the same caliber is J. C. Nellis, who is acting chief when Oxholm is away on his many investigating trips. He is a graduate of the Forestry School of the University of Michigan and was in charge of the National Emergency Bureau of the Wooden Box Industry during the war. The assistant chief, A. E. Boadle, had fifteen years' experience in the lumber-export trade in the South.

Although lumber serves to show how a Commodity Division functions, its scope and export are trivial alongside the achievement of the American automobile, whose field is the world. Here you have an expansion that is the marvel of our over-sea effort. In twelve years our exports have increased 610 per cent in unit—1925 showed an advance of exactly 60 per cent over the preceding twelve months—and 425 per cent in value. We now market more than 90 per cent of all the cars that figure in foreign commerce and sell an almost equal proportion of tires. Behind all this far-flung effort, whether in the African wilds, the Argentine pampas or the Australian bush—for the jitney has penetrated the jungle—stands the Automotive Division, of which Irving H. Taylor is acting chief.

In connection with our vast automobile shipments everywhere is a curious fact understood only perhaps by those whose job it is to wander around this earth.

It lies in the matter of identity. Our wheat, cotton, petroleum and other unmanufactured products are merged with similar products abroad. Even our manufactured commodities, such as industrial machinery, once installed, fail to remain conspicuously American. To a lesser degree the same also applies to Yankee travelers who, on occasion, seek to conceal the hall marks of their nativity.

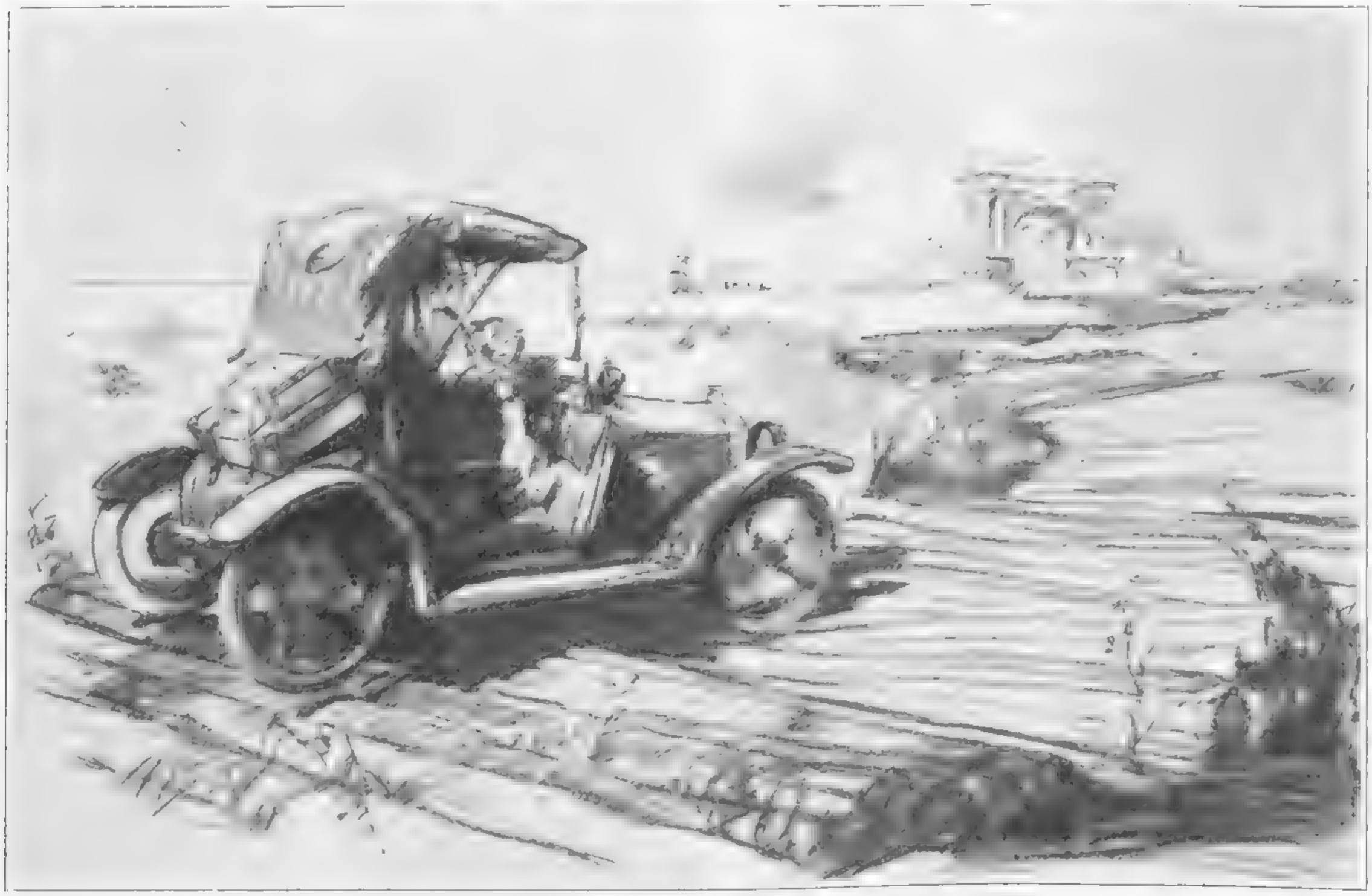
(Continued on Page 48)

American Motor Cars in the Plaza de Mayo, Buenos Aires, Argentina

In São Paulo, Brazil, Where Motor Traffic is Already a Problem

Above—In Shansi Province, Northwest China

LAND OF PROMISE



We Started Bright and Early, and Raised the Atlandixie Gate by Two o'Clock in the Afternoon

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"CUT that out, Preevoe!" called Mrs. Preevoe.

"Yes, my angel," I said, and I clipped the advertisement of Atlandixie City that I had read her from the Sunday paper.

We had decided to buy a winter home in Florida. We were getting along a bit—oh, far from the sere and yellow, but I had taken out insurance about then and the agent had given me only sixteen years to live, with time off for bad behavior. Mrs. Preevoe doesn't care who knows her age, and I'd tell it if I knew it, but I am fifty-six.

Fifty-six—good gosh. Times have changed. When I was really young, fifty-six was mighty old, but now it's only the prime and pink. Take my grandfather—sixty-one, dropsy. There was my father—fifty-three, pneumonia. The doctor said that a man of his habits couldn't stand pneumonia, and darned if that wasn't the very thing hit him. But we're learning how to live nowadays. If dad had gone to Florida he wouldn't have fallen asleep in a snow bank and my grandfather never would have got the dropsy there. People don't drink in that country; it's too infernal hot. But I don't mean that; it's never really hot in Florida, not what a Floridian would call hot, but it's certainly very equable. But as I was saying, we decided to buy this winter home and let that insurance agent bank our premiums and laugh in his sleeve at our poor business judgment.

We had been married six years, and were ready for a change of climate; I was fifty when I met Mrs. Preevoe, and to be perfectly frank with you I wasn't batting any three hundred either. When I could find somebody who needed an experienced draftsman whose hand had begun to shake, I would have a job again, but that's no way for a man to be when he is fifty. He should have money. Then when the young lads talk him over and say he is an old futzer, somebody will always pipe up and say, "Never mind! He's got money." And that squares him. He's there. Mrs. Preevoe had money—forty thousand dollars in bungalows—but I didn't know it, honor bright. We got chummy in a Chicago boarding house, sitting on straw mats on the stoop on fine evenings rather than going to some sweaty movie, and she said to me one night when the orange moon was looking through the steel ribs of the new building across the way, "This is no life. I've never been in jail, but it can't be so bad to people who have roomed around. In jail is company. Preevoe, we're neither of us children, and I'm a woman who talks her mind and hope you are the same. I'm a widow, and I'm used to taking care of a husband. Tell me more about yourself, Preevoe. Do you drink? If I had a drinking husband I'd knock fire out of him."

But, oh here—don't mind what I say. It wasn't like that. When I'm feeling sociable and get to talking, I run wild. Did I say that I didn't know Mrs. Preevoe had money? Tripped up on cross-examination again. I asked her! It was the fair thing to do. Gosh, I was hardly supporting myself, and I couldn't borrow a dollar—another dollar. But the money was only a means. You should meet Mrs. Preevoe. There's a woman. Gosh!

But speaking of Florida. This young fellow who conducted the personally conducted tour of Florida was named—Bellinger—Bettinger? I forget. He called himself Mercury. He christened us all while we were getting acquainted in the specially chartered Pullman, and it was a nice touch, lifting us up and making us feel like explorers and adventurers; twenty-two of us were making the trip as the paying guests of the Atlandixie Company. I was Ulysses, and Mrs. Preevoe was Minerva, and a little doll of a stenographer was Venus, and so on. Mercury was a likable chap, clean-cut, and a conversationalist and raconteur for men or women. He was about forty, athletic, brown-eyed, and browned from golf and tennis, all his teeth, and he could tell them. Oh, boy! We liked him. You would too.

Yes, it was a pleasant trip. It cost us—let's see, now—I think it was one hundred and fifty per for an eight-day round trip covering everything. That's very cheap; you couldn't do it alone for that. If we bought a lot, all was forgiven and we could go home at once. We had to make a deposit of the hundred and fifty apiece before we signed on, but that was only to show we were substantial people who meant business, and no triflers.

At that, we had with us some members who would have had to do something dishonest to afford a Florida home and winter lay-off.

There was a Civil Service employe who was knocking out fifty a week like clockwork, and his wife, and there was Venus and a friend, and there were three young fellows who did a lot of quiet laughing among themselves, but I won't undertake to say who was who. Thinking back, it seems to me now that there were under-cover men among us; if you make one of those trips, don't say anything to a strange fellow member that you wouldn't say to the conductor himself. No reason why you should; it's a cheap trip, and you're getting your money's worth, and it's no use being a killjoy. You'll want to compare notes; watch your step.

Mrs. Preevoe spoke her mind, as always, but Mrs. Preevoe is a law unto herself. She's only a little woman—I'm eight inches taller, though we each weigh a hundred and sixty in fighting trim—but she's dynamite. Oh, a charming person, but you don't want to jar her. Riding along in the train, we were looking out the windows and thinking up something nice to say, and little Venus said, "I think the scenery is something grand. Don't you think the scenery is something grand, Mrs. Preevoe?"

"What scenery, Miss Dale?" said Mrs. Preevoe, looking. She has her money in summer bungalows on Lake Michigan, so she's a judge. "I don't see anything out there but vacant property."

"But I think the little houses of the coons look so darling and cute, Mrs. Preevoe."

"They're a disgrace," said Mrs. Preevoe. "We haven't passed a house with even a priming coat of paint on it for the last sixty miles. And they ought to have window

seshes and not just batten shutters like woodshe is. Did you ever see so many ragpickers in all your days? Every second house had a bagful of old rags on the porch."

"We're in the land of cotton now, Minerva," said Mercury, winking at me

"Oh, it's cotton," said Mrs. Preevoe, forgiving at once "The poor colored folks—I suppose they call that farming They just have to be playing banjos or picking cotton or some such, don't they? But they'll learn better from now on, I imagine."

Mrs. Preevoe is fair-minded. When she goes into a strange country, she lets the natives put in their defense, and listens like a judge, and then she explains to them in a nice way how things are in Chicago and the Great Lakes country, and leaves the rest to their common sense. The result is a traveler nowadays gets baked apples, stewed prunes, scrapple and sauerkraut in every Florida restaurant, and no more yams and avocados and pomelos and such unchristian food, and they catch codfish in the St. John's below Jax, right among the alligators; the waiter told me that's where the fish came from, when I asked him, and it was certainly codfish.

"I hear so much talk down here about Michigan," she said to me one day.

"And so do I, sweetheart," I said. That was a nasty dig, wasn't it? Oh, boy.

We rode around Jax in a bus, and Mercury pointed out to us what Atlandixie City would be like, and the mistakes that would be avoided. We wound up at Pier One at the foot of Liberty Street and went on board the St. John's River steamer. Jax was the concentration point for drafts from the North, and we had with us now a group from New York and a contingent from Iowa, sixty souls on board and eight colored stevedores down in the basement.

The St. John's is the biggest river in Florida, and it is called the American Nile. Never having seen the Nile, I do not know whether that is a compliment or a knock, but judging from the context of the folder where I read it, it is meant in good part.

I missed the tropical blooms behind a bend, but I saw some water hyacinths. They are pretty, with big green leaves and flowers like lilacs, smelling like watermelons. There weren't always hyacinths floating in the St. John's, the captain told me as he said a bad word. An Englishman came down there and had the vision to see that there were no hyacinths in the St. John's such as they had at home. This Englishman, I judge, was resting up or holing up after his labors in bringing rabbits to Australia and sparrows to Chicago, but he sent home for hyacinths. And you can't half see the river for them now

"Durn him," said the captain as he rang to back the boat. "Another gang of them durned weeds is in the wheel."

Scenery? Well, I'd rather not be quoted. Between ourselves, I don't give a hoot for scenery, and I don't claim to be a judge. I've seen quite a little of it elsewhere, where Mrs. Preevoe crowded it on me, and I'll say this for Florida scenery: It's restful. It's not the kind of scenery to make a woman yank a newspaper from her husband's hands and give him a poke. No hills interfere; with a good pair of glasses a man should be able to look out his window in Jacksonville and watch the boys catching yellowtails on the Key West docks. I do not know what color the scenery is, because it is smothered in this dust-colored Spanish moss—that Englishman's fine work again, I judge.

There are big trees on the St. John's big for Florida—and it is a treat for a person from Chicago to see alligators—we saw eleven—lying on rotten logs, and mud turtles as big as pillows.

We alighted from the boat at Sanford, the head of navigation. There's a real little town, smart as a new dime, right on its toes.

Three busses of the Atlandixie Company met the boat. I secured two nice seats up front where Mrs. Preevoe could advise the driver, but she said, "Give your seat to Mrs. Schultz here. Sit right down, Mrs. Schultz—it is only my husband. Preevoe, you can sit in the back seat on our grips."

"Yes, my love," I said. "Would you mind if I took one of those empty seats in the other bus?"

"Indeed I would," she said. "I want you right here where I can keep my eye on you. That reminds me; show me that hundred dollars I gave you to take care of. Let me count it. Very well; button the flap of the pocket and go sit in back."

Mrs. Preevoe is curt and businesslike, but she is not in the least overbearing or inconsiderate, and never was I dare say if I had endowed her with all her worldly goods she would be quite the same. I had worked hard enough since marrying, gosh knows; there was so much detail to her Michigan bungalows—painting and carpentering and cleaning and being on the ground during the renting season—that my time was profitably and healthfully employed. She had twenty bungalows, and I attended to everything except paying money and collecting rents. I would have relieved her of even those details, but she loves to help out, and she said sturdily, "Of all things. Have you been drinking, Preevoe?"

We went south from Sanford through Orlando, stopping for gas at Biggville. Sanford, Orlando, Biggville, Kissimmee, all the way to Sebring and Lake Stearns—that's the ridge country, and if you like inland Florida, give that section serious consideration. Mrs. Preevoe saw a Chicago lady among the Biggvilliana who were cheering our caravan from the sidewalks, and promised to come back and visit with her. We left the paved highway at Biggville, turned eastward between two lakes and hit for the lower reaches of the St. John's. I can't give that road anything. Florida land is mostly white sand under a skim of humus, and where a road isn't fixed with a dressing of crushed ojus rock, a machine simply wallows. We had twenty-two miles of that, right through the bush, but we did not attach any importance to it, because Mercury told us that if we would close our eyes and have visions we would see how different it would be when it was a state highway, eighty feet wide and macadamized, and lined on both sides with estates of millionaires in a high state of cultivation.

We bumped over a corduroy road across a swamp and just as I feared we would have to take to the boats, we came in sight of the Atlandixie Gate. Atlandixie City is three thousand acres in area, occupying the easterly two-thirds of an oasis that is above the swamp, and it had at that time only one gate, there being no other road. But that is a very fine gate. It spans an eighty-foot driveway, and is higher than the Atlandixie Hotel and has more cubic feet of masonry. It is an exact reproduction of one of the

Continued on Page 61

"You Look Positively Ghastly, Preevoe. How Many Times Have I Told You Not to Eat Shrimp? You Better Go Up to Bed"

JAZZ

By PAUL WHITEMAN AND MARY MARGARET McBRIDE

I WAS risking $18,000 of my own money by taking my orchestra to Europe, and in spite of the fabulous salary the newspapers credited me with receiving, that much ready cash looked mighty big to me, especially as I had got married in New York and was learning what it costs a lady to shop on Fifth Avenue. The moment our ship dropped anchor in Liverpool it seemed that my premonition had not been groundless. Our coming had been heralded, and the British Ministry of Labor was waiting for us. We had been engaged to play in Brighter London, a revue, at the Hippodrome, and the matter of labor permits had, of course, been attended to. In spite of this, the Ministry of Labor thought we had better not land.

We were finally allowed to set foot on English soil, but we were told that we would not be allowed to play, so to speak, in English air. The matter became, in a way, international. We cabled our own Secretary of Labor to help us out, and the politico-legal tangle became more than jazzy. England objected to us, as far as I could make out, on the ground that if American jazz was once heard in England tens of thousands of English musicians, unable to play it, would be thrown out of employment. Our success was taken for granted, which was flattering, and I could only hope that the belief was based on the fact that some member or members of the Ministry of Labor had heard us play. But flattery wasn't much comfort if we were to be sent home, unheard in England.

At length we were given permission to play in Brighter London, but were denied the right to take the orchestra to any of the night clubs. Finally in order that we might not be competing against English players, we were compelled to employ as many of them as there were American members of the orchestra. The labor authorities tried to insist that the Englishmen sit with my orchestra, but I convinced them that this could not be done. I put them on the pay roll, however, and did my best to train them in jazz. Eventually the last difficulty with the commission was adjusted, and we were no longer quarantined in Brighter London.

The experience had been very expensive in money, and in time and effort, but it was interesting in one way. Although I did my best to train those English musicians, and some of them were very willing to work, I never could graft any real feeling for jazz into the English mind. English people went mad about it, and many took it more seriously as an art than Americans had, but it remained always foreign to them. They appreciated it, but when it came to teaching them to play it, it was like making a Russian dancer out of a Pavlowa fan.

Oddly enough, the English musicians whom I tried to train combined a hidebound adherence to stereotyped forms with an extreme impatience of discipline. They wanted to learn, but they wouldn't stand the grind and they wouldn't take orders with any cheerfulness. They didn't understand American jazz at all, anyway. They were good musicians; they could read music and play it, too, but they lacked inventiveness; they couldn't originate and they couldn't let go and feel the jazz rhythms.

Trying to Jazz Up the British

AS TO inventiveness, I remember one day asking an English musician, "Can you ad lib?" Perhaps I should mention that "ad lib" is a jazz musical term meaning to improvise, to invent as you go along.

"Certainly," he answered, considerably nettled. "I can ad lib anything"

"Then do it," I requested.

"All right. You write something for me to ad lib," he agreed.

Orchestra leaders used to come to our rehearsals, bringing their men, and we were glad to show them what we could. They played beautifully, too, so long as they could imitate. Give them a perfectly scored jazz orchestration and they could do it so well that it sounded like the real thing. But when it came to originating they fell down. Jazz was simply not in their blood. They lacked the spontaneity, the exuberance, the courage—I do not know what; the something, whatever it is, that we call American: the indefinable something that is jazz. They didn't have it, and it isn't anything that can be put on the outside like a plaster. Most of the jazz orchestras that have since sprung up in London have failed, simply because of that fact

There was plenty of opposition to us, even apart from the labor trouble.

"Why should a man check his mentality with his hat at the door?" inquired a distinguished British organist, when somebody tried to bring him to hear us play at supper. And he felt as many did.

Jeanne Gordon, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, Crowning Paul Whiteman the King of Jazz

The most unsuccessful benefit I ever played in my life was one at Albert Hall. In the first place, my band of twelve pieces followed one of seventy. The place was too big for us and I'm sure we did sound awful. Just the same we were hardly prepared to have the man who had asked us to play the benefit come up afterward and tell us it was positively the worst band he had ever heard. Still, that's usually the way at most any benefit. People seldom appreciate what they get for nothing.

We had a good time in London though, and after they got over their prejudices some of the Londoners seemed to like us. Certainly we liked them. I was especially fond of their bathtubs, the biggest I've ever seen, and their bobbies that are bigger still.

One day I saw a huge bobby calmly lift one of those tiny English cars right out of the road when it came farther than he directed it should. Another time Mrs. Whiteman was driving down Bond Street and happened to see in a shop window a coat she liked. She almost forgot her wheel in the effort to make out the price tag.

The bobby at the crossing called out, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," she told him. "I was just trying to see the price of that coat in the window."

He turned to the window.

"The green one? Well, it's forty guineas, madam. Now drive along."

Imagine a New York cop under similar circumstances

We were introduced to the autograph habit in London I never knew we had it here until recently, when everybody appears to have got the bug. But in England they seem always to have had it. People carry fat little books into the subway, theater and street, stopping persons they happen to recognize and asking for a signature.

Once the habit made me unwittingly a source of income for some sharp little English messenger boys. A small boy stopped me as I was leaving the theater and when I finished writing my name for him another child came running over from a queue forming at a house on the other side of the street. I wrote my name until my arm ached and suddenly I realized the same two urchins had been my sole customers. They were selling the autographs for a penny apiece to the waiting line.

Our orchestra played at Grafton Galleries every evening after the performance at the Hippodrome, and often we were honored by the patronage of the Prince of Wales. The first time I saw H. R. H., however, was about a week after we landed. True to his promise, Lord Mountbatten gave a party for the Prince and asked us to play. There were just thirty-two guests at Brook House, the Mountbattens' home, all related to the throne, and it was the nicest party I ever went to.

There was no swank and no ostentation. The guests were all cordial simple people who knew how to enjoy themselves like gentlefolk.

Democratic Royalty

THE Prince was already there when I went into the room, but I was so nervous that I could hardly see him. I had a bad attack of stage fright and told Lord Mountbatten so.

"What on earth will I call him—I mean how shall I address him?" I asked

Lord Mountbatten turned and stared rather disappointedly at me. He is such a democratic unassuming chap himself that I never worried about getting on with him. Now he seemed absolutely disgusted with me. He had evidently thought me above such pettiness as kotowing to rank.

"Why, you aren't a British subject," he pointed out. "How do you address anybody else? Just be natural!"

I hope I was, but if I wasn't at first, I know I quickly got that way, for the Prince put me instantly at ease with some comment about his interest in the orchestra of which he had heard so much He was wearing evening clothes, and I thought I had never seen a man's shoulders look better in such dress. The Prince of Wales is really a small man, but for some reason, partly the way he carries himself, I think, you never realize it, even in his pictures.

I saw him many times after that evening. Often we played for parties he or somebody gave at private houses, and whenever he wanted me, instead of sending an equerry to "command" my presence, he came himself and asked in friendly fashion if it would be convenient for us to play

We never accepted any pay from him. He insisted upon it many times, but I told him we came to London mostly to play for him and considered it honor enough to have that privilege. As a host he was perfect. The first night we played for him I caught my drummer rushing out of the house hatless.

"What on earth's the matter?" I asked, startled.

"I want to go cable my old dad that the Prince of Wales served me champagne with his own hands!" he shouted.

The reason the Prince did not entertain at York House, where he lives, is that he keeps bachelor's hall there. So when he wants to give a party he must borrow a house somewhere.

His Royal Highness is an extraordinarily good dancer, I should say, with a splendid sense of rhythm. Perhaps that is one reason he likes the drum so much. He told me he got his first drum when he was four and immediately

learned to beat it under the tutelage of some old soldier around the palace. It is not strange that royalty should be interested in drums, for their entire lives are measured by drumbeats. When they are born the drums tell the story. When the Prince is married the drums will come into play again, and also when he has an heir or goes to war, and finally when he dies.

The drummer with our orchestra explained all his tricks to H. R. H. and claimed to have learned a special rat-a-tat from his pupil. The papers always play up any preference of the Prince so energetically that I think he sometimes feels he will never again say what he likes. He did confess to me, though, that he is fond of the ukulele and the bagpipes. He learned to play the pipes at Oxford, and there is a story that his friends—for he was a regular good fellow and active in all the life at college—stole into his room one time and pricked the air from the wind bag of his favorite pipes because they got tired of hearing him practice. Then they gave him the title of the "Prince of Wails."

A Gob in the Navy

We addressed His Highness quite informally as "Prince." He says all Americans do—"Princing" him until he feels sometimes like barking. The quality I liked most in the Prince was his consideration for others. I saw a hundred instances of it with his personal attendants and any who served him.

Another trait he has is a memory for facts and faces and names that never seems to slip a cog. It looks as if Providence anticipated that he would have a hard, diplomatic job where he would have to call off names smart and pat, and equipped him accordingly. I never once heard him fumble a name and I wish I knew his system of association, whatever it is.

He looks straight at the person to whom he is introduced and apparently makes it a point to call the name several times in conversation, probably to fasten it up with the face.

Home!

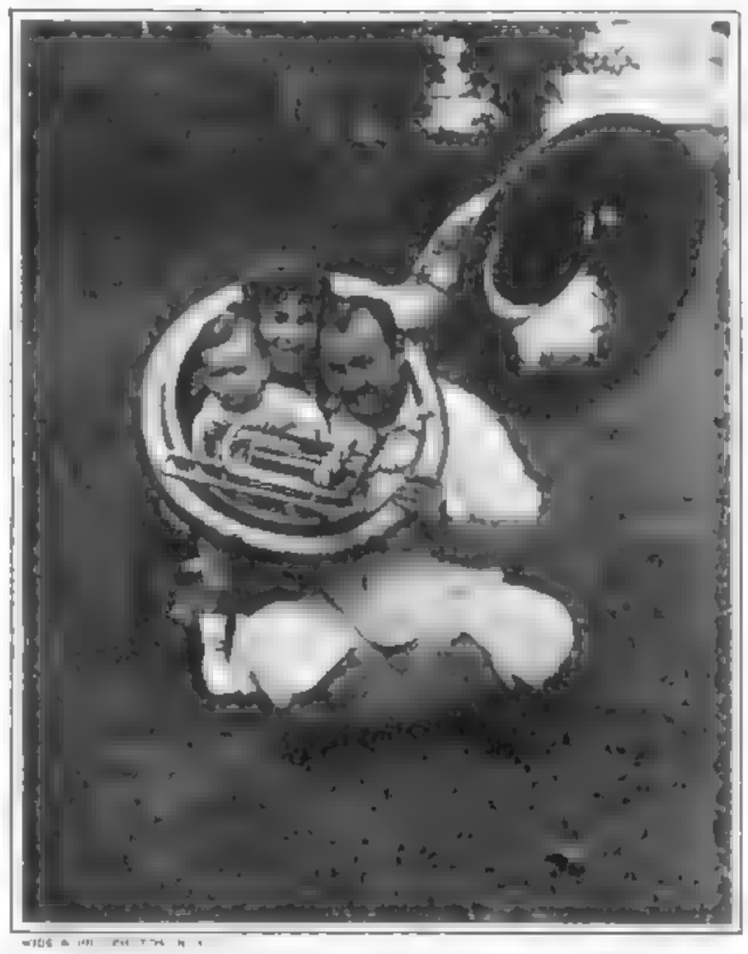
IT WAS after I came back to America that he visited Canada and, remembering that he had been interested in the Palais Royal, I sent him an invitation to the opening. He couldn't come, but later when he reached New York, the first thing he said to me was, "I was mighty sorry I couldn't come to your opening, but I was way up on my ranch and didn't get your message until too late to make it."

My men were delighted when Clarence Mackay, arranging a great ball for His Royal Highness, asked us to play for dinner and dancing. The American public was so interested in getting a glimpse of the distinguished visitor, and Mr. Mackay so determined his guest should not be annoyed by idle curiosity at the ball, that we were subjected to three rigid countings when we arrived at the Mackay place on Long Island, the last by the host himself. It was just as well, for there were people who would have risked almost anything to get inside the grounds that night. It was a sight worth seeing—the beautiful grounds and house, decorated with colored lights and costly flowers, lovely women in frocks that undoubtedly ran up into hundreds of thousands of dollars and jewels worth millions.

His Highness came and spoke to us, chatting with the boys about London and asking for some favorite pieces. One was All Alone, which the newspapers reported the next day as Leave Me Alone, interpreting it as a subtle plea to the public not to pester him with so much notice. That must have appealed to his sense of humor when he read it the next day, but he probably felt sorry about it, too, for he would never be rude, even so slightly.

The Prince asked me to send him a record of the Rhapsody in Blue, of which he had heard a great deal, and expressed a wish to hear the orchestra play Tschaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite again. It had been one of his favorite pieces in London. He used to request it between dances at Grafton Galleries and then sit perfectly silent and absorbed, listening to it. It probably won't require my band's vote to place Prince Edward Albert in first place among the great gentlemen of the land. But if he ever should need it he certainly would get it.

What with the Prince and all, we enjoyed London immensely; but soon the boys and I were feeling that we'd like to be turning toward home. We had some good propositions to stay in London and a group of capitalists in Paris offered to build a theater for us if we would come over there. But we had been working hard for a long time on an enterprise that was close to my heart, and I needed New York to try it out. We were all the time testing and discarding, endeavoring to get volume with the instruments we had, and trying also for harmony and sweetness. We weren't quite ready for the experiment I wanted, yet dreaded, to spring, but I thought we needed the American atmosphere even for rehearsals. So we sailed back again. And do you know, it was quite as I had dreamed but not



The Whiteman Family, Mr. and Mrs. and Paul, Jr.

really dared to hope it might be. New York received us with open arms, gave us a great reception, as if we'd been distinguished foreigners coming on a visit.

We caught sight of Liberty and of airplanes filled with bands almost at the same moment. They serenaded us from the air, from the water and from land. The Mayor sent a representative down the bay in a launch to meet us and so did the police department.

With Honor in His Own Country

THAT night at the Waldorf they gave us a dinner, with speeches by all sorts of celebrities. There was even a gold crown presented by the musical industries to hail me as king of jazz. It was a very heavy crown, and silly, I suppose—an exaggeration, but an exaggeration that came from people capable of affectionate rejoicing in a comrade's good fortune. So when they asked me for a response I found the tears were rolling down my cheeks.

It is a great thing after a struggle to find success and appreciation. For a moment I forgot any cynicism I had felt about the false value of the European label in America. Cynicism doesn't take deep root with Americans anyway. I only felt happy, touched, almost overcome. It seemed to me then that everybody understood me, that my orchestra was a real success, that there was nothing in the future but sunshine and roses. Yet even at that minute I didn't forget that we had come home to do bigger things in jazz than had ever been done before, if we could.

Visions of playing a jazz concert in what a critic has called the "perfumed purlieus" of Æolian Hall used to rouse me up at night in a cold

(Continued on Page 180)

Mr. Whiteman Rehearsing a Children's Band

THE GIRL WHO FORGOT

VIII

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT WAS a large old-fashioned room, this sitting room of Augie's, its ceiling beamed and cross-beamed, its open mullioned window framed with ivy. There was, of course, the inevitable fireplace surmounted by the Meldon coat of arms, a stag rampant, with the motto *Viris et Celeritate* and—this may surprise you—there was also a good collection of books on the built-in shelves, Dumas and Balzac in French, Reade and Hardy in English, to say nothing of Thackeray, Dickens, Marryat, Fielding and all that blessed company. Between these shelves was a closed door leading into Augie's bedroom—a low little door with a Tudor arch—and on the other side of the room was an eighteenth-century harpsichord which had once belonged to the twelfth marchioness—she whose portrait by Reynolds hung in the drawing-room below. At the moment to which we have now arrived, however, it wasn't exactly harpsichord music which was being played in Augie's sitting room.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" sobbed Sibyl, quite as though her heart would break

"There, there!" murmured the Honorable Augustus, trying to soothe her after he had hastily locked the door. "Don't cry, dear. You'll be all right soon."

But Sibyl shook her head that is to say, she shook it as well as she could for her tears—and still holding his arm gently around her shoulders, Augie sat down, and Sibyl stood by his chair, leaning over the side of it, her face now buried against his shoulder

"There, there!" he murmured again. "You'll be all right soon, you know—oh, rather!—and then you'll remember everything."

It would probably have surprised the Marquis of Meldon and in more senses than one—if he could have seen his nephew then. So far as the trimmings and the trappings were concerned, he was still, of course, the same as he had been five minutes earlier. One saw the same gray spats, for instance, the same afternoon suit by Swope & Bagleigh, Tailors to H.R.H. and the King of Spain, the same impeccable shirt by Shieves, Ltd. But above the collar it was altogether a different Augie who now appeared—an Augie with tender eyes, and in some strange manner a firm chin; an Augie who no longer showed his three front teeth, but whose whole expression had something exalted about it—the look of one, for instance, who has just heard the Intermezzo for the first time, and who for the first time looks up at the window over the doorway at Notre Dame. Then, bit by bit, as Sibyl's tears continued, this expression disappeared and he gradually became more like the Old Nooker, especially when he glanced at the door which led to the outer corridor and remembered that, the dressing bell having rung, most anyone might be passing along the hall.

"You mustn't," he whispered. "You know—aw—aw—it would look frightfully queer if anyone heard you crying like this."

"I know," she whispered back, beginning to grow calmer. "But I just felt I had to. And besides, I wanted to see you."

She stepped back, an adorable child, more appealing, if anything, because of the tears which still beaded her eyelashes; and first reaching her handkerchief out of the pocket of her dress, she dabbed it against her eyes and then reached down into her pocket again and brought up a bracelet. It was really a beautiful bracelet, its diamonds rich with glinting fire against their platinum setting; but whether or not because of her years, Sibyl gave it to Augie as though she were glad to be rid of it.

"Here," she said, "you keep it. There was once this afternoon when I thought that awful man with the spiked mustache ——"

"Oh! Ah! Rather!" said Augie, but couldn't help giving the bracelet an admiring look. "A beauty, what?" he said. "I don't wonder at aunty being mad about losing it. But never mind, dear; you shall have one like it before long. And rings on your fingers—aw—and bells on your toes ——"

He was interrupted by a step in the hall—a step which seemed to stop outside his door.

"Sh!" breathed Augie, his finger on his lip.

"Rap-rap-rap!" sounded a knuckle on the other side of the door.

"The door's locked," breathed Augie again to the wide-eyed little figure by his side, "but I think it's only Barker with the hot water."

He dropped the bracelet into his pocket and was noiselessly rising from his chair when the rap sounded again.

"But There Was No Other Way, Dear," He Quickly Assured Her. "You See That, Don't You?"

"Who's there?" demanded Augie sharply, getting ready to tell Barker to put the jug down outside the door.

"It's me," replied the ungrammatical but dignified voice of the Marquis of Meldon.

"Just a moment, uncle."

Moving with a celerity which might have reminded you of the family motto, Augustus tiptoed to the open window, one of Sibyl's hands in his.

"I often nipped through here when I was younger," he whispered. "The ivy grows like a ladder. Think you can manage it?"

She breathlessly nodded, and after Augustus had helped her through the window she lifted her face for a kiss. It was just at this moment that the marquis turned the handle of the door and discovered it was locked.

"Open the door, Augustus!" he called in his most dignified tones, but rattling the knob for all that. "Why do you make me wait?"

"All right, uncle. Sorry. Be right there."

He was humming as he crossed the room, one of those innocent airs from Mendelssohn. Indeed, it might even be said that he unlocked the door harmoniously.

"Come in!" he cheerfully cried, and swinging one of the chairs around with a quadruple rattle of casters, he laughed with an almost goatish noise of welcome, and added, "This is—aw—aw—this is a pleasant surprise!"

■

PERHAPS you remember the venerable saying about old birds and the difficulty of catching them with a pinch of salt—you know. But however true the proverb is, the fact remains that when the Marquis of Meldon entered Augie's room, he was not only suspicious, he was openly suspicious; and paying no attention to the proffered chair, he first looked quickly around him and then brought his glance to bear upon his nephew.

"Since when, may I ask, have you been in the habit of locking your door, sir?" he began.

Augie batted that one easily.

"Since aunty's bracelet was stolen," he replied. "I have a few little things, you know—not many—but I'd hate to lose them while I was in the other room."

The mind of the marquis might have been upon this other room. At any rate he was looking attentively at the door with the Tudor arch which led to it, and not only looking attentively but apparently listening intently too.

"What is it, uncle?" asked Augustus politely. "You think—aw—aw—you hear a throstle singing?"

The marquis gave him one of his looks—that look which always said "You fool!" But then a craftier look passed over his face.

"I wonder if it is a throstle," said he. "Perhaps I can hear it better from the other room."

And striding to the door beneath the arch, he marched in; but came out a few moments later, looking none too pleased with himself.

"Or it might have been—aw—aw—a cuckoo," said Augie earnestly. "Roper says they are very plentiful this year."

At that the marquis sat down at last and stared at his nephew again.

"Augustus," he began in his most solemn manner, "as I came along the hall a minute ago, I could have sworn that I heard you talking to someone in a guarded voice. And your door being locked, you know, the way it was—I don't like it at all."

Augie's laugh can only be described as being indulgent.

"Oh-ho!" Said the Duchess. "So This is the Girl!"

"Of course you don't mean to say you thought there was someone in here!" he protested.

"Let us not pursue the subject further," said the marquis coldly. Whereupon, still pursuing it, he added, "I have always told you that your great-grandfather's influence is very strong in you, Augustus; that same influence which—it is common knowledge—has kept me out of the cabinet these many years; an influence, however, which, I am pleased to believe, is now rapidly falling from public memory. And I have always told you as well that never as long as I live will I allow the breath of scandal to—ah—ah—to breathe against Meldon Towers. You will remember that, sir?"

As if Augustus could forget it, when he had had it dinned into his ears ever since he could remember anything—ever since his resemblance to his great-grandfather had first become apparent to an anxious family.

The marquis' eye chanced to fall on the envelope then—the one addressed to the Editor of the Evening Chat, the housemaid's favorite gossip sheet, with its famous page On Dit.

This envelope, you may remember, had been turned upside down; but even so, it served the marquis as a text for what he had really come to say.

"I see you have been writing ——" he began, nodding toward the envelope.

"Oh! Ah! Yes!"

"Not to any young lady, I hope?" Augie's virtuous look, at this, was a pretty thing to see. "I did not ask in any spirit of idle curiosity," said the marquis, the parliamentary mantle falling over his shoulders, "nor in order to elicit any particular reply. My query in fact was only inspired by the very natural interest which I feel in your courtship of Nellie Bedford."

Augie's precious look suddenly left him.

"But, uncle," he protested almost wildly, "I'm not—aw—aw—what I mean is, I'm not courting Nellie Bedford."

"Don't contradict me, sir!" sternly responded the marquis. "I tell you, you are! You are together constantly! In fact, since she has been here I have seldom seen you anywhere without her, even to that—ah—ah—that abbreviated piano bench in the drawing-room."

"But dash it ——" began poor Augie, protesting; but there, you see, he had to stop, for no matter what hereditary influences have shaped him, no gentleman may ever say that instead of pursuing a lady, it is she in fact who is thundering at his heels.

"And let me tell you this, sir," continued the marquis, as sternly as before. "So far as I myself am concerned, I regard it as a very desirable match. Of course her family's a bit weak, but there's plenty of money there, and with what you'll have from me some day ——"

"But look here, you know," began poor Augie again, "the curate's sweet on her."

"He'd better not let me see it," said the old boy fiercely, "or I'll forbid him the house! . . . Yes, my boy, a very desirable match," he continued, as though that finished the curate. "She's a splendid girl—really a splendid girl—with good looks, good manners, good common sense. And you—well, you have family behind you, and that's getting rare these days."

Having thus briefly summarized the advantages of his nephew, he arose.

"I suppose you know she is leaving next week, as soon as the races are over?" he asked.

"Yes," said Augie, a gleam of hope in his eyes.

Perhaps the marquis saw it too; for almost immediately he became the stag rampant—*Viris et Celeritate*, you may recall.

"Yes!" said he. "And now let me speak more plainly. Before she leaves I expect you both to come to me and tell me of your engagement. With her strength of mind and strength of character behind you, I shall be satisfied to consider you my heir. But if she goes away from here without your having come to the point with her, then let me tell you this, sir, and in no uncertain words: Not one penny will you ever get from me—not one square inch of land!"

He left at that—bristling, inflexible and quite enjoying himself, if the truth be told; and when he opened the door he opened it so briskly that he nearly knocked over Barker—Barker, who had just come up with the hot water, and of course hadn't heard a single thing that had been going on inside!

x

FOLLOWING Captain Pierce's advice, the marquis put a guarded ad in the Agony Column of the Times:

"Nearly drowned. Girl washed ashore, South Coast. Now suffering amnesia. Age about 12–14. Weight 7 st. Height 4–11. Attractive features, golden hair, slight lisp. Any information leading to identity will be gladly received, by letter only. Address V. E. C., Care Messrs. Struthers, Allcorn & Struthers, 16b, Little Temple Lane, London."

"V. E. C.," you understand, signifying *Viris et Celeritate*, and Messrs. Struthers, Allcorn & Struthers being the marquis' London solicitors.

The first two days there were no answers—indeed, there wasn't time; but how the servants' hall at Meldon Towers buzzed with excited speculation! It had been cook who had spotted the ad, and every morning when the chauffeur came in with the mail, even the gardener's boy—yes, even the kitchen girl—knew before the marquis that no letter had yet arrived from Little Temple Lane. Only Mrs. Wilkens, the housekeeper, seemed to remain calm. Perhaps now and then she breathed rather grimly to herself, and once she was heard to snort beneath her breath, "Old fool!" But, as everyone knows, housekeepers have to keep their dignity, and it wouldn't have paid any of those around her to ask her what she meant.

But on the third afternoon, when the chauffeur brought the second mail from town, there was a long fat envelope from Messrs. Struthers, Allcorn & Struthers. And you know the way a set of baseball fielders draw in toward the diamond when they expect a bunt? Well, that's how the gardeners and the stablemen and the garage boy and the upstairs girls and the downstairs girls and the first laundress and the second laundress all drew in toward the kitchen of Meldon Towers when Wilkens went upstairs with the letters and presented them to the marquis with a bow.

Though the marquis was in the drawing-room, having his afternoon game of chess with Colonel Baylison, he was really watching Sibyl more than he was watching the board. And, indeed, she was worth it! Augie had been teaching her to sing—an old song which she had picked up surprisingly quickly:

Do not trust him, gentle lady,
Though his voice be low and sweet;
Heed him not who kneels before you,
Gently pleading at your feet.

And when she had finished the song, Augie gently continuing the accompaniment, Sibyl had started dancing—slow, graceful little steps, at once coquettish and shy—which had first made everybody stare and had then caused them to go quiet, afraid to speak for fear the child would stop. The Honorable Nellie was on the piano bench with Augustus, and even she murmured "Well!" in begrudged admiration.

"Where did you learn that, Sibyl?" asked the marquis when she stopped at last, evidently embarrassed because they were watching her.

"I don't know," she said, with the look, half wistful, half blank, which nearly always fell upon her when she was questioned about the past. And then in a brighter manner, "Perhaps I never learned it. Somehow—I don't know—it just seemed to come."

"The child has talent," said the marquis, speaking to the colonel in a proud monotone. "If no one turns up to claim her I shall develop it, of course. A good school, you know, for a few years, and she—ah—ah—she'd be a daughter that anyone might be proud of."

"She hasn't remembered anything yet?" creaked the colonel.

"Not a thing. Of course she hasn't been here long yet, and when Brailes returns he may be able to help her. But as short a time as she has been here, the Towers wouldn't seem the same without her. Queer, you know, the way she seemed to be sent here. One might almost think that the hand of Providence was in it."

It was then that Wilkens appeared with the afternoon mail and presented it to the marquis with a bow.

"Oh, yes," said the marquis, pinching his eyeglasses over his aristocratic old nose. "You will pardon me, colonel?"

It didn't take him long to come to the envelope from Little Temple Lane—the long, fat envelope which evidently inclosed smaller letters.

"Hello!" he exclaimed beneath his breath, ruefully enough. "What have we here?"

There were three letters in the envelope, each addressed V. E. C., % Messrs. Struthers, Allcorn & Struthers. When the marquis saw them he made a slight hissing sound and opened the first as if he didn't like it.

(Continued on Page 121)

"Good-by." There Was Just the Least Pause, and Then a Faintly Delivered But Unmistakable "My Dear." At That the Marquis Coughed "Ha-Hum! Ha-Hum!"

THE FIFTH ESTATE

THIRTY YEARS OF GOLF

By Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell

Walter Hagen and Bobby Jones at the Tenth Hole During the First Day of the 1925 Open Championship on the Links of the Worcester Country Club, Worcester, Massachusetts

GOLF offers a rather curious parallel to life itself. In our rounds of the links we encounter nearly all the little odds and ends of human emotion we find in our round of existence. We have codified the principles which tend to make our time on earth brighter and more fruitful hard work, self-restraint, patience, courage, determination, perseverance and the three graces, faith, hope and charity. They are the same in golf. From the first tee to the final green they are ever present. At least one of them hovers over every shot. Upon the extent of their application depends the amount of sunshine or shadow which flits across our paths on the golf course, the same as depends the measure of joy or gloom we find in living.

Breadth of character is readily measured under the microscope of golf influence. The good and bad qualities in our make-up are exposed to view under the spell which golf casts over man, causing him to act by the rule of impulse instead of the dictates of training. A golfer at play is the most preoccupied person on earth. He is so engrossed in one thing or another, in the execution of a difficult shot, in the exultant joy of a round well played or in the perverseness of fate in handling him so roughly, that he forgets to preserve the official mask and even forgets that he has forgotten to preserve it.

In Wall Street was a financier famous for his austerity. A man of iron, his colleagues called him; a martinet, said the underofficials of the organizations over which he ruled, while the rank and file of workers contented themselves with tabbing him as a mean old devil. Before the underlings he never cracked a smile, told a joke or showed the slightest emotion. His dignity was so profound it was poetic. He was never known to have glanced in the direction of clerks in his employ. He didn't even know they were there.

The Melting of Old Stone-Face

ONE day it chanced that this financier played a round of golf over his favorite links as a member of a foursome, his companions being two old cronies and a son of one of these. The financier was the worst player of the four, the young man the best, and to make the match even they paired against the two others.

It was a close match, with fifty cents at stake on each hole. On the sixteenth green the young man ran down a nice putt, making them one up, and the financier fairly howled in glee.

"Now we've got the old steam roller working, partner!" he exclaimed, walking on thin air as they trudged toward the next tee. "Right down the alley now, partner; we'll get their shirts before we finish with them." At which stage of the shirt-getting process, please remember, this man who dabbled in millions was exactly fifty cents to the good.

His young partner did as the exuberant financier advised—placed his drive down the alley long and straight. Whereupon the financier stepped up to his own ball, swung at it and saw it slice neatly out of bounds. He groaned. And when the next and next attempts to get his ball away from the tee met with a similar fate, he did an improvised dance more vigorous than the Charleston and let loose a picturesque flow of expletives such as only the foozling golfer or the man who smashes his thumb with a hammer can voice.

At the eighteenth tee they were all square. On his second shot for the home hole the financier, still disgruntled, did one of those things which the crabbing player seldom can do. He laid his approach shot within two feet of the cup and then sank his putt for a winning 4. And thereupon he went to the other extreme of emotion. He broke out all over in a fresh rash of exuberance and was merciless in riding his two old cronies in their downfall.

"Whenever you have a little time to spare we'll be glad to show you how to play this game, won't we, partner?" he chuckled. "This is really quite a hard game to learn; it takes science and all that. But we'll be glad to give you instructions any time you ask, won't we, partner?"

A few days later the financier was back in his office, again arrayed in his impenetrable armor of dignity. A clerk, summoned to his office on an important errand, stood at his desk listening to instructions. The financier spoke in an even, severe tone, without deigning to look at the automaton which was to obey his command.

"And be sure that my instructions are carried out to the letter; it is most important that no mistake be made," rasped the financier.

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk; "I'll be extremely careful not to foozle."

At the unexpected sound of that familiar word the financier was taken off his guard long enough to look up. Standing before him he beheld the young man who had been his partner in the close foursome at his favorite club.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "How did you get here?"

"I was instructed to report at your office, sir." The young man's countenance betrayed no sign of recognition.

"You mean you work here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Oh—oh—oh!" The ejaculations of the older man were almost a sob. Before him flashed the vision of his tee shots sliced out of bounds, of his war dance and the other undignified antics of which he had been guilty in the presence of a clerk from his own office. Horrors! His dignity would surely suffer if the other underlings knew of this.

"I hope you didn't—did you happen to mention—I was wondering whether you've spoken to anyone here in the office about our golf game?" he managed to inquire.

"No, sir; I didn't mention anything about the game." With that the young man started toward the door, hesitated and then retraced his steps. "I want to correct what I just told you," he said. "I didn't mention anything about the golf game, but I did say to a few of the boys in the office that you're a regular fellow in spite of what anybody might think—and that I knew it."

It is recorded that the financier spent a great deal of time thinking over this honest comment, and found his business life far happier when he let down some of the old reserve and became more human. I doubt whether it is displeasing to any man's vanity to have it known that down deep he is a regular fellow.

Golf as a Dress Rehearsal for Life

OF THE various human factors which make our rounds of the golf course so strikingly similar to our round of life, none impresses itself upon the golfer more completely than does the story of perseverance. We all know what perseverance will do in the way of bringing material success; at least, we all ought to know that. The object lessons the golfer gets regarding perseverance are before him nearly every trip he makes around the links. If he takes them to heart they cannot but help him in the problems he has to face that are sterner than trying to beat Colonel Bogey.

I believe the majority of golfers do profit from these lessons; it is inconceivable that they do not linger in the player's mind and serve a useful purpose.

It is a peculiar twist of Nature that perseverance becomes irksome when we realize that it is essential to success, and that it is not necessarily so if we can close our imagination to this phase of it. In fact, it may be open to debate whether those who persevere without knowing that they are persevering do actually persevere. If that sounds a bit confused, let's put it another way. If the man who goes in for golf or tennis or baseball or some other activity primarily a diversion, and perfects his skill through keeping everlastingly at it, is the success he gains subsequently to be placed at the door of perseverance? Or should it be attributed more to profound interest? My own thought is that perseverance is perseverance, no matter whether the inspiration is interest or determination. It is merely a

blessing if our temperament is such that we are able to blind ourselves to the drudgery which usually goes with indomitable persistence and hard application.

I have seen some superb illustrations of the fruits of perseverance on the golf links. One of the most wonderful to me I have already mentioned briefly—that of Bobby Jones, the present champion, who not only ascended to the topmost rung through endless practice, but persevered in curbing a temper which might have barred his way to the crest if not checked. Early in the war Bobby and I played as partners in a foursome match in Canada for the benefit of the American Red Cross. Our opponents were two leading Canadian golfers.

On the first green Bobby missed a small putt and became so enraged that he hurled his club far over the heads of the crowd into a cluster of trees and stubble bordering the course. Bobby was quite a youngster at the time, and his irascibility was charged entirely to his youth. The Canadian gallery laughed good-naturedly at this outburst and joined in the search for the putter, which had disappeared in the woods. It took us some minutes to find it, and by that time Bobby had regained his composure.

When Golf Became a Water Sport

PEOPLE said Bobby would get over doing things of that kind as soon as he was a little older. But he didn't. When he went to England some time later to compete in the British championship he did exactly the same thing he had done in Canada – threw a club away after failing to make a shot.

It was not a simple matter with Bobby Jones to master this trait. He overcame it through one medium only—perseverance. Friends told him that it was his single golfing fault. Yet they didn't have to tell him. He knew it. He fought the battle entirely by himself—and won. And, in passing, I rise to say that this is one of the finest examples of perseverance that have ever come to my attention. To overcome a physical fault is nothing compared with the mastery of a mental one. Patience alone will correct imperfect technic. But the other brings into action all the elements I have mentioned previously—hard work, self-restraint, courage, determination, and even the triplets, faith, hope and charity.

The persistence of the golfer is often a classic. When I see him whaling away at a ball imprisoned in its death trap it reminds me somehow of Casabianca, who "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled." The bunkered golfer is the incarnation of determination. Like Casabianca, he clings to his foundering craft long after less courageous souls would have fled in despair. The currents of the universe move on in orderly fashion, but he stands unflinching at his post, a martyr to a duty which must be done before he will allow himself to be carried by the tide. His mind is set; he will not be conquered by an obstreperous golf ball. He may rail or sing or weep or laugh, but the one thing he will not do is admit that any golf ball has him beaten.

I offer a few shining illustrations to prove that the golfer is the embodiment of perseverance in his determination that no such insignificant and inanimate thing as a golf ball shall triumph over him. There is the case of Willie Chisholm, a native Scotchman, who joined the ranks of professionals in this country. In the Open Championship of 1919, played on the links of the Braeburn Country Club, West Newton, Massachusetts, Chisholm teed off at a 200-yard hole and found the ball resting on a rock, so wedged that the lie was all but unplayable. Yet the ball could be played, and he determined to try to remove it from its rocky lair.

Using a niblick, Chisholm swung at the ball and was rewarded by chipping a piece of the stone away, while the ball itself remained stationary. On his eighth attempt to dislodge it the ball gave the first evidence of any desire to be on its way. It fluttered ever so slightly, as though returning to consciousness from a sound sleep. On the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth assault it began to get into action: on the fifteenth it moved to a better lie: on the sixteenth it left its moorings and on the eighteenth it dropped into the cup. Eighteen vital strokes on a par-three hole—a run of misfortune which could not possibly be overcome in this competition where every stroke counted. Yet Chisholm came up smiling.

"Well, one thing's certain," he soliloquized. "It will be many a long day before any player in the open championship beats my record for one hole."

If a story which comes out of Pennsylvania is not entirely legendary, the prize for golfing persistence goes to a woman. In a tournament at Shawnee it happened, the story goes, that the size of the field in the qualifying round was exactly the same as the number privileged to enter match competition. Since this meant that every entrant was bound to find a place in the competition, the medal play was a qualifying round in name only and its sole utility was to decide who would win the prizes for the best scores.

From the tee of the Binnekill Water Hole the woman underplayed her drive and the ball dropped into a stream lying between her and the green. She had the alternative of accepting the stroke penalty for this misplay and driving another ball, but she waved it aside and decided to go after the original ball, which was then floating downstream. Her husband, who was following her around the course, went along to help. They stepped into a rowboat and headed toward the ball as it lazily drifted on its course farther and farther away from the objective point.

Leaning over the side of the rowboat, the persistent woman golfer slashed at the ball time and again with a niblick, while she and her husband kept count of the strokes, and while he ducked away from the shower of water which splashed from the stream with each swing. Meanwhile they were drifting in the current. They were nearly a mile and a half away from the tee when she at last managed to connect cleanly with the ball and send it out of the water. It was a good stroke, even better than what was required at that point. Under the impact the ball hopped over the bank of the stream and landed in a dense thicket.

Perseverance at the Thirteenth Hole

NOTHING that might have happened would have daunted the woman at this stage of her battle with the elusive sphere. She tracked the ball down to its hiding place in the brush, pounded it out to a clearing and proceeded to play it back to the green. She reached the end of her journey eventually and triumphantly, holing out in exactly 166 strokes, the greatest number on record for a single hole. But she had not only paved the way for qualifying, but had done something far more pleasing to her fighting spirit. She had mastered the golf ball and not been mastered by it. The club officials thought so well of her perseverance that they awarded her a special prize.

I do not vouch for the entire truthfulness of this story, since it goes back to 1912 and may have grown in the retelling. It is true, however, something of the kind did happen. The tournament in question was won by Mrs. Caleb Fox, one of the real pioneers in the activity of women on the golf course.

If I may be pardoned for citing an experience of my own in connection with the value of keeping everlastingly at it, I wish to refer to it as demonstrating that when perseverance is combined with concentration the effect is sometimes startling. The incident I have in mind occurred in a match I was playing with Oswald Kirkby, at Baltusrol, in the final of the New Jersey State Championship. Kirkby, a member of the Englewood Country Club, was then at the crest of his form, which meant that he was one of the foremost golfers in the country. On the list of Metropolitan Championship winners you will find his name three times, while the Jersey title also has thrice befallen him.

That final round with the Englewood star, one of my good friends, was a whiz-bang affair from the outset. Neither one of us would give in an inch. We reached the thirteenth hole in the afternoon with the score all even, as I recall it. The slightest miscue on the part of either at this stage of the journey would in all likelihood bring about a break in the game for one or the other.

To avoid trouble at the 220-yard thirteenth hole at Englewood it was necessary that the drive carry a foreboding-looking ditch lying about 160 yards from the tee. Kirkby got away one of his usual long and straight drives and sent the ball sailing to the edge of the green, nearly hole high. I had been hitting them

Jerome Travers, Oswald Kirkby, Francis Ouimet and Jesse Guilford Before the War-Relief Golf Match at the Mohawk Golf Club, Schenectady, New York, September, 1917

(Continued on Page 193)

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 6, 1926

Legalize It or Abolish It

THE states should decide whether we shall abolish some of our extralegal methods of obtaining convictions in criminal cases or whether we shall so amend the Constitution of the United States as to legalize them. Not to put too fine a point on it, our police departments and our central-office detectives still continue by extralegal methods to extract damaging admissions and even signed confessions, not only from persons held on criminal charges but from mere suspects who have been arrested without a warrant.

The nature, extent and frequency of the employment of these methods cannot be fully known. Whatever story the victim tells, there is no corroborative evidence he can bring. The secrecy and the unofficial character of the doings which went on in the back room at police headquarters always make it difficult and usually impossible for these victims of extralegal practices to get a hearing before the Supreme Court of the United States on points of constitutional law.

Federal courts rule out the prosecution's evidence when it is shown that it was unlawfully obtained. State courts are often less scrupulous in this regard and it is therefore possible, in fact if not at law, to compel defendants to give testimony against themselves and to try them in secret before unofficial inquisitors without judge, jury or the presence of counsel, in clear defiance of the Constitution of the United States. When the defendant is haled into court and is there put upon his trial, he may not plead double jeopardy. His secret examination at police headquarters may, in effect, have been his first trial, but he is not allowed so to plead.

The police, many prosecutors and some judges defend the practice of the so-called third degree on the ground that it is often the only means whereby they can secure convictions. Possibly they are right; but if they cannot make their practices conformable to the Constitution of the United States, they should, by all that is just, use every effort to accommodate the Constitution to the practices they regard as essential. Without attempting to impeach the expert testimony of police officials as to the necessity for the third degree, or the severe grilling, as the newspapers now term it, there can be no impropriety in reminding them that a celebrated Anglo-Indian jurist, discussing the employment of certain practices in India, dryly observed that it is easier to rub pepper in a man's eyes than it is to go out in the sun and gather evidence against him.

In France an accused person is rigorously questioned by the *juge d'instruction*, or examining judge, a responsible and duly qualified official. The defendant is entitled to have counsel present to advise him of his rights.

Contrast this orderly procedure with what is virtually a secret trial, in a locked room, conducted by relays of inquisitors, unembarrassed by the presence of the suspect's friends or counsel, who might safeguard his rights or bear witness to the means by which his admissions are wrung from him.

The third degree, in its mildest form, consists of somewhat prolonged interrogation. Suavity or ferocity may be its characteristic note. The inquisitions to which attention is directed are conducted by relays of detectives, oftentimes masked, who shut themselves up with the prisoner, unsupported by the presence of counsel, and cross-question him steadily for twelve, twenty-four or even thirty-six hours, employing every art and artifice known to headquarters to make him admit his guilt or give damaging testimony against himself. Where there is much smoke there is usually at least a little fire; and not all the stories of kicking, pummeling and beating, not all the tales of the power of lengths of rubber hose pipe in the hands of burly detectives to make a man break down and confess anything he is told to confess can be utterly false and baseless.

Such is the treatment which has many times been accorded to free-born American citizens who were still, in the eyes of the law, innocent men. The Constitution of the United States provides that accused persons shall not be required to testify against themselves. It will be urged that these extreme measures, these outrageous perversions of justice, are not often resorted to. The disgrace is that they should ever take place without occasioning such a burst of popular indignation as to require a thorough sifting of the whole matter and a definite alignment of those who favor unconstitutional methods as opposed to those who do not. As a matter of experience, we know that such outbursts do not occur. The public does not concern itself with these unofficial invasions of constitutional rights. A large body of public sentiment is behind the police. "Raw work, but they had to do it" is the popular verdict which sustains the men at the central office.

It is not that the public lacks sentiment or is devoid of fellow feeling. Every spectacular murder trial proves the contrary. There is sentiment to spare; sentimentality galore, tears, hysterics *ad nauseam;* but most of this emotionalism is lavished on the comely young murderess or the dashing boy bandit. There is not nearly so much sober thought as there should be of the sanctity of those principles of self-government which are set forth in the Constitution of the United States.

International Plain Speaking

THE most complacent and self-satisfied among us must be dimly and vaguely conscious by now that Europeans do not spend their entire time in singing the praises of the United States. We are not precisely at the apex of popularity in other countries. In the perverted but grandiloquent thought and language of Russia's communist leaders, we are trying to enslave the rest of the world to our capitalism. Leaders and publicists in other European countries do not conjure up quite such dire hobgoblins as do the Russian communists, but they do see in us a nation of Shylocks and money grubbers.

Patient and long-suffering must be the search for international comity, understanding and peace. We can afford to pass unheeded a natural measure of envy. Much can be forgiven on the score of nerves. When a friend suffers from ill health, his criminations should not be scrutinized too closely. Europe has endured many wounds, which, though not of our making, hurt none the less. During her long convalescence it would be unseemly for us to boast too openly of our health and strength.

But a decent respect for the opinions of mankind does not require a distortion of facts. If a historian set out deliberately to falsify the century and a half of our existence he could do no better than to ascribe our present position primarily to the profiteering episodes and accidents of the late war. We have reached summits of well-being largely because of deliberately chosen policies which were fashioned long before the European conflict, and which arose out of the very nature of American ideals and aspirations.

For fear we take some little credit to ourselves, the objection is often raised that natural resources have made the United States what it is. But the far vaster stretches of Russia and of Latin-America—Mexico, Central America and South America—are endowed in the same way. Africa and parts of Asia abound in natural wealth undeveloped solely because of human backwardness.

No, the truth is that this country was fast on its way to economic primacy before the war. Such an achievement lay in the essential nature of American institutions. Even today, after the holocaust of the war, and with seething social change almost at the point of revolution, those who are gentle born in European countries are forced in many instances to come to this country in order to earn a decent living without losing caste.

In England and other European lands of aristocratic traditions business, or trade, has been despised. The oldest son inherited the estate in England, and younger sons were artificially forced into a few restricted professions or careers, although their real bent might have been the running of delicatessen stores. Our young men go into business, and always have, at least since commerce and industry began to bulk large in the national life, which is since the Civil War. No such proportion of the most intelligent youth of Europe have devoted themselves to strengthening the economic structures of their native lands.

There is something singularly childish in foreign envy and criticism of American well-being. How can others expect to rival us in producing wealth when their social institutions are so organized that the chief occupation by which wealth is expanded is subject to disdain?

In slight but significant ways we have from early days parted with the little servilities of Europe. We are heartily ashamed even of the remnants of the tipping system that remain here. But this is a mere incident alongside of European customs, and by comparison scarcely exists, if we think of the rake-off so typical of China.

Begging has never been a profession with us, as in other lands. Retail prices were long ago put on a fixed basis here, although in many other countries buyer and seller still haggle, whatever their social station may be, like a couple of thieves who have fallen out. These are small matters, but straws show the way the wind blows. Wealth and prosperity find it hard to grow in the rocky soil of servility and small meannesses.

There are admirable features which we might copy in European family life, such as respect and discipline. But there is much in the position of women in numbers of these countries which helps to account for their slow material advancement. The relatively self-respecting, upstanding place which the female half of our population holds is no mean factor in bringing to fruitage the distinctively American type of well-being.

In this ill-mixed nation, still new and crude, there is indeed much to learn from other peoples. Our manners are very bad; our artistic standards need improvement. We are impatient and awkward. In refinements of governmental administration and in the perfection of state and municipal endeavors we are often lamentably backward. Witness our relative inability to control the criminal element. But when it comes to widespread well-being and equal opportunity, Europe surely has no just cause to complain. This country was founded on a basis certain to produce these very results. It was the antithesis of class distinctions, servility and the absurd outworn idea that a gentleman must not soil his hands with trade. If the young men of a country are trained to regard war as a noble profession and honest work as base, war is bound to come. Dragons' teeth have never grown any crop but one. Sound social institutions and high ideals produce corresponding results.

THE PROPHETS OF BUSINESS

By Chester T. Crowell

NOW that fellow," said the assistant to the president, "knows all about electric flatirons." We were walking through the corridor of an office building and he had indicated a half-open door. I glanced in to observe a young man whose appearance was in no way remarkable.

"Well," I commented, "assuming that he does know all about electric flatirons, what of it? What good does it do? I'm looking at him from the point of view of a man whose wife probably owns one or more electric flatirons, so, in a way, I have paid a few cents of his salary. Was there anything in it for me?"

"Certainly," was the prompt reply. "Otherwise he wouldn't be here."

"All right," I said, "the issue is now joined, as the lawyers say. You have a man in there who spends his life predicting next year's sales of electric flatirons. He draws various funny-looking charts and goes through a solemn ceremony known as plotting curves. In due time these charts and graphs and curves find their way to the desk of some chief executive who probably takes great delight in them. Doubtless they are housed in beautiful steel filing cabinets. But where do I come in?"

"That is precisely the question I wanted you to ask," said the assistant to the president. "The answer is that this man's work makes your electric flatiron cheaper."

"How?"

"Well, it costs money to sell flatirons, and the buyers have to pay that cost. By studying our sales very carefully we can determine who buys flatirons and who doesn't. There are hundreds of thousands of people who don't offer us one per cent of prospects. On the other hand, there are millions of people who will probably buy electric flatirons just as soon as we succeed in calling the matter to their attention. They need flatirons and have the money to buy them. Selling costs where such people are concerned drop very low. When you bought your flatiron you paid your share of the unsuccessful solicitations made in that territory. With the aid of this man's work we have materially reduced the number of unsuccessful solicitations, and to that extent your flatiron cost less money. But you have here only one phase of the value of his work. He not only tells us where we shall find our best markets but he indicates the amount of business we are going to get during the coming twelve months. With these estimates as a basis, we can plan our production much more economically than would be the case if we were proceeding blindly. We can even make contracts for raw materials four or five years ahead."

"That's clear enough," I said, "if we assume that his estimates are remarkably accurate. Are they?"

The assistant to the president smiled. Then he reached into his vest pocket and produced a dime.

"Will you cover that with one penny?" he asked. I covered it. "Now," he said, "I'm going in there and get a figure, an estimate for 1925 sales in some city, whichever one comes handiest. I'm betting you ten to one that his estimate will not be more than 10 per cent off. These figures are confidential, so we'll just have a look and then seal the notation." We did so. The envelope was opened early last December. Our estimating friend had missed the Buffalo, New York, sales by 3.46 per cent.

"That," said the assistant to the president, "is about the worst he has done for a long time. There is quite a little shake-up just now in the basic factors governing such estimates; business has been good for a long time and new buyers are coming into the market for all sorts of products, especially electrical equipment for home use. You will find that several other industries are revising their estimates, too. He usually comes closer than three point forty-six."

"Well," I commented, "I don't believe I'd fire him. His work strikes me as considerably better than rotten."

(Continued on Page 111)

RED HOT MAMA

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Trinity Trail

OH, SILENT things and singing things!
And little winds that blow
Along the high-walled Trinity
Down which the seasons go!
They lightly touch the feathered green
A moment over me,
Then whisper down the canyon walls
And vanish in the sea.
Where have they gone, the little winds
That vanish in the sea?

All in and out and in and out,
I thread the winding way
Along the singing Trinity,
And wonder, Who were they,
Those men ten thousand years ago
Who trod the trail like me,
Then joined the little winds that passed
And vanished in the sea?
Where are they, those forgotten men
Who vanished in the sea?

Oh, silent things and singing things!
Ten thousand years, and then
Someone will walk the trail and say,
"What manner of old men
Were they, ten thousand years ago
Who trod the trail like me,
Then joined the little winds that passed
And vanished in the sea?
Where have they gone, those old, old men
Who vanished in the sea?"

—*Lowell Otus Reese.*

Transition

A SAUCER of tacks on the mantel,
A clutter of trash on the stair;
Furniture swathed in burlap,
And excelsior everywhere.
A lung full of dust and ashes;
Bare floors and a bygone smell;
Some of us call it moving,
And others call it hell.

A peck of Victorian gadgets;
Dry lunch on a borrowed plate;
A hamper of Grandma's china;
A van over three hours late.
A prayer for the new apartment;
A sigh for the dear old shell;
Some of us call it moving,
And others call it hell.

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

Piserty (Judicially): "Ya May Have Been a Bit Rough With Her, Young Feller; But Still and All, a Man Has Got to be Master in His Own House!"

The Reasons

WHY A VISITOR FROM THE COUNTRY CAN'T SLEEP IN THE CITY AND WHY A VISITOR FROM THE CITY CAN'T SLEEP IN THE COUNTRY

Automobile horns all night
Street cars
Rattle of milk bottles
Fire-engine sirens
That cramped feeling
Windows too high from the ground
Not enough fresh air
Noise of people going to bed

Bullfrogs ditto
Crickets
Mooing of cows
Roosters
That lonesome feeling
Windows too low
Too much fresh air
Noise of people getting up

—FAIRFAX DOWNEY.

Forest Primeval

(Apologies to Longfellow)

"THIS is the forest primeval,
And under its spreading branches"
Comes the camper scattering burning
Fagots and fags and matches.
Result: Charcoal.

"Under its spreading branches"
Comes the jolly camper or tourist.
He is the forest's prime evil
—*Samuel M. Sargent, Jr.*

Florimel and His Flivver

"TUNE in, kiddies," said grandma as she made herself comfortable in front of the gas grate, "and I will regale you with the marvelous episode of the boy wizard, the enchanted maiden and the magic flivver."

"That's the bunk," muttered little Pete, but no one paid any attention to him.

"Many years ago," went on grandma, "Florimel S. Hamilton returned to his home town in a Far Western state after having been out in the world seeking his fortune. His arrival was a great event, for he had become a wizard with magic powers and had learned how to make everything he touched turn into gold."

"Gee! What a whopper, grandma," put in Sally Ann.

"Not at all, not at all. Florimel had subscribed to a guide-for-investors service, and with the tips and advice he received he had made a total and complete clean-up in stocks and bonds. He couldn't lose. Knowing just what was going on, he made a large net profit in every deal. He kept this up until he had all the money he could possibly use, and then he quit. The papers soon observed his success and dubbed him the Boy Wizard of Wall Street.

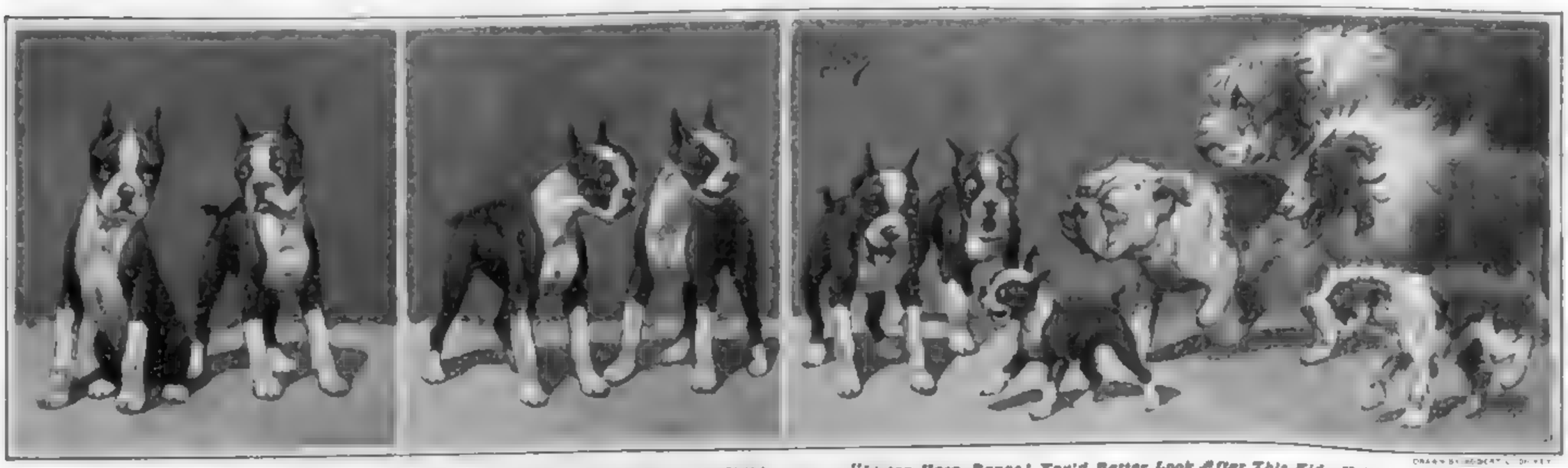
"Florimel reached home at a very opportune moment. Floretta Smith, daughter of the local potato king, and generally referred to as the potato princess, since she was the sole heir to his enormous fortune, was to be married at that very hour to Desmond W. Bollingsworth. Floretta had promised to wait for Florimel, but Desmond, who was a wicked magician, had cast an evil spell over her and had her in his power."

"No, he never!" stated Pete, with a trifle more finality than necessary when addressing one's grandmother.

"Yes, but he did. Desmond had taken a postgraduate course in a famous school of personality; he had mastered

(Continued on Page 138)

Mr. and Mrs. Beans



"Beans Dear—I Feel So Worried About Our Sweet Little Buster Starting Out on His Own

"Life is So Cruel to the Young. The Child is So Gentle He Might Have Been a Girl—Dear Me! What's All This?"

"Listen Here, Bennie! You'd Better Look After This Kid. He's Just Licked My Two Boys and What He Has Done to Me and the Neighbors, When We Tried to Bring Him Home, You Can See for Yourself"

Tomato Soup!

The flavor that only Campbell's can produce!

Served piping hot, every delicious spoonful tempts and refreshes you! Every taste tells your appetite that this is a tomato soup only master chefs could blend!

Back of it are years and years of successful experience in soup making. It is prepared from the finest tomatoes, golden country butter, fresh herbs and dainty seasoning—in the greatest soup kitchens in the world. The recipe is Campbell's exclusively!

No wonder it's such a universal favorite! No wonder people enjoy it so much and serve it so often!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Fighting the Black Plague of Trade

By Boyden Sparkes

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN night is gone the street arc lights of New York are turned off on a schedule so closely figured in the economy of the municipality that a jerky wave of inky darkness moves across the wide city ahead of the first rosy glimmerings of the sun rising out of the Atlantic.

For several seasons that narrow margin of blackness was a half hour wide in certain areas of the city occupied by loft buildings. This was a cause of rejoicing to the burglar gangs, for whom it was a magic cloak of invisibility. They took the fullest advantage of its protection in looting the stores of the fur trade, an industry to which that brief span of darkness could be applied most profitably.

Day after day, month after month, through successive seasons, the furriers, over their delicatessen luncheons of sour cream and vegetables or gefültefische, discussed their thin inventories taken in the wake of thieves. But wails that came from the hearts of the fur merchants rent the air when that day arrived bringing word from the insurance companies that they had decided to cancel all protection against burglars written for the fur trade.

Too often for profit, it seemed, there had been telephoned from the fur district to the insurance companies farther downtown tragic announcements such as, "It's Blank. I'm missing six hundred sables, twenty silver fox, three bales of raw squirrel, two hundred marten. Sure! A quick kick-in."

"Quick kick-in" was the phrase generally applied to the current method of the robber bands.

Putting the Fur Thieves in Storage

AS THE arc lights went out just before dawn, a mob of fur thieves, customarily six, would drive in a stolen automobile to the front of the furrier's establishment previously selected and diagramed by a spy. As the car drew up to the curbing, one gangster would leap into action from the running board, hurling an ash can or milk bottle crate or a chair through the plate-glass window. Sometimes several of them would attack the window until there were no glass shards remaining to impede their progress in and out. Within four or five minutes after that nerve-chilling crash of glass they would be gone with a load of furs worth from $10,000 to $50,000. Almost invariably they were out of sight by the time the little red automobile containing the gray-uniformed watchmen of the burglar-alarm company had arrived in response to the electric signal awakened in the substation by the breaking of the window.

While these private guardians were exploring the looted store and compiling a report on the affair, the thieves would be on their way home to the East or West Side, having stowed their plunder in a drop-off—a storage room of their own close to the scene of their robbery.

These quick kick-ins were accomplished with the precise movements of a varsity football team engaged in a practice game with the freshman scrubs. Again and again the rogues performed these early morning exercises without being caught. Once the red patrol arrived with more than usual promptness and there was a bloodless exchange of pistol shots; but, quite as usual, the thieves were driven away in their more powerful car by their more reckless chauffeur to hide their stolen furs. The police department was embarrassed, but seemingly quite unable to cope with this situation.

Then a new element was injected. Four years ago the majority of the furriers of consequence organized a police force of their own, following the example set earlier in the industrial history of the country by the railroads, by the bankers, the hotel keepers, the jewelers and, more recently, the silk industry. The furriers called their organization the Furriers' Security Alliance, and fixed as its purpose the pursuit and conviction of fur thieves and the recovery of stolen furs.

During the first two years of its existence between forty and fifty members lost huge stocks of furs annually, either to daylight holdup men or to the more businesslike crooks of the quick-kick-in school. In 1924 the members among themselves suffered fourteen such raids. During last year, 1925, the total was eight. This steady dwindling occurred during a time when every graphic chart of crime statistics was showing a steady upward curve. In 1924 thirty-two fur thieves were convicted and sent to prison for an aggregate of 210 years in sentences. As these were some of the most talented and active of the criminals preying on the fur business, the number convicted in 1925 was smaller. All this was not due to chance or to some super Sherlock Holmes, and there had to be a beginning. It would have made a good second act, second scene, for a Broadway melodrama.

The Watchman Had Been Paid $100

Fire at Will

ONE night two men armed with .45-caliber automatic pistols were admitted to the street-level establishment of a wholesale furrier in West Twenty-eighth Street. They were young fellows with good service records, working for the detective agency which at that time supplied the alliance with men-at-arms. Their instructions were tersely pungent.

"Begin shooting as soon as they get inside the window," their chief told them.

"They" in this instance were a group of burglars who were known to the heads of the furriers' alliance. For days they had been shadowed as they prepared for their raid. They had made one attempt to smash through the rear windows of the establishment and had been delayed too long for their safety. After a week they had made a second attempt. This also failed because of protective devices within the store. After that second attempt the proprietor of the establishment was informed by a detective who had gone to work in the place, ostensibly as a porter, that one of his visitors that day had been a fur merchant whose affluent circumstances were compromised by his

(Continued on Page 80)

That Country Gentleman Professed Not to Know by What Agency a Selection of Highly Prized Shins Had Got In With the Hay of His Barn Loft

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Certainty is, after all, the greatest value you can buy in a motor car; and Cadillac and certainty are not merely synonymous terms in the American mind, but synonymous *facts*.

To know positively—to be sure—that performance will be superlative every day in the calendar; that endurance and long life, and the true economy which comes from months and years of service with a minimum of cost and trouble, are yours—that is the thing you buy in the 90-degree eight-cylinder Cadillac which renders it unique among motor cars.

The overwhelming percentage of Cadillac buyers buy with precisely that assurance—needing no proofs or perfervid promises, but accepting Cadillac for what it is—the Standard of the World.

THIS WAY MADNESS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THIS cousin of mine, Doc Myers, said the man with the red mustache, when he was starting in on his medical practice some years ago, bought him a place in a new real-estate development just outside of New York City, intending to grow up with it. It was being brought out by a man who called himself Happyhome Howe, who they said had made and lost a number of small fortunes developing these home properties all over the United States. And he called this last place Happyhome Heights—playing on the word "home," as he did with all his properties - and himself, for that matter.

The Doc was looking out the front window of his new home this morning, and he saw the nuptial balloon they had used as one of their selling schemes on different properties rising up over across the new cellar holes and skeletons of new houses opposite him, waving loose and languid like a big yellow lily, where they were starting squirting the gas into her for that anniversary sale that afternoon. And the advertising letters on her were just beginning to show:

HAPPYHOME HEIGHTS
YOUR FUTURE HOME!

And the Doc gave a groan, seeing it, thinking of this real-estate dealer's daughter, Nonita Howe, and what she had said to him the night before—that she would never settle down and make a home for him or any other man, being just sick and tired of the name of home on account of the various stunts and tricks and crazy schemes she and her mother had had to wear themselves out with, putting over these home properties ever since she was born, you might say.

This selling scheme they were working with that balloon that afternoon was along that same line. They had this ad in all the principal papers that morning that ran something like this:

ARE MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN?
THEY ARE
AT HAPPYHOME HEIGHTS!

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington C. Howe, America's favorite home builders, request the pleasure of the public's presence at the

CELESTIAL MARRIAGE
OF
MISS WALDA KORAK
TO
MR. PETER WANGLE
AT AND OVER
HAPPYHOME HEIGHTS—THE HEIGHTS OF HAPPINESS
AT 2:30 P.M. TODAY

Public reception at 3 P.M. in their new home, Honeymoon House, the gift of Mr. and Mrs.—Happyhome and Ma—Howe to the bride and groom in celebration of the completion of their

10,000TH HOME

Built for and dedicated to the American people.

Free transportation. Free collation. Free distribution of home lots from

NUPTIAL BALLOON

P. S. Come early. A lot of lots allotted by lot to a lot of lucky lot-lookers!

They had worked this anniversary home-building stunt all over in their different developments, giving this deed to a house and lot to some couple that were willing to be married in a balloon, free of charge—and taking a mortgage back for practically all the place was worth; and then getting the women's curiosity up to come and see what this celestial marriage was. And Happyhome Howe in his Prince Albert wedding coat and striped trousers cutting loose and selling them right and left, after they got softened up by the wedding ceremony and reception. For he had a reputation as a livewire, and one of the biggest stunt pullers in the whole real-estate field.

Doc Myers was standing there, watching across to that nuptial balloon and thinking of Howe's daughter who had turned him down the night before, that would never make another home, not for any man; but was going abroad—to Moscow, if she could, to finish up her art, the first chance she got. He was feeling more or less blue about that and his outlook in general, as young doctors just starting do usually. And then, looking, he gave a start, surprised. For there was somebody turning into his place—a short fat man, coming up the front walk kind of slow and serious; and the Doc turned away, and started slicking up the place, thinking possibly it might be a patient. Then he went to the door.

And They All Started Back, as Far as They Could, on the Other Edge of the Balloon Basket. For He Had Drawn Out This Big Nine-Inch Sheath Knife From Under His Coat Tails

"Hello, Doc," said this short pop-eyed man, breathing hard, with a look like an anxious fish.

"Hello, Sol," said the Doc, disappointed. For he saw now it was that S. Fliederbaum that Happyhome Howe had got in as a kind of financial backer in this last development—a retired tailor. And Doc Myers had got more or less well acquainted with him at those evening get-together poker parties that the Doc had sat in on with different real-estate men in the Happyhome Heights sales office Saturday and Sunday evenings.

"What hit you?" asked Doc Myers, for he saw in a minute there was something.

But he just staggered over and flopped down in a chair in the office, saying nothing, sitting, getting his breath - and that look like a hunted fish growing all the time deeper.

"What is it?" said Doc.

He wiped off his bald head before he spoke.

"Bit! Stung!" he said finally. "By the most unscrupulous shark around New York anywheres! Doc, we're gone. Gone. Geblooey!"

"Who?"

"Happyhome Howe and me!"

"How so?"

"We've lost Happyhome Heights!" he said, waving his hand with a fat man's short-arm gesture, like a fin.

"How?" said the Doc, watching close. For he could never get used to these men and the schemes they were all the time springing on the public and each other.

"Happyhome's gone and traded it for a cemetery."

"A cemetery!" said Doc Myers, almost jumping into the air.

This Fliederbaum just bowed, and wiped the top of his bald head once more.

"How? Who?"

"You know that Cemetery Ed?"

"Sure," said Doc Myers. For he remembered him, where he'd met him at the poker parties—a short, fat, dressy man, with a face like a boy choir singer, who specialized on cemeteries and cemetery lots, and played a wicked game of poker.

"That's him. That's the one. That shark! He bit him good—for all he's got—and me with him! He got Happyhome drunk first, y'understand. Lit up—good! And, talking, excited, the way he is when he gets that way—like Napoleon had just eat up Julius Cæsar. And then he worked him over onto cemeteries, and got him blowing off steam on what he should do the master mind in real estate, y'understand—if he, himself, should go into the cemetery field—bringing back that cemetery promotion boom of years ago! And all the time sympathizing and urging him on, y'understand. And before the night was over, he'd sold him."

"A cemetery?" said Doc, breaking in.

"Yes," he told him, bowing. "This unscrupulous crook took all this property here from him in exchange, and all he had besides. He signed him up right there—right on the dotted line. He'll step in here, y'understand, next week, when the final papers are put through; and he'll grab off Happyhome Heights from us—that's worth a hundred thousand, if it's worth a nickel piece. And leave us with this cemetery—busted—blooey!"

"Busted!" said Doc Myers, looking off, trying to get the straight of this last move through his head. For you never knew what they would pull next.

"Listen," said this other, grabbing him back from his dreaming. "Saying the best, this one he handed him was no good. An old second-handed property out here on a side road, back here in the brush woods, that ain't never had a grave dug nor a dollar spent on it in the past ten years. And now this unscrupulous shark, this here grave robber goes and hangs it on Happyhome and me at full face value. Gone—all gone—both him and me," said this Fliederbaum, all but weeping—"unless you save us!"

"Me!" said Doc Myers, edging off.

"Sure, you!" said Fliederbaum, grabbing Doc Myers by his knee, where he had sat down beside him. "Listen, Doc. Could I ask you a good, fair, open question, man like?"

"Go on. Shoot," said the Doc.

"Would you sit still and let him ruin her?"

"Who? Ruin who?"

"Happyhome's little daughter—that's who! Listen, Doc. Do me this favor. Tell me, Doc, do you want to help this

(Continued on Page 46)

Chrysler "58" Sedan, $995, f. o. b. Detroit

PRECISELY THE SAME QUALITY-PERFORMANCE-APPEARANCE-AT ELECTRIFYING NEW LOWER PRICES

Since the Chrysler "58" was announced last June, nearly 10,000 men and women have testified every month by their orders that this wonderful car gives most for the money.

Such striking performance advantages as 58 miles an hour, 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds and 25 miles to the gallon of gas—combined with many other outstanding superiorities—won for it instant acceptance which caused it to *outsell competition everywhere* in its own particular price group.

Now the electrifying new lower prices make Chrysler "58" more unmistakably than ever the value supreme in its class.

In the accomplishment of these new prices there has been no change in body quality, comfort or style, no change in the high quality design, materials and workmanship which won spontaneous and widespread preference and admiration for Chrysler "58".

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is eager to show you that at these new lower prices, Chrysler "58" continues to offer *precisely the same quality—precisely the same performance—precisely the same fine appearance—precisely the same beautiful body and chassis*—which those who know motor car quality agree have placed Chrysler "58" on the topmost value pinnacle.

NEW "58" PRICES

CHRYSLER "58"—*Touring Car, $845; Roadster, $890; Club Coupe, $895; Coach, $935; Sedan, $995. Disc wheels optional. Hydraulic four-wheel brakes at slight extra cost.*

CHRYSLER "70"—*Phaeton, $1395; Coach, $1445; Roadster, $1625; Sedan, $1695; Royal Coupe, $1795; Brougham, $1865; Royal Sedan, $1995; Crown Sedan, $2095. Disc wheels optional.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL "80"—*Phaeton, $2645; Roadster, (wire wheels standard equipment; wood wheels optional), $2885, Coupe, four-passenger, $3195; Sedan, five-passenger, $3395; Sedan, seven-passenger, $3595; Sedan-limousine, $3695.*

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with full balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

All Chrysler models are protected against theft by the Fedco patented car numbering system, exclusive with Chrysler, which cannot be counterfeited and cannot be altered or removed without conclusive evidence of tampering.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

CHRYSLER
"58"

CHRYSLER

(Continued from Page 44)

little girl out of this, or don't you? Or don't you think she's worth saving?"

"What can I do?" said the Doc.

"Listen, Doc. You see how they're fitting them out all over in all these murder trials—these different big criminals? And getting away with it too!"

"With what?"

"How they come in and show how there ain't any of the poor fellows just mentally responsible, and all that, at the time the act occurred. These doctors—these here big insanity experts, y'understand," he said, taking his hand from his knee for the time being, to wave it.

And the doctor saw, in a way, what he was getting at. Yet he could hardly believe it.

"You see?" he was saying. "If it works there, then why wouldn't it in the real-estate business? Especially with the advantage we got here—with a patient like Happyhome Howe that's known from Maine to California for his wild cracks and funny stunts, like this here balloon marriage here today! What should be easier to work out insane—all gone in the head, when he went and signed this here contract—than just Happyhome Howe? Can't you fit him out the way they do all over—with some kind of temporary insanity, y'understand, that will pull him out of this—this contract of sale on this cemetery that he was already gone crazy when he made it? Save him—and me—and her—that poor little girl of his! Can't you? Sure you can!"

Doc Myers, now he had got the full idea, sat looking off, thinking. "Do you realize what you're doing here?" he said finally.

"Sure. Sure we do! We realize we're taking a desperate move to save us from positively total destruction!"

And the Doc thought some more.

"Does Happyhome realize," he asked, "what we'd have to do to him—shut him up for a while in some sanitarium for lunatics?"

"Sure. Sure. What's that—a few months' stay there in some good quiet private place? He'd go—and he'd go there for life first, he says. For he's desperate, y'understand. And he's mad, clear down through, also. He'll go the limit. Everything you say he'll do, Doc. I promise you."

"But where do I get off in this?" Doc Myers asked him finally. "I can see where it might put me in jail maybe. But what good will it do me?"

The other man edged over closer than ever to him, looking with those fishlike eyes, close and confidential. "Listen, Doc," he said, pressing his knee hard. "Here's the best news of all! You know what I'm going to do for you in this—with your little girl?"

"No, what?"

"Listen. I'm going to put you so far on the inside with her that nobody'll be near you. I'm going to put you right on the committee of the person!" he said, drawing back, looking at him.

"What's that?" Doc Myers asked him. For he had never sent up a lunatic before. This was his first case.

"It's the committee that manages all the business of a lunatic after he's declared insane. And this will put you right in the family, you might say. Now what do you say, Doc? You'll do it, huh?" he said, urging him. For he felt the Doc's knee weakening, probably, where he was holding it.

For, coming just as it did, the Doc didn't have the strength to refuse the thing, seeing how it would give him another chance at that girl.

"How soon must I decide?" Doc Myers asked him.

"Right away now. We can't get at it too quick. They've signed to pass the final papers next Thursday."

"But I've got to have a chance to pick out the right diseases and symptoms that'll suit him, and be natural."

"Sure. Sure," said Fliederbaum, getting up and shaking hands, pleased and excited. "You go right to work. And I'll be going over to get Happy—and bring him back over here!"

"What for?"

"So we can get him posted up on his symptoms, and all that!" he said, putting his hat on and going before the Doc could stop him.

Doc Myers stood there still, absent-minded, wondering whether he should have let himself get roped into this real-estate game; and watching him going down the front walk, walking that even way that fat men do, as if they went on casters.

Then he turned and went back and got out his book on insanity.

"Her old man insane, huh? And me on his committee of the person—in charge of him!" said the Doc, half aloud, thinking of all the possibilities that opened up.

II

"WELL, Doc," said this Fliederbaum, coming back with the other man in a half hour or so, "you got him all fixed up? You got his symptoms?"

The other man he was talking about—this Happyhome Howe—threw down his big wide Western slouch hat and started walking up and down, up and down the room, with his hands in back under the coat tails of his black Prince Albert coat, where he was all dressed up for that balloon wedding that afternoon.

"I have, I guess, maybe," said Doc Myers.

"Shoot. Let 'er go," said the fat man from where he had sat down, with his fat hands on his thighs, just out beyond his stomach.

"Make it snappy. We've got no time to lose," said the tall lean one, still galloping up and down.

"Here it is. The best I could do—in half an hour anyhow!" said the doctor, taking up this big blue book on insanity from the table and opening it. "Cyclothymia."

"Cyclo which?" said Fliederbaum, his head on one side, listening.

"Cyclothymia!"

"Go on," said the tall one, still walking. "Read it!"

So he did. "'The Cyclothymias. This group of cases presents the mildest excitements and depressions. They deviate less from the normal than the other groups. They are quite usually not recognized. And the symptoms are attributed to all sorts of things rather than the real trouble.'"

He stopped there, for Happyhome Howe stopped and shook his head. "This won't do!"

"Wait up, Happy. Let him go on and finish up," said the fat one.

So he started tearing up and down again, shaking the coat tails of his black wedding and auctioneer's coat.

"'The hypothymic types'—of cyclothymia, you understand"—said the doctor, going on reading the parts he had marked in the insanity book, "'show exaggerated activities in the way of the usual business occupations. Writing

(Continued on Page 128)

"I'll Be Fair With You. I Had No Intention of Marrying You Until the Day My Father Was Taken Crazy"

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

Doubly welcome now!

This favorite lard comes already measured

How much easier than the old method of measuring lard! This new "Silverleaf" measuring carton does away with all the old delay, waste and inaccuracy. Instead of bothering to level lard in a spoon or pack it in a cup, just score the print as shown on the carton and in a twinkling cut the *exact* amount you need.

What a welcome new convenience! *Doubly* welcome because the lard itself is "Silverleaf"—prized among good cooks everywhere for the fine flavor it imparts to fried and baked foods. Rendered sweet and pure, it makes foods taste *extra* good, gives them a certain added flavor—delicate and appetizing.

Try "Silverleaf" in one of these pound measuring cartons. Or, if you prefer lard in larger quantities, you can buy this famous lard in pails of 2, 4 or 8 pounds. Just remember to ask your dealer for "Silverleaf."

Swift & Company

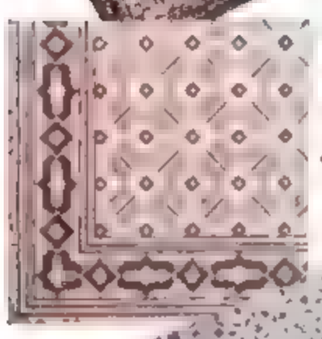
Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

In one-pound cartons or pails of 2, 4 and 8 pounds

On the floor is the "Mosaic" Design Rug No. 408

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

"Dalton" Design No. 516



"Parquet" Design No. 386

"Mayflower" Design No. 379

An Investment in Satisfaction—

This housewife showed her wisdom when she chose a sanitary and easily cleaned Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug for her up-to-date and sunny kitchen! For in beauty as in lasting satisfaction, a Congoleum Rug has no equal among low-priced, sanitary-surfaced floor-coverings.

Patterns of Rare Charm

In no other low-priced floor-covering will you find such variety and artistry of pattern. For each and every Congoleum design is created by a famous artist.

Neat tiles, like the rug illustrated, that are so popular for the kitchen and bathroom; tasteful floral effects for bedrooms; glowing Oriental motifs for the dining-room and living-room—there are styles appropriate to any room in the house.

With their smooth, sanitary surface Congoleum Rugs are remarkably easy to clean. A damp mop or cloth restores the bright, cheerful colors quick as a wink. And they're so easy to lay, cling to the floor without fastening, never wrinkle or hump up.

Popular Sizes—Money-Saving Prices

Best news of all—the great popularity of Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs calls for big volume production, which makes possible their particularly low cost.

Have your dealer show you the patterns—in sizes from small mats to room-size rugs—and quote you the money-saving prices.

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

LOOK FOR THE GOLD SEAL

ADVENTURES IN EXPORTS

(Continued from Page 29)

Not so with the American motor vehicle, which proclaims to the whole world through which it chugs its way that it is the distinctive result of the engineering and mass-production genius of this country. As such it is our most representative export. Even in countries like Australia, where practically all motor bodies are produced locally, the chassis, the method of operation and the general quality of the vehicle stamp it as indelibly American. It is not too much to say that the motor car has done more than anything else to broadcast Yankee inventive and productive power.

Our motor industry owes no little of its success abroad to its energetic sales-promotion methods. In the establishment of branch houses, assembling plants and factories, and in intensive publicity campaigns using every kind of advertising, it matches the enterprise of our great oil companies. In view of these efforts the question naturally arises: What can the Automotive Division do for it? Many things, as you shall see.

The development of the older foreign markets now so densely populated with American cars, trucks and omnibuses is more or less familiar and need not be rehearsed. It is the opening up of new countries that interests us, for there the Department of Commerce has aided in a real path-finding campaign.

First have a look at the domains where the imprint of the automobile tire is comparatively recent. Up and down the Gold Coast of West Africa, American cars and trucks are in great favor. British East Africa claims the greatest per capita by class registration for cars, mostly ours, for there is one for each four white inhabitants. An enterprising New Zealander has been using a fleet of Yankee cars to maintain a regular passenger and mail service over the age-old caravan route of the Syrian Desert from Beirut to Damascus and Bagdad. Recently a number of heavy de-luxe type American busses were ordered for this service.

Another company, with headquarters in Teheran, Persia, operates its lines between Khanikin, on the border of Iraq, which is connected with the outside world by rail, and Teheran, the route being about 450 miles in length. The interior of the Arabian peninsula, which had seldom been crossed by a white man and which is one of the least-known parts of the world, has now been penetrated by the American automobile. The natives make great use of this means of transportation during their annual pilgrimages to Mecca. Roy Chapman Andrews, the explorer, recently completed his second extended expedition covering thousands of miles of the hitherto unexplored regions of the Gobi Mongolian Desert, bringing back to the civilized world relics of the early age of man and beast. On this, as on his previous journey, all equipment was transported over the rough uncharted sandy stretches in cars and trucks made in Detroit. American cars have triumphed in an endurance run across Australia through the wild, roadless bush country.

Civilization by Motorbus

Only a few months ago the last stronghold in the world fell before the automobile. The isles of Bermuda, about the only remaining spot on the earth's surface where the use of motor cars is prohibited by law, lowered the barriers long enough to take in two American trucks to be used for road repair work.

The American motorbus has followed closely in the wake of the flivver as a civilizing agency. Nor is its predominance confined to countries like Sweden, where 90 per cent of the 2500 busses come from our shores, or Chile, Norway, Colombia and the Baltic States, where the American percentage is even higher. It is in the out-of-the-way spots that motorbus transport has practically revolutionized social life.

A notable instance is the Philippine Archipelago, which is made up of thousands of small islands, only three of which are provided with railroads, and these to a relatively small extent. Before the advent of the motorbus the residents of many small neighboring villages were almost strangers, because communication was irregular and casual. Outside of Manila, the capital, there are no street-railway systems. Small communities lived in a world apart, almost self-sufficient. Their requirements were limited and simple, and were supplied to a great extent by the resources immediately at hand.

With the establishment of bus transportation, the outlook of many of these isolated regions greatly broadened. Travel has been made cheap and easy. The interchange of ideas and merchandise alike are facilitated. The slow laborious work of a few American pioneers quickly has taken on the color of romance. In the Philippines there are about 300 motorbusses in service, practically all American makes.

Cleaning Up in Buenos Aires

The incidents involved in selling and shipping motor vehicles to the world markets are manifold. The magnitude of the problem is apparent in the fact that no set rule of procedure can be promulgated that will in all respects apply to the exporting of cars to any two of the 105 or more present markets for our automotive products. Some of the details to be considered are the kind of payment for goods, methods of preparing for, and making shipments, tariffs, foreign port facilities, varying national preferences relating to equipment, such as drive, ignition, tires, and so on. Most of these details combat the exporter only after he has secured his foreign dealer organization and orders commence to arrive.

It is part of the task of the Automotive Division to help the exporter over these hurdles. It also serves as a sort of finishing school for the men who go into the foreign field. Not long ago one of our largest automobile manufacturers sent nine men who had been in training for posts abroad to Washington to spend a week with the division. Although they were to have headquarters in only seven different countries their operations will cover thirty-eight. Most of them were strange to the localities where they were assigned. Through the records of the division they were enabled to get trade lists of every known reliable prospect, and all the necessary dope on the almost endless kinks in foreign laws relating to tariffs and transport.

Another kind of service is represented through the coöperation of the commercial attachés and trade commissioners, who are located at forty-one strategic points. Here is an incident which shows how it works:

On February 20, 1924, the trade commissioner at Buenos Aires informed the bureau by cable that the city had called for bids on motorized street-cleaning equipment. Two days later a special circular describing the nature of this opportunity was issued by the Automotive Division to leading American manufacturers of street-cleaning equipment. On March twenty-sixth another circular about this opportunity was sent out. On July twenty-fifth bids were opened at Buenos Aires but the contract was not let. The commercial attaché at the Argentine capital kept in close touch with the matter and was constantly in communication with the Automotive Division. On April 8, 1925, he cabled that a contract had been awarded to an American manufacturer for eighty trucks. Additional awards for apparatus were made to other American concerns, making the total amount of the business $400,000.

Another case is that of an American truck company whose European traveling representative had tried in vain for a considerable time to introduce his make in Spain. After the salesman had returned to London, the Madrid office of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce continued to seek an opening for the particular make of vehicle. Shortly thereafter our commercial attaché in Spain recalled the truck salesman, and the day following his return an initial order was signed by the local telephone company for a fleet of trucks valued at about $50,000. This contract opened up the Spanish market. There is little doubt that the assistance rendered will result in business running into several hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for this one firm alone.

A large American automobile concern, which up to this year had apparently been satisfied with domestic sales only, realized the possibilities of foreign trade and explained to the Automotive Division its need for a foreign dealer organization. After a few months this firm had a group of sales agencies the world over. During ten months of 1925 a total of 400 cars was exported. As an example of the class of dealers secured directly through the efforts of the bureau's foreign offices is one in South America who during the first nine months sold seventy-two cars representing a turnover of about $200,000. The Berlin office of the bureau recently assisted in placing the contract for the annual sale in Germany of from 500 to 1000 passenger cars of one American make, the aggregate value of which will be $1,500,000.

As with motor cars, so with American movies. Like the automobile, the farm plow and the kerosene oil can, the motion picture is more than a mere export product. It is a real trade envoy—an active salesman for other lines of goods—that has social and political possibilities as well.

The film is quite distinct from all other American export commodities because it is hardly ever sold outright. It is sent to foreign fields, earns revenue for its owner and then in most cases comes back for further service. This is not true of a piece of machinery, whose export sale completes its particular usefulness to the manufacturer with the close of the transaction.

Trade Follows the Film

For some years we have been quietly annexing the motion-picture trade of the world against limited German, British and Italian competition, until exactly 83 per cent of the films shown everywhere bear the Made in U. S. A. label. This state of affairs is not only a source of profit to our film men, enabling them to corner talent and spread themselves on elaborate productions, but is big with economic significance as well. Among other things, the Mexican now spends four times more money on American movies than on matadors, which means that bullfights have yielded first place as a popular diversion to the cinema theaters. But the thing goes deeper. The Latin American señor admires the American automobiles, office equipment and the cut of the hero's clothes, as seen in American screen plays. Likewise, the señorita is captivated by the gowns of the heroine and the dining and bedroom suits. This admiration is often the prelude to the purchase of the article thus seen. It was soon recognized that trade follows the film.

Along with this came the further discovery that American movies reflected the social and political welfare of our masses, which sometimes raised rebellious thoughts in the minds of foreign peoples less favored. This development, plus the selling value of the film, aided and abetted by the alien producers, who cannot compete with the American industry, has led European governments to limit the importation of foreign films. In Germany, for example, where production is larger than anywhere outside of America, a picture house must show one German-made film for every alien one presented. England is trying hard to combat what they call the American movie invasion.

Just what any serious curtailment of our films abroad means is gathered when I say that the American producer depends upon the overseas field for nearly 30 per cent of his entire revenue. Naturally he has set about to counteract the restrictive tendencies. Here is where the Department of Commerce comes upon the scene. The motion-picture section in the Commodity Divisions maintains the closest cooperation with the film industry on all matters relating to foreign trade. Through the commercial attachés and trade commissioners it keeps in touch with the branch managers of American producers at all the danger spots.

Europe Cottons to Our Cotton

With the aid of the State Department formal protests are launched via embassies and legations against discrimination. In the same way film piracy is also curbed. It is easy to steal a motion-picture print and any pair of moderately sharp scissors will eliminate the trade-mark. One of the engaging pursuits of Department of Commerce agents abroad is to run down the exhibition of stolen films in out-of-the-way districts. The owner of a picture house far up in Anatolia was recently caught red-handed with a film pilfered from the Constantinople branch of an American film firm

In many other ways the motion-picture section serves the trade. It keeps on hand the latest reports on the state of each foreign market for American movies, how many pictures each district can absorb, what kinds of films carry the widest appeal, how they are distributed, the number of theaters, with prices, seating capacity and performances each week, new theater construction, analyses of censorship laws and the extent and nature of competition, tariffs and taxes.

Turn to textiles, and you find that cotton and its accessories are still king. Raw cotton is by far the most important product exported from the United States and, combined with its manufacture and other textiles, accounts for more than one-quarter of all the merchandise that leaves these shores. The gradual rehabilitation of the world's cotton industries is reflected in the increased shipments of the staple from America. They totaled 8,000,000 bales in the last fiscal year and approximated the prewar average.

Not only are we the greatest producers of the raw material but we lead as a cotton-manufacturing nation. Although our spindles are outnumbered by those of Great Britain by 50 per cent, we use more than 28 per cent of the world's crop against 14 per cent absorbed in John Bull's mills. Here you have another tribute to the superior machinery and automatic looms which make our mass production methods possible.

Though our raw cotton is practically self-selling, the flow must be guided. The task with textile products is much harder. We must expand old markets and open up new ones. This far-reaching work has been galvanized by the Textile Division of which Edward T. Pickard, a trained textile man with long experience in Manchester, England, is chief.

As in the case of all the other divisions, the service is two-fold, since it is both informational and tangible. By this time you need not be told that accurate data are the mainspring of the whole foreign-trade effort. It is peculiarly essential to textiles for many reasons, one being the dependence of countries upon each other.

American cotton is consumed mainly in Great Britain, Europe and Japan, the last using it in one-third of its total consumption. Great Britain, some Continental countries and Japan export their cotton-goods fabrics in turn to India, China, the

Dutch East Indies and the Near East, which are also our own selling fields. It is important, therefore, that the American exporter know what is going on there. A poor cocoon crop in China and Japan curtails the purchasing power in these countries, while good crops in India mean enhanced buying by its 300,000,000 people. The high or low purchasing power as reflected in the purchase of cotton goods has the ultimate effect upon the demand for raw cotton. The Department of Commerce keeps the cotton man fully acquainted with all these conditions.

The same is true of silk. After the earthquake in Japan the raw-silk market fluctuated wildly, due to the uncertainty of news about losses. The Silk Association of America asked the Department of Commerce to make an estimate of the amount of silk destroyed. Through its agents on the spot, it was enabled to make an accurate report within forty-eight hours. The prompt dissemination of this news put a stop to speculation.

The tangible or specific service end of the division not only keeps its eyes open for trade opportunities but creates them. If an American manufacturer desires to export his goods but does not know how to go about it, he is shown the ropes. Not long ago a prominent New England textile merchant wanted to enter the Near East. The division sent samples and full particulars to its representative in that territory. After showing them around and checking up the opinions gained with his own experience, he sent Washington a full report, which suggested three agents qualified to represent the American concern. One of these men was chosen. Within a week after he received a full line of samples, orders amounting to $25,000 and covered by confirmed letters of credit, were cabled to the American house. In other instances the division solicits samples on its own and sends them out.

A unique illustration of how the division helps the American business man came when the tension over German reparations was most acute. A New York exporter, who had cotton stored in a German warehouse, sold a French firm 23,000 bales, valued at $450,000. When he sought to transfer this shipment from Germany to France, the French demanded the 26 per cent reparations-recovery tax which had been applied to imports from the Reich. Our commercial attaché at Paris was appealed to, and through his intervention the entire consignment was allowed to enter France without paying the tax. It meant a saving of more than $100,000 to the American firm.

Aiding Domestic Industry

A different kind of aid is indicated in this incident, which deals with the manufacture of the new fiber introduced into the textile world during the past few years which is commonly known as artificial silk. It had so many different trade names that the producers and consumers, who include practically all the textile mills of the country, got together with the wholesalers and retailers of the finished products and agreed upon the title of rayon.

A New York firm which had been importing a specialized brand of rayon yarn decided to build its own mill in the United States. Since all available information on the subject is in the files of the Textile Division, the house sent a representative to Washington to get the facts. Through coöperation with other branches of the Government and trade contacts, the division was able to obtain chemical analyses of the available water in the localities under consideration, labor conditions, building costs, including index numbers for the United States and European countries, transportation rates and legal technicalities involved in bringing foreign chemists into the United States. The firm is now building a $3,000,000 plant.

One of the most significant developments in our foreign trade is in connection with the increased exports of machinery of all kinds. It is impossible, for instance, to manufacture automobiles in any country on a large commercial basis without using American-made tools. Despite this fact our overseas operations suffered for a long time because sufficient attention had not been given to the export problem. Everybody recognized the value of Yankee machinery, but it lacked constructive salesmanship abroad. The Machinery Division was created to assist in overcoming this deficiency.

Before the war Germany furnished about 45 per cent of all the machinery that entered into international trade. England came second with 21 per cent, while we were third with 18 per cent. Today our percentage is nearly thirty, which means that we have overtaken and surpassed England in many markets, particularly in Latin America. Germany is still first.

Mechanical Missionaries

The organization of the Machinery Division is so comprehensive that it can aid an American manufacturer no matter where or what he wants to sell. Our machinery makers now export on an average about 20 per cent of their production. Though this is small alongside the 80 per cent frequently shipped out by some Europeans, the 20 per cent that leaves the United States often represents the difference between profit and loss at the end of the year.

Thanks to the stimulation of the Machinery Division, our manufacturers have learned that their exports represent a great deal more than just so many tons of iron and steel. Whether it is a harvester, a dynamo or a printing press, the export, in its larger conception, is an uplifting agency and becomes a mechanical missionary for the United States.

One reason why American machinery manufacturers have had such intelligent coöperation from the Department of Commerce is that the head of the Machinery Division, Walter H. Rastall, has sold machinery all over the world. His assistant, William Althoff, was long a dealer in Chile and Argentina. Our notable advance in machinery sales in the leading South American countries was partially instigated by his experienced direction.

With two activities I can show briefly how the Machinery Division does its job. Among other things, we ship a great many steam boilers abroad. Like American states and cities, each foreign country has laws governing their construction and operation. The division has made a collection of the boiler laws of the entire world, and is therefore able to tell the exporter how to conform to all local statutes.

The Machinery Division regularly publishes Construction News, in which the attention of the entire American business community is called to new work abroad, embracing everything from the construction of a new hotel in Winnipeg to the installation of an irrigation project in India, or the building of a bridge in Australia. It is not possible to measure the dollars-and-cents return from publicity work of this kind, but these items make it possible for our manufacturers to advertise their products all the way from the foundation bolts for the steel structure to the paint on the finished building and the sheets and towels needed for the hotel bedrooms.

Our world advance in heavy machinery is matched by the expansion in electrical goods. Before the great war the bulk of the international trade was held by Germany, with Great Britain second, while we were a poor third. The Teuton was particularly strong in South America, dominating the Argentine and other markets.

Beginning in 1914, American electrical manufacturers began to realize that there was something to be done outside the United States. Where formerly only the larger and a few of the smaller concerns were aggressive in seeking foreign markets, each succeeding year from the outbreak of hostilities has witnessed an increase in our representation abroad. Instead of being a bad third in electrical goods, we lead in many countries, having secured more than 30 per cent of all the business. In Chile we have wrested first place from the Germans and in the Argentine we have advanced to a good second. In 1913 electrical exports from this country were a little less than $27,000,000 while last year they touched $90,000,000, not counting the increasing volume of invisible exports in electrical goods incorporated in such manufactured products as automobiles and machine tools.

One of the factors responsible for this increase is the trained direction of the Electrical Equipment Division. The chief, R. A. Lundquist, is an electrical engineer. As Department of Commerce agent he began to scour the world as far back as 1916 in search of information that would help the American manufacturer. Upon the organization of the Commodity Divisions in 1921, he was called back from the Far East to head it.

The division not only has compiled a mass of basic information, such as details of the character of the electric service available in practically every city of importance in the world, the extent of the electrical development in each foreign market, the water-power resources of different countries, the character of competitive products encountered abroad and other such data, but it watches and anticipates new projects and new developments. If it is proposed to electrify a railroad in Brazil, to develop a power site in Ceylon, to erect a new broadcasting station in Spain or build a transmission line in Australia, the Electrical Equipment Division promptly advises manufacturers of the fact and arranges for the necessary information whereby they may bid on the work to be done or the material to be furnished.

No phase of divisional aid has been more impressive than the effort to develop the radio business. In 1921 our international trade in amateur radio equipment was practically nonexistent. In 1925 our radio exports, largely broadcast-receiving apparatus, passed the $9,000,000 mark. With the possible exception of the automobile, no industry has had such rapid growth.

Turkey Red for Turkish Farmers

During the years of this extraordinary growth the Electrical Equipment Division has followed radio events so closely that it is prepared to assist the manufacturer regardless of the extent to which the commerce may grow. A survey was made, and is kept up-to-date, which gives our manufacturers a list of all the broadcasting stations outside of this country, with their power, wave length and call letter. Reports have been secured from time to time, as conditions demanded, from every nation that has showed the slightest interest in radio. Special circulars were issued on each of these, indicating the extent of the use of radio in the country, the regulations imposed by the government, the license fee, if any, and the opportunities for expanding the sale of American equipment.

Any estimate of what American machinery of any kind is doing in the world markets would be incomplete without at least a passing reference to agricultural implements. Our implements are not only preëminent and used everywhere, but are extensively imitated even to the painting scheme. One of the tasks, therefore, of the Agricultural Implements Division is to run down these reproductions.

Color has become an important consideration with the untutored purchaser, as this story shows. A few years ago a Turkish farmer bought an American thresher that was painted a vivid red. When he needed a new one he decided to get another of the same make. He was shown a Yankee machine manufactured in the same factory as was his first, but it happened to be painted a most subdued hue. No argument or persuasion could make him buy it. He insisted that it was not the same because the color was different.

The more you analyze the work of the Commodity Divisions the more you realize that while all are engaged in the same kind of promotive effort, each is invested with some distinct significance. The Rubber Division, for example, has not only helped to increase the number of classes of rubber exports from fourteen to twenty-nine and prepared loose-leaf manuals of basic facts about international needs, especially for tires, but it also coöperated in a matter of vital concern to every American. This was its successful attempt to check the advancing prices for crude rubber. We were the principal victims because we use about 70 per cent of all the rubber produced.

Long before British interests gained unified control of the crude article and increasing demand sent the price above the dollar mark, which is more than three times the rate agreed on as fair a few years ago, the Department of Commerce realized that the world was apt to find itself with an insufficient supply of raw material due to curtailment of planting on the one hand and increased consumption on the other. In consequence four investigations of new sources of supply, as well as of older ones that lay fallow, were undertaken. The regions investigated were British Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Ceylon, British India, the countries bordering on the Caribbean Sea, the Philippines and the Amazon area.

As a result of these surveys one American company has begun extensive operations in Africa and Latin America, while other concerns already engaged in rubber growing in the East and elsewhere are increasing their acreages.

Our Capital Working Abroad

Until we become considerable factors in plantation production the Rubber Division has suggested three steps—saving rubber through more careful and complete use of finished goods, greater production and use of substitutes, particularly reclaimed rubber, and stimulation of the production of wild rubber in the Amazon Valley and Africa. A nation-wide campaign to get motorists to save rubber has been started by rubber and automotive trade bodies. Facilities for the production of reclaimed rubber have expanded and manufacturers are using every pound the reclaimers can furnish.

Although few people realize it, money as an export commodity has become a vital agency in our international business relationships. Hence the Finance and Investment Division, sponsored by Grosvenor M. Jones, who had years of practical banking experience in South America, has an important place in the departmental fabric.

The existence of this division in the Department of Commerce is a recognition of a new state of affairs in our foreign trade. Now that we have become the world's greatest investing nation, the close relationship between foreign loans and investments, and merchandise exports should be more clearly perceived by our citizenry. The dictum that overseas trade follows investment is becoming applicable in an increasing degree. There is something more than coincidence between a $1,000,000,000 foreign-trade surplus last year and the investment of practically an equal amount of American capital in foreign securities and enterprises during the same period.

Since 1914 our overseas investments, exclusive of war debts, have increased from $2,000,000,000 to $10,000,000,000. These investments represent savings of the American people and additions to their wealth, and they supply future increase in national income in the form of interest and dividends.

There is scarcely an important country in which American capital has not been invested, and few have failed to launch dollar loans for their central, state or municipal governments or for their railroads, public-utility corporations, farm-mortgage banks and industrial corporations. This means activity for exports, whether power plants

(Continued on Page 52)

MAPLE SYRUP
A New Oakland Six engine with Lanchester Harmonic Balancer—smooth at all speeds
B Six cylinder engine without Harmonic Balancer—not entirely free from torsional vibration periods
A
B
Readings taken with the crankshaft oscillator a device for measuring torsional vibration

Everywhere the Oakland Six is enjoying unprecedented demand. Everywhere it is winning and holding increasing good will—because it *merits* good will as no car has ever merited it before.

Roadster $975, Touring $1025, Coach $1095 Landau Coupe $1125 Sport Roadster $1195 Sedan $1295 Landau Sedan $1295 Pontiac Six companion to the Oakland Six $825 Coupe or Coach All prices at factory — — General Motors Time Payment Rates, heretofore the lowest, have been made still lower.

OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

REGINALD DENNY—
the leader in wholesome comedy

REGINALD DENNY, because of his fine talent, his consistent earnestness and his great ambition, has become one of the most outstanding figures on the screen. He represents the type of red-blooded, wholesome, clean-cut American youth characteristic of the university campus and modern life.

Every picture he has made has been full of fine action and delicious humor, and his productions have become so popular that they are reckoned on the top line of screen attractions. Doubtless you will recall him in the famous *"Leather Pushers"* series, in *"Sporting Youth," "The Reckless Age," "The Fast Worker," "Oh, Doctor," "I'll Show You the Town," "California Straight Ahead," "What Happened to Jones," "Skinner's Dress Suit"* and soon to come *"Rolling Home."*

There is hardly a theatre in America which does not welcome DENNY pictures, and exhibitors regard him as the "Monarch of all he surveys" in up-to-the-hour humorous entertainment. This public acknowledgment of REGINALD DENNY'S worth is an unbidden expression of appreciation in which all of my associates join.

There will be a splendid series of new DENNY pictures this year. The stories have been chosen from America's best humorous writers, and unusual care will be exercised in picking the casts. Meantime I would appreciate an expression from you concerning REGINALD DENNY—what you think of his style—what you think of his type of comedy.

Be sure to see him in his current success *"What Happened To Jones"* from the international comedy stage success by George Broadhurst and directed by William Seiter. It is a rare treat, I assure you.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

We will be pleased to send you an autographed photograph of Reginald Denny for 10 cents in stamps.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 50)

or railway material, because we have learned to insist that the proceeds of loans must be employed, whenever possible, in the purchase of our goods. In this latter procedure the Finance Division is peculiarly helpful. It also aids in making our foreign loans safe for democracy.

The files of the Specialties Division record many picturesque incidents. Some time ago the representative of a large American adding-machine company had considerable difficulty in selling his goods in China, because the merchants relied upon the old-time abacus and he could not convince them of the efficiency and time-saving features of the mechanical adder. He therefore challenged the best abacus operator he could find to a contest and decisively defeated him. This test largely solved his problem, because it broke down much of the sales resistance he had formerly encountered.

Prejudice is not the only obstacle to sales success. An American phonograph manufacturer was puzzled for a long time over his failure to sell cabinet phonographs to the Japanese. Upon investigation he found that the Japanese preferred to sit upon the floor to listen to the music and that they wanted a small machine built low enough so that they could operate it from this position.

A factor affecting the sale of American pianos in some Oriental countries, especially Japan, is the fact that in many cases the houses are not constructed to accommodate an instrument of this size. The rooms are tiny and the doors and windows so small that they do not permit a piano to be moved in. One Japanese customer, bent upon having a piano in his house, had practically all of one wall removed, got the instrument in and then built up the wall again.

American Ambassador Jazz

In connection with the increasing sale of phonographs and other musical instruments and supplies overseas is the fact, little appreciated by the great mass of our people, that American jazz has been carried to the ends of the earth. I have heard our ragtime emerge from a squeaky record in the heart of the Belgian Congo, while naked savages who had eaten their own brothers a few years before grinned with delight. A request for a record in Egypt or India will invariably bring the reply, "Yes, we have the latest American jazz," from the dealer. Like the motor car and the radio, the Yankee saxophone has become a leveler of rank and caste. Behind its din is the larger value that in selling instruments and paraphernalia we are selling American music as well.

The average American who goes abroad for the first time is amazed to find so many soda-water fountains in England and on the Continent. Nor is this entirely due to the thirst of the American Expeditionary Force for ice-cream sodas. We have overcome one of the strongest of European prejudices, which is against cold drinks. For years ice water and the Yankee were almost synonymous terms. Now Europeans, despite the general use of tea and the cheapness of alcoholic beverages, are turning to our soda, especially when it is concocted by a Yankee artist

One reason for the foreign prejudice against soda fountains after their installation has been the inefficiency of the operator. If some of our up-to-date soda-water clerks could be placed behind all the American soda fountains overseas there would be a bigger appreciation of what is served. That this fact is being recognized is shown by a recent inquiry to the Specialties Division from a proprietor in Latin America requesting that he be put in touch with some soda-fountain experts willing to come down and jerk sodas for his customers.

Two American specialties—the cash register and the sewing machine—have exerted a world-wide moral as well as mechanical influence. Even in China, where the so-called native schroffs, under bond, usually take over the cashier and bookkeeping end of a business, we have installed cash registers and other American time and labor saving devices.

The introduction of sewing machines in backward countries offered a real difficulty, but intelligent sales effort has resulted in the development of many profitable markets which heretofore seemed to be almost hopeless. An American sewing-machine company has been conducting what might be termed sewing schools in certain sections of the Far East where native women are taught to do fancy embroidery as well as ordinary sewing.

Commercial Inferiority Complex

There still are many Americans who believe that most of our toys come from Germany. The truth is that, from the standpoint of value, approximately 90 per cent of the toys sold in the United States in 1925 were American-made. Our toy manufacturers have increased their production exactly 900 per cent. Where our toy imports from Germany once equaled our whole present-day output, they are now a mere 5 per cent. Furthermore, we are selling more toys in foreign markets than Germany is disposing of over here.

I know of no better way of concluding this series than to present the point of view of Dr. Julius Klein. As Director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, he is Secretary Hoover's chief of staff and the head and front of the commercial intelligence that means so much to our manufacturers. Like all his associates, he knows his job from field experience, for he has made economic surveys all over the world, was chief of the Latin-American Division and commercial attaché at Buenos Aires before he was made director. When I asked him to explain the significance of our export expansion he said:

"Our export situation has undergone an evolution during the past two decades. Before the war our overseas selling was confined to two groups of commodities. One was composed of self-selling staples like wheat, cotton and copper. The other consisted of highly specialized patent contrivances, such as sewing machines, typewriters and cash registers. Today over 62 per cent of our export shipments are partly manufactured goods as against about half that proportion a generation ago.

"This involves an important change in our entire export strategy, for it means more intensive competition, more carefully developed sales campaigns, and widespread educational effort on the part of the manufacturer and producer. Export has now become a work of experts backed up by accurate government trade intelligence. The average American merchant or manufacturer has had no accumulation of firm or family experience with such intricate problems as foreign-market conditions, commercial laws and banking practices. To meet his requirements the fact-finding services of the bureau have been expanded until they comprise some forty-five offices overseas, about forty district offices in this country, and a corps of experts in Washington to direct the field work on the one nand and the distributive agencies in the United States on the other.

"The telephone rang in one of our district offices not long ago. The call came from a small firm making an initial shipment of food products to Iceland. Some controversy had arisen over the methods of payment, and the exporter was anxious to get immediate advice as to what terms he should insist upon before the shipment was cleared. In exactly twenty-five minutes he was given the full story on the credit conditions in Iceland, based upon a cable that had just come in from the American commercial attaché covering that particular trade, and other factors upon which the merchant was able to make an immediate decision.

"Ordinarily modesty is not considered an outstanding American virtue, but there can be no doubt that up to within a few years ago any mention of our effort in foreign trade was accompanied with much dubious wagging of heads and hopeless shrugging of shoulders as to our miscellaneous and general inferiority. Moreover, we were prone to confess incompetency as to packing methods, linguistic ability and credits.

"As a matter of fact, much of this self-depreciation is now traceable to the shrewd propaganda of European rivals through their agencies in our midst. It is gratifying to note that even the smaller American manufacturers, merchants and the most inexperienced coöperative societies are now quite ready to attack problems in overseas selling which would have been regarded as most forbidding obstacles a decade ago.

"The economic world has been remade in the past ten years and this transformation gives us a tremendous advantage over our European rivals. Our very youth and immaturity give us a mental elasticity, a readiness to meet these new conditions and to cope with new situations. We are not burdened with the vast accumulations of old traditions, nor held back by the drag of worn-out antiquated trade practices. The new industries which we brought into existence in the remote lands of Latin America and the Far East as the result of wartime restrictions on shipping have stimulated a whole series of new demands for supplies and equipment. These industries are looking to the newer engineering and industrial practices of the United States for their leadership rather than to the older, less-advanced industrial standards and methods of the Old World."

Constant Service Necessary

"In the general outlook for our foreign trade there has been far too much alarm as to the possibilities of reviving competition in consequence of the recovery of Europe. As a matter of fact, the menace of this bugaboo of competition has been grossly exaggerated. It is absurd, for example, to assume that the markets which we have dominated in Latin America are about to be won back by returning Europeans on the theory that our gains amounted to thefts during the war. A careful statistical analysis of the situation in any one of the more highly competitive markets brings out immediately the striking fact that the great bulk of our gains was in commodities like cheap automobiles, motion-picture films and office equipment, which neither Europeans nor ourselves had sold before the war.

"The Locarno program will undoubtedly make substantial contributions to European economic recovery. Instead of carrying a serious competitive threat to us, it will materially stimulate the demand for Latin-American and Far-Eastern raw materials in Europe, and consequently improve the buying power of those markets. This means, in turn, increased purchases from us.

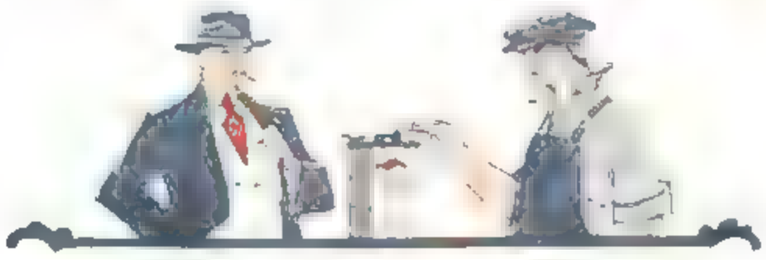
"Finally, it is well to note that much of the talk about trade conquest and economic hegemony is nothing but an unconscious survival of the terminology of war. It is far from accurate in its application to business operations in these more normal times. There is no such thing as trade conquest. All gains from the world's markets must be made on the basis of continuing service, if such gains are to be held permanently. The fears which are maintained in some Latin-American markets, for example, as to the possible dangers of economic domination due to commercial inroads by the United States, are without foundation. On the contrary, any such rivalry between American and European merchants is really a graceful compliment to the value which they place upon the commercial favors of the great Latin-American commonwealths. It puts the latter in the strongest possible position as arbiters between those who are anxious to serve them."

Editor's Note—This is the last of three articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the foreign activities of the Department of Commerce.

Figure the total year's expense of your car at 100%. Only about 2.6% goes for lubrication ~ your only insurance against

Scored cylinders | Worn pistons | Worn bearings

A whole year's cost for this vital engine protection is rarely over $15



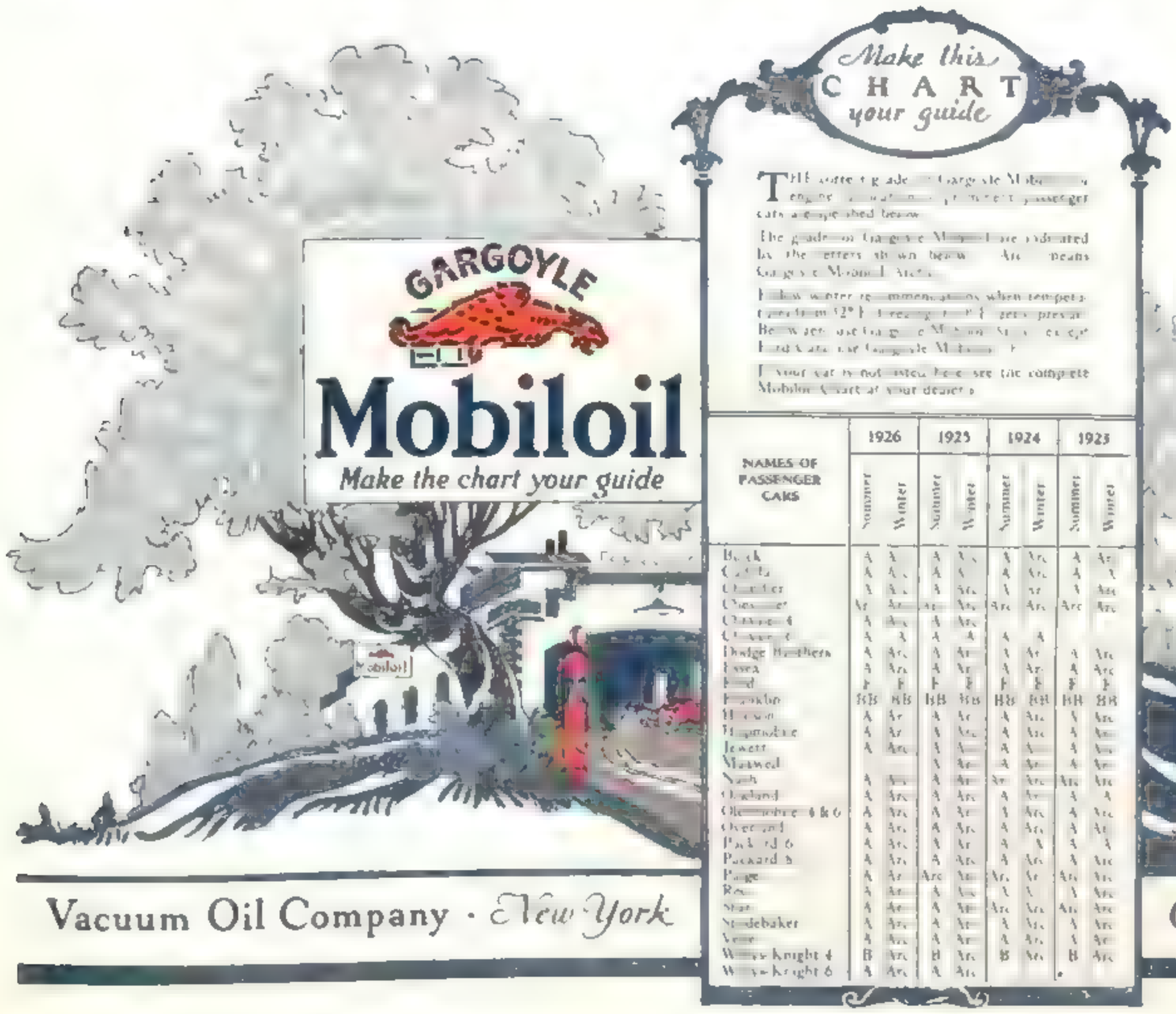
Although Mobiloil costs a few cents more per gallon, it is decidedly cheaper by the year · · because · ·

Scientifically correct body and Mobiloil quality assure less carbon and greater protection against engine noise.

You will find that Mobiloil is by far the most commonly used oil in the personal cars of automotive engineers. These engineers aren't guessing. Among motorists, too, 3 out of every 4 who buy oil by name ask for Mobiloil.

No other lubricating oil manufacturer has had experience comparable with that of the Vacuum Oil Company, with its sixty years of specialization in *lubrication*.

If your car is not listed in the Chart on this page, you will find it on the complete Chart displayed by Mobiloil dealers.



NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926 Summer	1926 Winter	1925 Summer	1925 Winter	1924 Summer	1924 Winter	1923 Summer	1923 Winter
Buick	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 4	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Chrysler 6	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	Brb	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
Oldsmobile 6 & 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard 6	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	A	A	A
Packard 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Ar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	A	Arc				

Vacuum Oil Company · New York

Chicago · Kansas City · Minneapolis

"What bonds should I buy?" *"Which car should I select?"* *"How should I play this hand?"* *"Which club should I use?"* *"What kind of collar should I wear?"*

Plenty of thought for questions like these

but

not half enough for the most important question in the world - -

"What kind of food should I eat?"

THE selection of a daily diet suited to your particular needs is worth the best thought you can bring to it.

Giving thought to the food you eat doesn't mean being a "crank." It doesn't necessarily mean cutting out things you like. It doesn't mean eating things you don't like. It simply means selecting wholesome, appetizing foods and combining them in such a way that your body will receive, every day, an adequate quantity of *all* the food elements it requires.

Does this sound like a complicated feat of dietetics? It isn't! People a century or two ago, who had never heard the word dietetics, were eating three meals a day which kept them hale, hearty and vigorous up to extreme old age. *Some* people are doing it today—but not many. An appalling number of this generation of Americans are malnourished—and, consequently, leading shorter and less enjoyable lives!

Health demands well-balanced diet

We must adapt the diet of today to the needs and conditions of today! The strain of modern life is great. Modern appetites are small. Some modern foods have been "refined," so that vital elements are missing. There are dangerous deficiencies in the average diet.

Grape-Nuts is a tempting food especially planned to supply certain such deficiencies. It is made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special baking process which makes it very easy to digest. It supplies the body with vitally necessary elements of nutrition—dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for teeth and bones; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration.

Irresistible flavor—delightful crispness!

The nut-like taste of Grape Nuts, coupled with its *crispness*, makes it one of the most delicious of all foods There is an important reason for this crispness. It was designed to encourage thorough chewing, thereby helping the health of teeth and gums. Most modern foods are too soft to make chewing necessary, and dental authorities say there is grave danger in this fact.

Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning. Two tablespoonfuls, with cream or whole milk, are enough for a serving—and a single serving contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal! Get a package today from your grocer, or accept the following offer:

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"—
and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. We will send, also, "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College. You will find these delightful menus a help toward better health.

Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate

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G.—S. E. P. 3-6-26

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College.

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Company, Ltd 45 Front Street East, Toronto 2, Ontario

LET'S LOOK IT UP IN THE DICTIONARY

(Continued from Page 17)

A nouveau riche desires an exclusive name for his country villa; a wealthy mother wants expert advice upon a name for her child that will stave off certain superstitious elements in the coming battle of life; numerology is accelerating the demand.

Chiefest, however, is the business man who seeks a distinguishing mark for a commodity he is about to market. Perhaps this potential manufacturer solicits the coöperation of an advertising man for this task, for such professionals make a specialty of just the right words, searching hours sometimes in quest of the proper term to express precisely their thoughts; and not without pleasing monetary compensation, it might be added. But however the prospective producer obtains the new term, he guards it with secrecy until it can be registered in the files of the United States Patent Office.

Here then is another fountainhead of many original words that are used glibly by the man on the street as though they had been extant forever. We have more than 50,000 trade terms in our word shop; but no great proportion are in the dictionary, because the discards have failed to gain the approval of the public. When such a coinage is ratified by popular use, however, occasionally it becomes worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to its owner.

For example, probably few people realize that the word "celluloid" once was owned by a person who controlled the destiny of that word just as legally as his building, his machinery and other chattels.

That "vaseline" and "petroleum jelly" are synonymous seems almost absurd at first blush, so common is the use of the former word. But let a corporation other than the sole and rightful owners of the term "vaseline" attempt to market petroleum jelly of exactly the same context under that patented name, and the brilliant legal talent of one of the greatest oil companies in the world would immediately coöperate with a sheriff's office to regain possession of the word. So great is the popularity of the word "vaseline" that the native appellation is seldom heard now outside of pharmaceutical circles.

Oddly, "groceteria" is patented, "cafeteria" isn't; "aerogram" has an owner, "radiogram" is a free lance. Extensive advertising of these terms, combined with an innate phonetic appeal, is chiefly responsible for their widespread use. There has never been a test case to prove the issue, but some legal authorities maintain that patented trade terms can be withheld from the dictionary by the owners of the words.

Trying to Recover a Stolen Word

Again, old and established words are sometimes supplanted by newer names that are calculated to add more distinction to the persons or products they describe. Undertakers, tenderly performing the last rites for the departed since no man knows exactly when, decided to change the name of their calling to one more élite, and now they are "morticians."

Practically every make of firearms is named after its inventor and his surname has been registered and universally used as the designation of the weapon, as Gatling, Colt, Winchester and Browning. Such developments are constantly pushing the covers of the dictionary farther apart.

And now we come to the sad case of "tabloid." "Tabloid" is the brain child of a British chemist. He conceived this word for a concentrated product which he had prepared. It was patented in several countries, including the United States, and entered the language under the careful guidance of its father. Almost from its birth, however, this mental mintage was the object of covetous fingers and it was kidnaped for other purposes. A lawsuit in Rome and another in London restored the wandering word to its legal guardians.

Then came an epidemic of half-size newspapers in America, and the publishers appropriated the term, without license, as a name for their bisected periodicals. Popularized by the press, "tabloid" captured the fancy of many writing craftsmen and since this flare we have been inundated with tabloid journalism, tabloid sermons, tabloid enthusiasm, and perhaps some delicatessen-fed husbands have used the term aptly to describe their meals. "Tabloid" was stolen, if so harsh a term may be used, from its progenitors.

Following this widespread piratical use, the chemist-owner of this word came to our shop one day, asking our assistance in the recovery of his word "tabloid" from its captors and inquiring what he could do to regain it. We informed him that he could institute legal proceedings against each user and—at that time, when it had just been abducted—possibly obtain damages from each user. We added, however, that the American public seemed to like the little word so much that such a course probably would prove disastrous to himself. We suggested that he should present it to the language with his compliments. So there it is now, evidently firmly intrenched.

Who's Who in the Dictionary

Not only places of public interest but names of people, together with an epitome of their deeds, are in the dictionary. Nor is it a tomb of ancient immortals only. When a living person pokes his head above the horizon of the average of us by exploit or position in life, which gives promise of continuance in the public mind, he or she becomes the object of attention by the lexicographer.

Every President of the United States is, of course, accorded a notation in the dictionary in the next edition after his inauguration, if he hasn't already been recorded there. Statesmen of prominence, leading scientists, doctors, authors, singers, inventors, everyone whose fame may carry his name into posterity, is carefully watched for the possibility of being included in the dictionary.

Now that the new word is captured, the next step is to register it in the master dictionary. This complex volume is an index of practically all human thought. It is really more of a loose-leaf file than a dictionary, for it is but a temporary abode for most words, a crucible of speech housing a host of transient vocables of doubtful vintage that will soon fade from view, unknown and unlamented by the public at large.

This master dictionary probably could be called more properly a lexicographer's notebook, as it harbors, in seasons, thousands of words which but few people will ever see, hear or use. However slight though its value may be to the general public, it is by far the most important document in the keeping of the dictionary maker, for it contains the gathered harvest of his labors, and it is carefully stored in a steel vault as a protection against fire or destruction. Were we stripped of this repository of the latest crop of virgin words, all our activities to the hour of that catastrophe would have been in vain and subsequent steps in enrolling the language rendered impossible. So, even though more than half waste, the master dictionary is guarded with jealous care.

A third step in aiding a word to enter the catalogue of speech is the dressing of it in a proper attire—correct spelling. It is somewhat unfortunate that the twenty-six letters of our alphabet are productive of sixty-eight different sounds. The very first letter of the alphabet even has seven different choices of sound values—as in art, ape, fat, fare, fast, what and all, not to mention the *e* in "obey" masquerading as an *a*.

Benjamin Franklin, besides his other manifold activities, viewed this situation with consternation a century and a half ago, and succeeded in rectifying the confusion in spelling in a measure by designing and sponsoring a new code of spelling, now known as the textbook form, which was a happy advance from the Chaucerian style. Think of padding words today in the fashion of the Father of English Poetry, as in these few lines from his The Knightes Tale:

Have mercy on oure woe and oure distresse,
Som drops of pitee, thurgh youre gentillnesse,
Uppon us wrecchede wommen lat thou falle.
For certus, lord, ther nys noon of us alle,
That sche nath ben a duchesse or a queene.

Then the other extreme. The textbook form of spelling has become the standard for academic instruction in the United States, and it is therefore the first spelling form for the dictionary. But since the days of Poor Richard there have been many changes in word formations—an extra *e* dropped from one word, a spare *b* from another. They are slight changes always, just a slow gradual pruning of the silent letters which have cluttered and in many spots still do clutter our written and printed speech.

Following in the footsteps of Franklin, a group of serious-minded citizens gathered, in the year 1877, to reconstruct our spelling to a rigid phonetic basis; that is, to have words spelled the way they sound.

It soon became evident that a strictly phoneticized alphabet would mean practically the reëducation of the English-speaking world in two of the three R's, reading and 'riting. In view of this, scientific rigor was sacrificed in some degree to the hope of popular acceptance, but it was not forthcoming. Exact phonetic spelling would render Lincoln's Gettysburg Address into this effect:

"For scor and sevn yers ago our fathers brot forth on this continent a nu nashon, consevd in liberti and dedikated to the propozishon that ol men ar created equal. Now we ar engajd in a grat sivil wor, testing whether that nashon . . . so consevd and so dedikated, can long endur. We ar met on a grat battilfild ov that wor. We hav com to dedikat a porshon ov that fild as a final resting plas of thos hu her gav thar livz that that nashon mit liv. . . ."

Words That Pass in a Night

This scientific spelling was approved in 1910 by the National Educational Association. In another century, perhaps, this system of sound spelling will have become popularized and even superseded by more startling changes. Thus each new word now entering the language is given two spellings, unless by chance they coincide, one for the older generation and one for the budding generation.

Then when the stranger at the door of the dictionary has been properly spelled and pronounced, the next task is to discover what it means. As most of the new words slide almost noiselessly into usage, there is seldom any clew for their interpretation other than the few flanking words of context from which they are taken.

A first, second or third appearance of the new word in print or talk may perhaps disclose no precise sense, because other users slightly shade its significance each time it is used. Repetition, however, soon dispels this divergence of meaning among writers or speakers by some seemingly mysterious transference of thought to a probable single interpretation. If two or more meanings persist one is almost mathematically certain to gain the greater currency and eventually win at least first place in the dictionary from its rival.

Slang is the most untractable. It is too transient, in the mouths of the many today, superannuated by another wise crack tomorrow. These fancies we usually list with a lead pencil in a conviction born of experience that they will fail to pass final tests for inclusion in our word book.

Yet some slang terms may enter the dictionary—in time. "Dumb-bell" and "highbrow," for instance, seem sure to be recorded, and the verb "to crash" in the sense of breaking into a party or game without invitation or ticket is another that is taking firm root.

Indeed, some of the slang of today is sure to be used by fastidious writers of a following generation. The process is perennial. "Idiot," signifying an imbecile, was once slang for a private citizen. "Buncombe," meaning bombastic speech or any showy utterance for effect, is another. This latter comes from a remark made by a member of Congress from Buncombe County, North Carolina, who confided to a compeer that he was talking "only for Buncombe" when on the floor of the House. He was, apparently, for from this word "bunk" is derived.

Too, defining words today must be precise, for space in the dictionary is limited. A word must be so synonymized that it can be replaced in a sentence by its own definition. When the craft was young—I lift this from a seventeenth-century lexicon—a lobster was described as "a little red fish that walks backward." Such interpretation is more like a guessing contest, for a lobster is neither a fish nor red, unboiled, and it doesn't walk backward.

Einstein's Theory in 100 Words

What would you do if you were suddenly called upon to describe Einstein's theory comprehensibly? The little unobtrusive German-Swiss scholar turned from his telescope one night and sketched an idea born of his searchings in space that electrified the academic world. In one thesis he upset the orthodox tenets of master mathematicians and astronomers.

Awesome rumor related that only twelve very, very highbrows in all the world could comprehend the intricate reasoning involved in the revelations of Einstein. The more mysterious the new disclosure was heralded, the more people desired to know what it was, and the dictionary maker had to find out.

Our word shop sheltered many puzzled countenances at that time. The scholars of twenty centuries were consulted. The most modern methods of science were subpœnaed in the quest for popular enlightenment. Then, from the mass of evidence collected, it was discovered that the basis of the riddle of relativity had been solved more than fifteen years previous to Doctor Einstein's pronouncement by an American meteorologist in the service of Uncle Sam at Washington, D. C.

However, to the Swiss physicist who first broadcast his findings cleaves the recorded glory. If you want to know the gist of relativity, but have feared to broach the subject because it is too deep, look it up in the dictionary. You will find it tersely explained in less than 100 words.

Definitions must be exact, also, because Congress enacts many laws with the aid of a dictionary. A mistake may strip the Internal Revenue Department of thousands of dollars in income. For instance, the dictionary is used by the United States Board of Customs Appraisers to determine the nearest general grouping of a new incoming commodity so the appropriate toll may be levied against it. If the dictionary should be in error the Government would be the loser.

After a new word has been captured, registered, spelled and defined comes the last and most important step in its adventures of seeking entry into the sanctuary of our speech. It is brought before the committee of admissions, which group is composed of expert philologists and laymen steeped in language lore. This is the court of last appeal that passes upon the credentials of the vocables which have been

(Continued on Page 58)

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

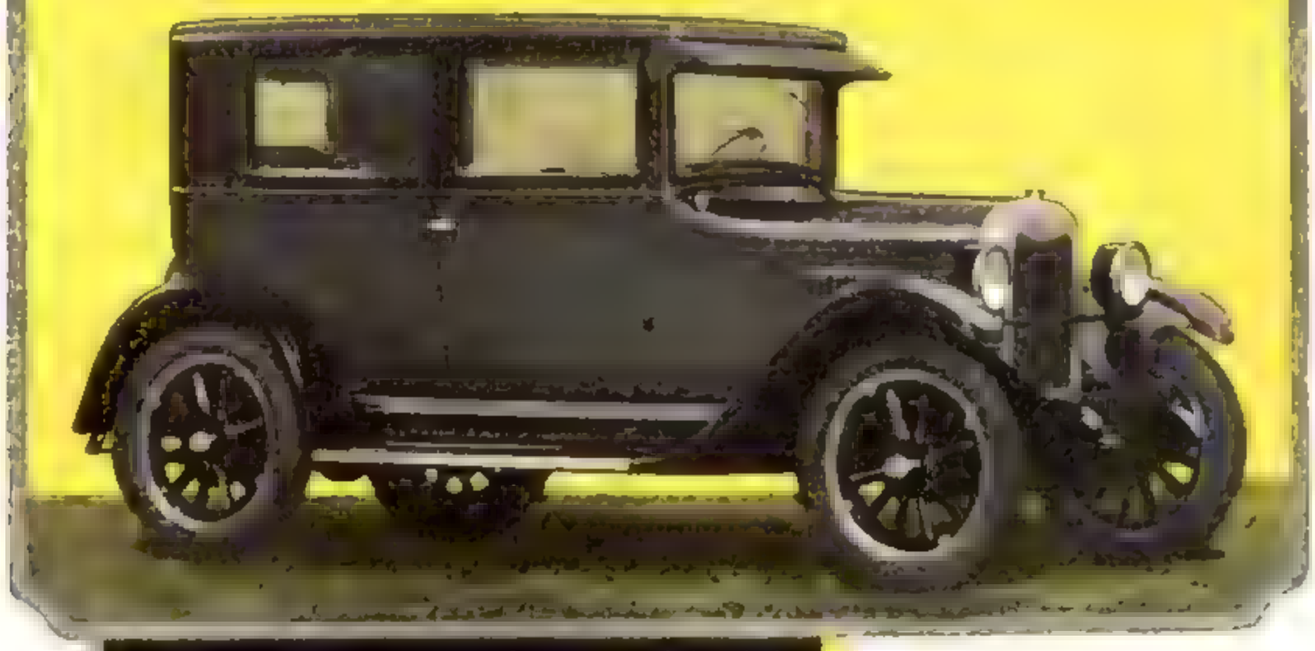
The Greatest VALUE in the

Here is what you would look for in the world's finest closed cars:

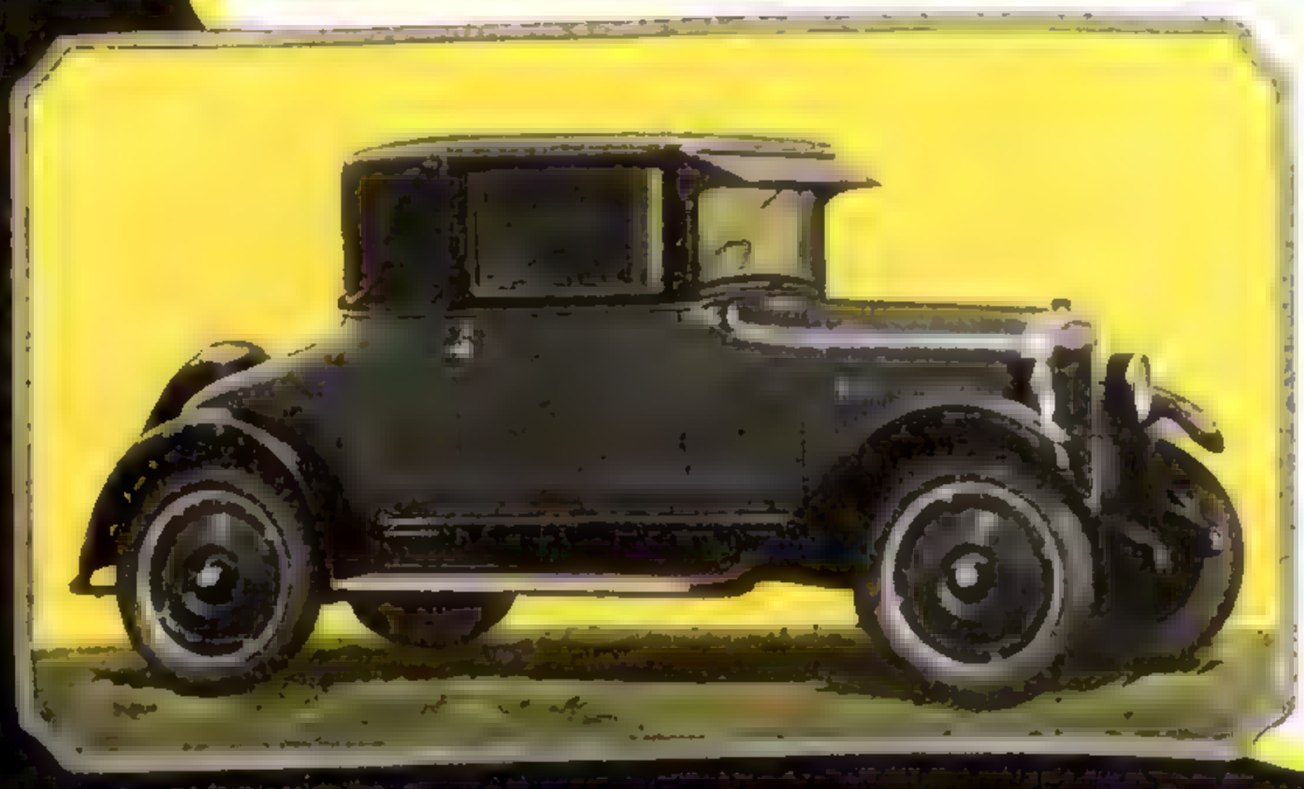
A smooth, powerful motor; a disc clutch that makes it possible to shift gears silently and with utmost ease; long, easy-riding springs; beautiful, comfortable upholstery; fine bodies of steel and wood, finished in handsome colors of Duco!

Recognized everywhere as typical of the very best automobile construction, these features are exactly what you will find in the Improved Chevrolet—a car whose performance will amaze you and whose beauty will delight you.

But think of getting a sedan like this for



The Coach $645 f.o.b. Flint, Mich.



The Coupe $645 f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

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Closed Car VALUES of the World

$735—or more surprising still, a Fisher Body coach for only $645! These new low prices set a new record of achievement in the automobile industry—a record made possible only through volume production by the world's largest builder of gear-shift automobiles—a record that sets still higher Chevrolet's standard, *Quality at Low Cost*—a record that establishes a new measure of motor car value, beyond question the greatest in the world.

One ride in the Improved Chevrolet will convince you. See your nearest Chevrolet dealer today!

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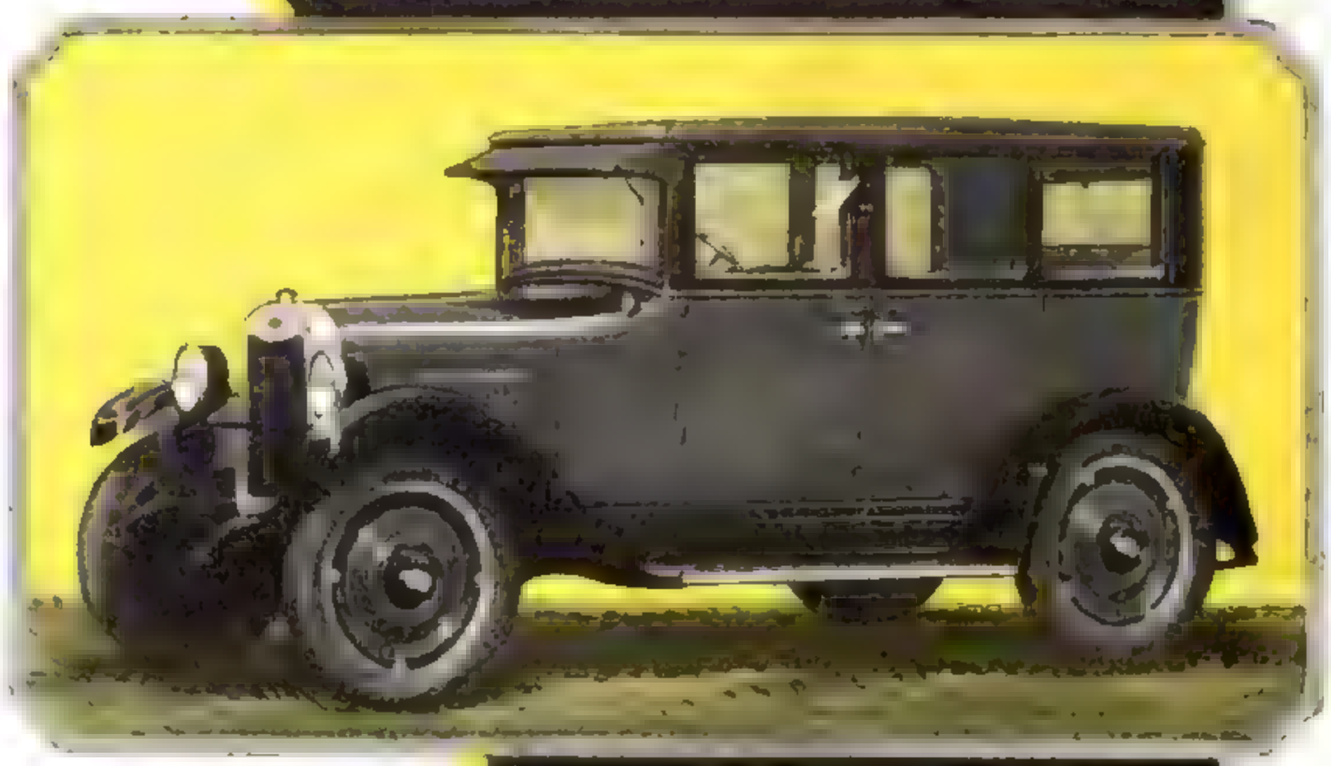
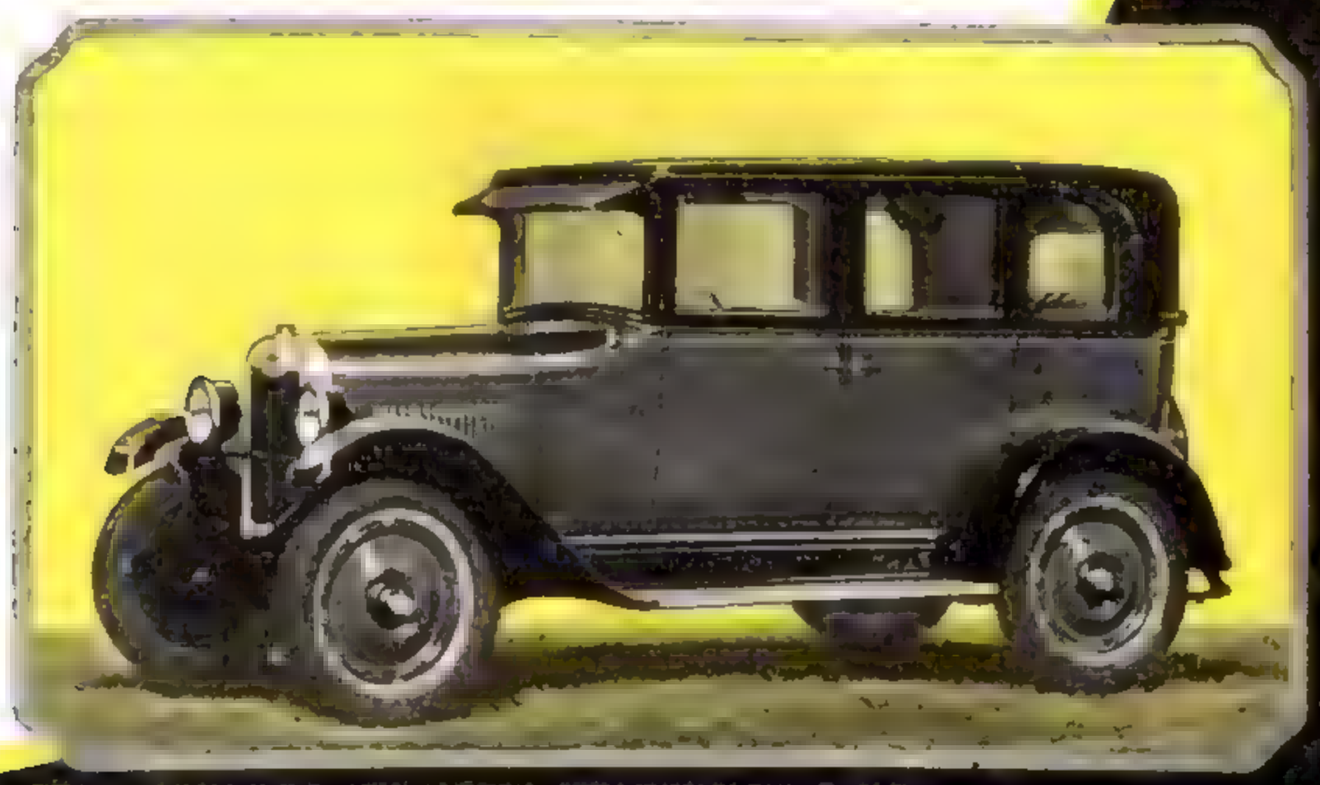


The Sedan $735 f.o.b. Flint, Mich.



The Landau $765 f.o.b. Flint, Mich.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

"Now I know how my roadster feels when it wears a set of Seiberling All-Treads."

THERE'S the comfort of a perfect walking surface, the comfort of assured long wear, and last but not least, the comfort of unobtrusive good looks in Seiberling Rubber Heels.

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO.
AKRON, OHIO

SEIBERLING RUBBER HEELS

For gentlemen too, of course.

(Continued from Page 55)

approved by the word-shop staff. The committee decides the destiny of a word that will either elect it to a position in the living lexicon of the language or remand it to the executioner.

Such a committee, made up of residents of many lands, is somewhat difficult to assemble even once in a decade for a complete revision of the dictionary, when the words that have failed to do much work in the meanwhile are deleted or declared antiquated.

In the interim spanning each decennial reconstruction the sole power of this committee on admissions is vested in the ex-officio chairman of that body, our managing editor, Dr. Frank H. Vizetelly. As dean of American lexicographers, through thirty-five years of service he has made the acquaintance of more than 500,000 words, a record probably unequaled by any other living person. Offer this master of vocables a word for interpretation, and synonyms will pour from his mind like pearls from a severed necklace string. It is a smart word, indeed, that can pass his blue pencil without proper warrant. Yet his paramount concern always in passing upon new words is whether they will be acceptable in the homes of the nation, for which a dictionary is primarily designed.

To gain a place in the dictionary, a word must express a thought, or new variance of a thought, that is not in the compendium already. As the language grows, this test becomes more and more exacting, finally resolving itself into the necessity of a new word practically performing the work of two other words now in our speech.

Another certificate demanded of new words is the reputation of the person who vouches for them. Under whose authentication do they demand a place in our speech? One utterance of a new word by the President of the United States will speed it into the dictionary, where a thousand repetitions by a nonentity will fail. Next, orators and writers of seasoned popularity are the best indorsers for words that entertain hopes for longevity.

Furthermore, a word must be pure to enter the dictionary nowadays. Vulgarities and barbarisms are elbowed aside. In fact, many scientific terms in so orthodox a vocabulary as that of the psychical researcher tainted by a tendency toward the obscene are barred from the standard dictionaries. Such are relegated to the technical glossaries of the psychoanalyst.

Absolute Accuracy Always

But the lexicographer doesn't make the language in any sense; he merely records the best of it, that which is used or usable. Neither can speakers or authors force new vehicles of speech into the language; not even the President.

The language is made by that mythical person—the man in the street. It is to him that the committee of admissions turns when preparing its final balloting. Popularity is the ultimate test for the entrance into the dictionary of a reputable word.

A vocable lacking any semblance of style or pedigree can attain first rank among the immortal members of the language if it is acclaimed by the voice of the mass. The word may be but a passing fancy; but this position, if attained, is unalterable for the present, no matter how much the gownsman or speech purist may protest. The majority rules in lexicography, and popular acclaim is final. In essence, a dictionary is designed to enable who so desires, with its aid, to understand all classic and current literature of the English language.

During this entire registration of a word for our speech there is one slogan seared into the minds of the staff—Absolute Accuracy. This is inviolable, because the dictionary is the master proof chart; from it all other users of words take its edicts without question. The world's foremost specialists on every subject are consulted on each moot point. Human errors are reduced to a minimum.

But catching and pedigreeing words, once the dictionary is made, is insignificant almost compared to creating such a compendium from blank paper. This later work is merely watching the parade go by, awarding palms to the new recruits; an endless task, but pleasant.

It is not many years since our word shop lacked the gentle manner that marks its stride today. The hum of intense activity sounded around the clock each week day for four long years in the original process of gathering together the heritage of knowledge that the many centuries have passed on to us.

Indeed, it is a far cry from poor old Samuel Johnson, stewing away in his wretched little house off Fleet Street, working almost single-handed at his labors of making a dictionary, then only 50,000 words, to a staff of 380 experts and more than 500 specialized scholars and readers dissecting 100,000 volumes in the building of a modern dictionary. Such was our shop then. Really, it wasn't a shop; it was a fact foundry.

A Census of English Words

The transition is that a dictionary is no longer a mere word book; it is a skeleton of human knowledge. No other earthly book contains so much enlightenment compressed for instant use, as ready to answer the little child's simple question as the perplexing problems of an adult. It contains every subject of human interest from sea, sky and land. With simplicity and condensation as a keystone, it is an oracle to which all classes of people may take thousands of questions that arise in their business, professional or social life. In brief, the modern dictionary is no less than a hundred lexicons of information.

To assemble this gigantic mass of data, the specialized readers were assigned to specific subjects, as medicine, law, biology, horticulture, more than 300 differentiæ, to extract all recorded facts on that particular topic. More than 2,000,000 quotations resulted from this survey which formed the basis for interpreting the delicate shadings of our language that have been passed on to us. Forty expert word definers were busy for forty-eight months rending and compressing these variations of meaning. Each definition in turn was passed upon by the most reputable expert to which it could be referred. Then an art department scoured the world for 7000 illustrations for some of the objects described, which words to date have been unable fully to portray, to produce a complete mental image of them.

It may be of passing interest to note that more than 275,000,000 typographical symbols were used in this Herculean task, and that these tons of metal are always kept set up that the dictionary may be quickly rendered up-to-date by the inclusion of the new words which have been accepted into fellowship in the language.

How many words are there in the language? No one has yet been able to capture them all; that is, from the catacombs of speech and the current mintings too. Doctor Murray and his successors at Oxford University have been laboring upon this all-embracing plan since 1879, with its completion yet in the future.

However, it is no flight of fancy to state that there are between 1,000,000 and 1,250,000 words in our language today. At least two-fifths of these are ultrascientific terms used only in the recesses of a laboratory; they are not to be found in standard dictionaries. Many other words are obsolete or antiquated.

Dictionaries have guided thought since about 1100 B. C., when Pa-Out-She, a Chinese scholar, compiled the first lexicon of a language of which we have a record. Greek, Roman, Arabic, down through the ages, usually there have been dictionaries; but Yankee lexicographers have outstripped all forerunners for size and content.

The American dictionary of today contains very nearly half a million terms

Of this mammoth list of words doing duty in our speech, how many do you use? The paucity may astound you. The Russell Sage Foundation decided to answer this question and analyzed 380,000 words written by 2500 different persons in seventy-five communities. Of this material diagnosed more than two-thirds consisted of personal and business correspondence.

Final results showed that the fifty commonest words used, together with their repetitions, constitute more than half of the words we use in writing. The ten commonest, as might be surmised, are "the," "and," "of," "to," "I," "a," "in," "that," "you" and "for," in the order named. Further tabulations revealed that the 300 commonest words constitute three-fourths of our communications, and nine-tenths of our writing is done with 1000 words.

How Many Words Do You Use?

If this is the average used, how many words do you understand when confronted with them? It has been facetiously stated that a woman has a vocabulary of only 800 words, but an enormous turnover. Perhaps tests such as this noted have a tendency to belittle our vocable powers.

In the opinion of our chief, Doctor Vizetelly, who is recognized as a past master of word lore, a child of six years has twice as many understandable terms in its mind as the 800 quota assigned to the fair sex by the humorists. An adult with a small range of information, he states, can understand not less than 3000. A business man, a skilled technician or mechanic, can muster not less than 8000 to 10,000 vocables, and a college graduate has a command of upward of 20,000 words.

With these limited vocabularies, which are such a small ratio of the great store of words available, we are beset at times by an incapacity to understand the thoughts expressed by others in speech or in print. Failure to appreciate a single word, though it happens to be in a native tongue, may dull the perception of an entire idea.

So day by day we gather the new words to post them in the dictionary that English-speaking people may understand other English-speaking people; that the planter from Georgia and the banker from Chicago may comprehend the boy from the Bowery or the antiquarian.

Of course we can't be expected to interpret the chatter of the cockney to a Scotsman or the negro drawl to an Australian plainsman; the dictionary would needs be a phonograph. But if there's a word, which is in reality a thought, of general or even infrequent currency that you don't understand, that you can spell correctly, you will find the most compact and enlightening interpretation obtainable by looking it up in the dictionary.

A Dog Team Traveling Down the Kuskokwim River on 7-Feet-Thick Ice, 300 Miles From the Bonanza, at Napimute, Alaska

"Perhaps you too can cut your 'B' battery cost in half"

Just follow the chart. It gives you the secret of 'B' battery economy

THOUSANDS of people have made the discovery that Eveready "B" Batteries, when used in the proper size and with a "C" battery*, are the most economical, reliable and satisfactory source of radio current. The simple rules for this satisfaction and economy are:

On 1 to 3 tubes—Use Eveready No. 772.

On 4 or more tubes—Use the Heavy Duty "B" Batteries, either No. 770, or the even longer-lived Eveready Layerbilt No. 486.

On all but single tube sets—Use a "C" battery.*

When following these rules, the No. 772, on 1 to 3 tube sets, will last for a year or more; and the Heavy Duties on sets of 4 or more tubes, for eight months or longer.

These life figures are based on the average use of receivers, which a wide survey has shown to be two hours daily throughout the year. If you listen longer, of course, your batteries will have a somewhat shorter life, and if you listen less they will last just that much longer.

Evereadys give you their remarkable service to the full when they are correctly matched in capacity to the demands made upon them by your receiver. It is wasteful to buy batteries that are too small. Follow the chart.

In addition to the batteries illustrated, which fit practically all of the receivers in use, we also make a number of other types for special purposes. There is an Eveready Radio Battery for every radio use.

To learn more about the entire Eveready line, write for the booklet, "Choosing and Using the Right Radio Batteries," which we will be glad to send you on request. This booklet also tells about the proper battery equipment for use with the new power tubes. There is an Eveready dealer nearby.

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Tuesday night means Eveready Hour—9 P.M., Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF New York	WGR Buffalo	WOC Davenport
WJAR Providence	WCAE Pittsburgh	WHO Des Moines
WCSH Boston	WSAI Cincinnati	WEBC Superior
WTAG Worcester	WEAR Cleveland	KSD St Louis
WFI Philadelphia	WWJ Detroit	

Pacific Coast Network Program KGO—San Francisco, 8 to 9 P.M.

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Radio Batteries
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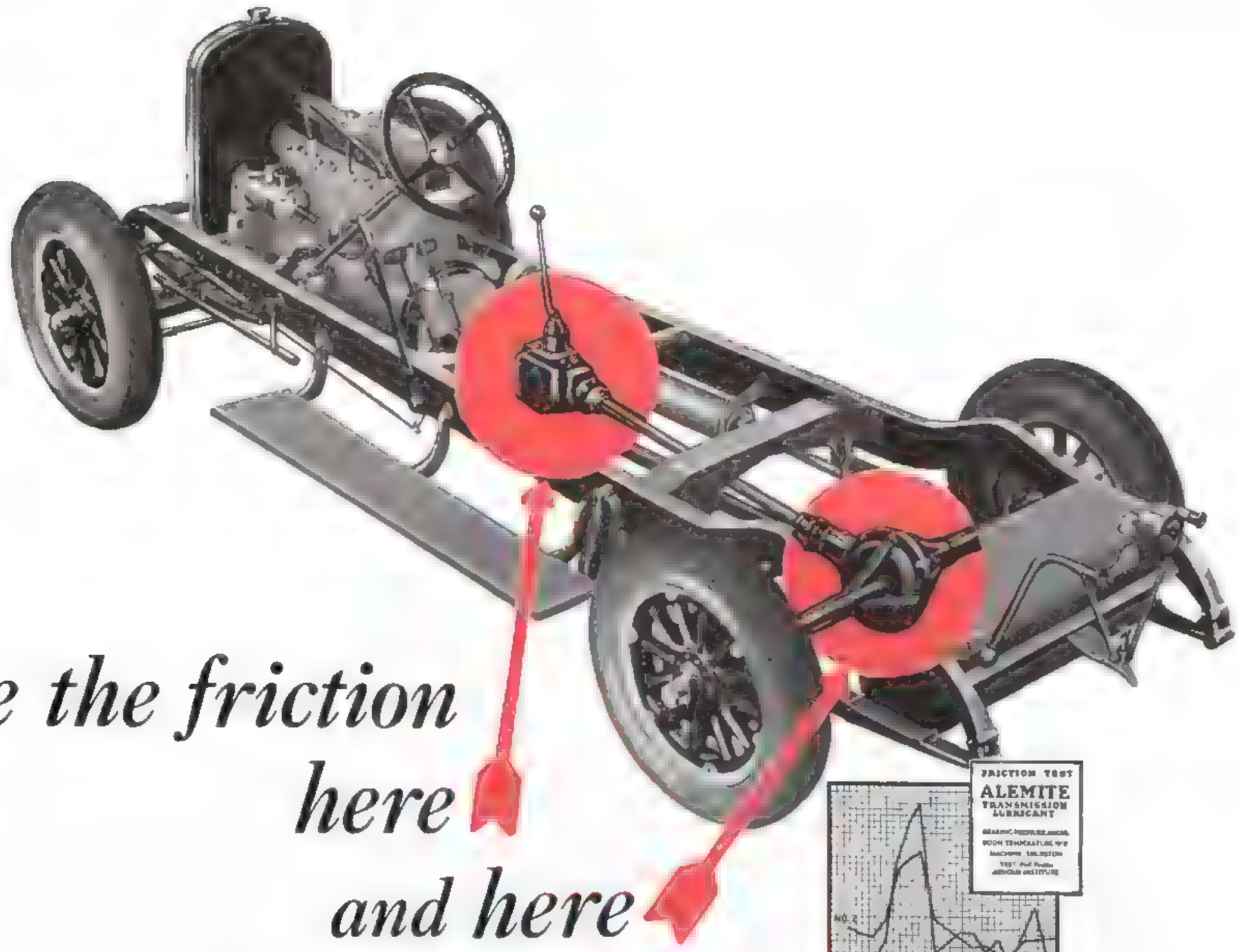
*NOTE: In addition to the increased life which an Eveready "C" Battery gives to your "B" batteries, it will add a quality of reception unobtainable without it.



Reduce the friction here and here

A new type gear lubricant that saves you 40 to 60 gallons of gasoline every 10,000 miles —due to freer running

A revolutionary change has come in gear lubrication. It is of vital importance to every motorist. For it gives you 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gasoline. Enables you to save 40 to 60 gallons of gasoline every 10,000 miles. It will pay you to read this through:

No more fillers or acids

Alemite engineers have perfected an entirely new type of gear lubricant, after three years' research.

This new Alemite Transmission Lubricant contains no foreign substances —no fillers or acids. It is just *100% lubricant.* Heretofore this was thought impossible by many engineers. But it is now a fact. And actual friction heat tests show that this new lubricant reduces gear friction to a new low point (see chart above).

At the same time Alemite Transmission Lubricant keeps your gears free-running as never before. It does away with the drag caused by the old sticky gear compound. In cold weather it keeps gears easy to shift.

A road test

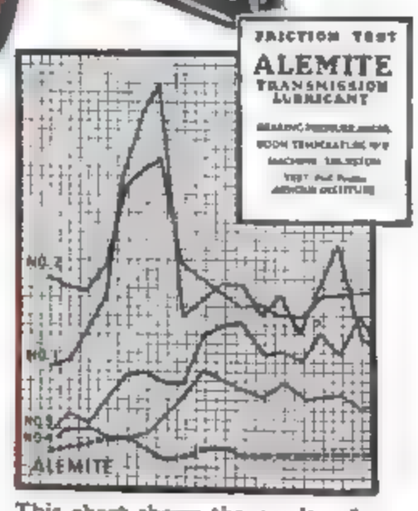
Several well-known standard cars were used to make these tests. A measured amount of gasoline was put in the tank. Then the car was driven till the supply was exhausted. The mileage was recorded.

This test was repeated with four leading makes of gear compounds in the transmission and differentials—under identical conditions. Then the new Alemite Transmission Lubricant was used. A difference was expected. But the amount of difference was amazing.

The car actually delivered 1 to 1½ more miles per gallon of gas with Alemite Transmission Lubricant than with any other.

In your car

This means you can actually reduce your gasoline bill 40 to 60 gallons every 10,000 miles. Just by using this new type Transmission Lubricant in your gears. You'll also find your car has more pick-up and power.



This chart shows the results of a friction test of Alemite Transmission lubrication made in the laboratories of the Armour Institute of Technology. Note how, compared with ordinary gear greases, Alemite kept by far the lowest friction throughout.

Coasting tests, too, show that a car will actually coast 15% to 20% farther on account of this reduced gear friction.

Remember, Alemite Transmission Lubricant *is not* just another gear compound. It is a new principle. And it is the only gear lubricant of its kind today. So ask for it by name. Most all Alemite Lubricating Service stations now have it.

Every 2,000 miles

Drive to your service station today. Have your gear cases drained and refilled with this new lubricant. Gear cases should be drained every 2,000 miles and refilled with fresh lubricant. You'll never have costly transmission or "rear end" troubles if you do thus—and you'll get more miles to the gallon.

If you have any difficulty in getting the new Alemite Transmission Lubricant, just drop us a card. We will gladly direct you to a nearby dealer who has it. The Bassick Manufacturing Co., 2660 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill. Canadian address, Alemite Products Co., of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario.

Look for this Dispensing Drum

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ALEMITE

"Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Transmission Lubricant

LAND OF PROMISE

(Continued from Page 31)

smartest triumphal arches at Rome through which Roman generals and outside men used to bring in the foreigners to swell the city's coffers. Three more such gates are to be built when corresponding roads are built across the swamp and when the city's population can no longer crowd through the present gate in a given time.

We dashed down Halligan Boulevard at thirty-five miles an hour, and drew up with a whoop before the Atlandixie Hotel. This is an imposing pile of pink stucco costing one million dollars, three stories in height or a total of twenty-six feet, and with thirty-five rooms and more baths than one. Three, to be precise. We were welcomed by a committee and were ordered to our rooms. A man in linen knickers and flowing shirt said through a megaphone, "Attention! Everybody will now go to his room and wash up for prospects' dinner."

Mrs. Preevoe and I were assigned to a room on the second floor, with a double bed. A uniformed bellhop carried up our bags, and then drew me aside and told me that he could get me something. I was severe with him, and asked him what he meant by making me such a proposition in the presence of my wife, and told him I could get it cheaper up north, and Mrs. Preevoe threatened to report him. But you need not fear you will be annoyed like that if you have not the name of a big city on your grips; there is a vigilant house detective to see that prospects from dry territories are not given a false impression.

As we had whizzed up to the hotel, we had seen an array of departing guests standing around outside, with overcoats over their arms and with their hand baggage under everybody's feet. These people mopped their heads once more, settled their hard hats and climbed into the busses by the rear as we alighted from the front, and off they went with a sizz-boom-bah. But the hotel was still populous. A board-of-trade dinner was going on in the dining room, and I think we were invited to sample our rooms because some of us were hanging around the doorway and listening in for trade secrets. The tradesmen trooped into the lobby as we descended from our rooms. They beamed on us and puffed twenty-five-cent straights, and distributed themselves at points of vantage. I was impressed by them, and also surprised since I hadn't noticed their establishments; they were representative-looking men, young, athletic, clean-cut, dressed in conventional knickers, with twenty thousand a year and up written all over them—no hand-me-down clothing-store fellows or greasy sandwich shavers in that group. "Dinner for new prospects. Enter without disorder, please," shouted the man with the megaphone.

It was a fair dinner. There were three long tables in the dining room, with half a dozen singles beside the walls in case any guests came to the hotel of their own motion. We sat twenty at a table, elbow to elbow, and ate Coney Island chowder, Virginia ham and spinach and mashed potatoes in blue-plate specials. It was a pleasant meal, full of good humor. The walls were decorated with American flags and a huge map of the United States showing the standing of the several states in the race to buy Atlandixie lots. If California had bought six more lots, and had been given eleven, it would have had seventeen all told and would have been right in the van.

After dinner, we were entertained by a plump young lady in black tights who played popular melodies on a saxophone, marching between the tables. The man who had used the megaphone then announced, "Mr. Shaugnessy Smith, who needs no introduction to any American audience, and who will now address you. Nobody is to leave while Mr. Smith is speaking."

Mr. Smith strode in from the lobby, and we all clapped to show that we knew him. He was a big man of florid complexion with corrugated black hair. He said:

"Some time since, I had the privilege of speaking with the President of the United States. The conversation turned on a new and mysterious force that had just been discovered by our bureau of chemical warfare, supposed to be the mightiest force that had ever been dedicated to the unblessed work of destruction. One of the group present said that he had heard that this new force made TNT look like ammunition for the popgun of a boy, that a whiff of it would sink a battleship. There were speculations as to the nature of this force, said to be the mightiest in the world. 'If it is the mightiest power in the world,' said I, stepping forward, 'I can name it.' You could have heard a pin drop; all present bated their breaths; the President was startled. 'It is character,' I said, looking around me. 'You are right, Mr. Smith,' said the President, and none dared say him nay.

"Friends, I am here tonight to talk to you of character, the force that founded Atlandixie City and will bring it to full fruition. And I shall be concrete; I shall read from the United States Department of Agriculture's Summary of Climatological Data for Florida.

"These are the figures for the locality of Atlandixie City—mean annual precipitation, forty inches; mean annual temperature, seventy-five degrees. How does that compare with other parts of Florida? Here are the official figures, friends. In the year 1878, a precipitation of 89.07 inches at Miami in Dade County, with 25.10 inches for September alone. In 1897 we have 87.07 inches for Palm Beach County, while Fort Myers gives us 82.64 for the year 1853. These figures are taken at random, friends. I do not mention Escambia County's 125.64 inches for 1878, nor its 127.24 inches for 1879 because those are exceptional. Now for comparative temperatures.

"For record heat, I shall take Northern Florida, for cold I shall take Southern Florida, and we shall see how they compare with the ideal at Atlandixie City. Could anything be fairer? We find then that every one of the seventeen observatories in Northern Florida records one hundred degrees or over; Lake City in the north interior, and Marianna in the northwest, have each one hundred and six degrees. As to cold, we turn to this pamphlet and learn that twenty-four of the twenty-five observatories in Southern Florida have noted temperatures under freezing. The Government has not yet established a meteorological station at Atlandixie City proper, but I myself have made computations from the thermometer out there in the lobby over fourteen months, and the results are incorporated in the statistical summary which will be distributed to you in a moment.

"The great Napoleon, on one occasion, had need of a volunteer to undertake a mission of extreme danger. He called his army about him and asked a man to step forward, stating frankly that the said volunteer would certainly be blown into buckwheat. He turned his back so as to encourage the timid soldiers; when he turned again, the army was still in perfect alignment. What was the explanation? Did the hoped-for volunteer say, 'I wish you had spoken about this to me yesterday,' or 'I'll write home and consult my wife,' or 'Why don't you take the job yourself,' or 'I'm all tied up just now,' or any such as that? No, friends. A general saluted and said, 'Sire, the whole army has stepped forward.'

"There's character, friends. There's the force that wins wars and builds cities, and makes real profits. That's the spirit that made profits for the prospects that we brought out here eighteen months ago, when we had nothing to show them, when their money faced utter disaster if we didn't make good. At that predevelopment sale, friends, lots out there on Halligan Boulevard sold for twelve hundred dollars apiece; find one today at less than a thousand dollars a foot, if you can. It is now your chance to step forward."

Following Shaugnessy Smith, a skillful fellow juggled six plates, and then there was a dance. Mrs. Preevoe doesn't care for dancing, so we secured permission to go to bed.

After breakfast on the following day, the man with the megaphone—his name was Mr. Petersen –gave us skull practice on a map of the city. He traced the boulevards and crossways for us with a stick, and showed us the industrial section where the factories were to be located, and the business section for department stores, office buildings and lofts, the theatrical district, the apartment-house district, the low and high class residential districts, and so on. We were then ordered aboard busses, and spent an enjoyable morning in inspecting the city.

The amount of work that had been done was huge. There had been several swampy spots within the city limits, and these had been dredged and deepened and now formed a chain of lakes. Our lecturer informed us that plans were being considered to cut a deep waterway over to the St. John's, fourteen miles away, and, when the Government deepened the St. John's all the way to Jax, seagoing ships would be able to steam right into Atlandixie City. There were openings for forward-looking marine-insurance agents and ship chandlers to open up for business now and be on hand to grab the trade.

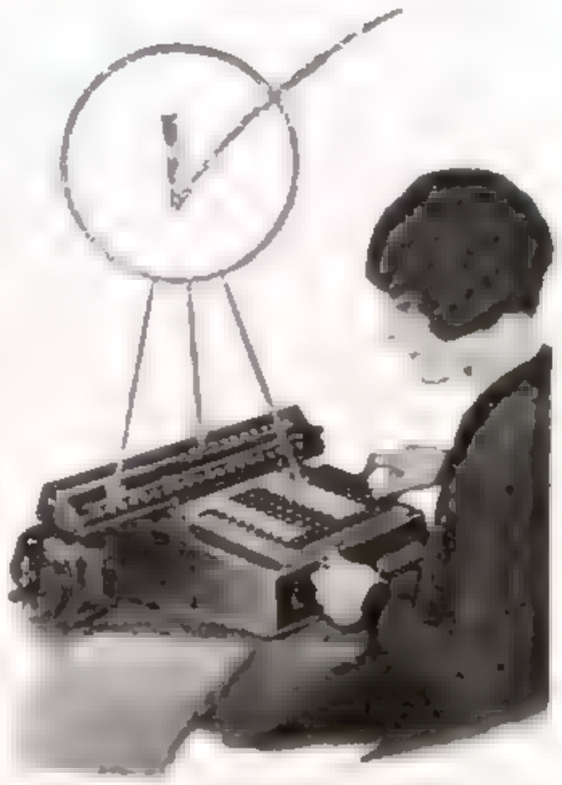
In fact, there were ground-floor opportunities for all kinds of business men. Halligan Boulevard was a paved way with concrete sidewalks, and it was the main business street, but the merchants had not yet arrived. Plans were being drawn for the construction of a two-million-dollar department store, and a large number of other stupendous structures were being rushed rapidly to completion and had already reached the stage where bids were being asked for putting in the foundations of the first of them, but there were already on this imposing boulevard only a pineapple-juice stand and the temporary quarters of the Atlandixie Title Insurance and Guarantee Company. "Backed by all the resources of the Atlandixie Company, but incorporated separately," said our instructor when we passed the insurance company's one-story building of pink stucco. "The Atlandixie Company is one of the few developments in Florida that insures and guarantees its own titles. There's the best proof of their faith in the future of the city."

We saw the public swimming pool, and a very fine one, too, it would be when finished; a hundred and ten feet long and five feet deep when the water was let in. We shook hands there with Miss Eunice Diffendorf, a famous swimmer of whom we had all read; she told us that she was training at Atlandixie for an attempt to swim the English Channel. We went then to the country club, but it was deserted at the time, except for Bertie Cooney, the famous child movie star, and his manager. Bertie addressed us, and said he looked forward to having us all as his personal friends when we settled in Atlandixie City and that it was the finest place he had seen in forty-seven years of trouping. But, no; his manager said some of that. A gentleman who was sitting outside in golf togs, swinging a club and waiting for the links to be finished, proved to be none other than Long George Watt, a professional who won the open championship of America in his day; he took us by the hand and said he hoped we would settle in town so that he could play a few holes with us.

That's Florida. You can walk all over Chicago, day and night, and the greatest man you will see free is a policeman, but

MONROE
HIGH-SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

The Visible Proof takes out the Guesswork



AN extract from a recent issue of the Providence Journal, under the heading "Newport Citizens Back Bridge Plan"

That the commission intended to have no *guesswork* in its figures, is shown by the fact that it bought a Monroe Calculating Machine, which was installed in the commission's office, room 7, State House.

The Monroe gives Visible Proof of first-time accuracy. In the keyboard and two sets of dials, all figures used are distinctly visible and in direct alignment. Locked-figures give protection against guesswork and errors of the human element; simplicity of operation and lightning speed mean easier, faster results for all your figure-work.

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES FIGURES TELL THE TRUTH

down in Florida some famous man is always grasping you by the hand. Famous people don't stand on ceremony down there.

The swimming pool was being built at an expense of one million dollars; the country club had also cost a million, and one million dollars was being spent in landscaping the golf links and polo fields. Those developers do nothing in a small way; they think in millions. Mrs. Preevoe has had experience in building bungalows in Michigan, and she sought to question the lecturer, but he was too busy smoking cigarettes when he was not talking into his horn.

"We are now on Atlandixie Heights," he announced, "the new subdivision just opened for high-class residences, and which will complete the marketing of Atlandixie City lots as at present laid out. This point is three feet above the level of the valley. Below you will be the polo fields and golf links, giving you an unobstructed and magnificent view in perpetuity. You see the polo fields in the rough, and the heights are as yet unimproved, but close your eyes and picture how this will look when all is completed. Below you is the emerald sward of the polo fields sweeping to distant purple copses; you see down vistas of splendid avenues lined with stately palm trees, planted at three hundred dollars apiece or a total of one million dollars. On every side are the mansions of Mediterranean architecture, pink and green and all prismatic hues. If you will now open your eyes again for a moment you will see the site of the Community House, to be occupied by a structure of pure Moorish design costing one million dollars, preliminary sketches and plans for which are now in contemplation."

We returned to the hotel, and were addressed in the dining room after lunch by "Macallum More, a municipal engineer needing no introduction to any American audience. Kindly remain seated."

Mr. More told us something of the administrative side of Atlandixie City. It was not a municipal corporation, because it would then have come under the supervision of the state and have been subjected to political interference. He said that if the city wanted any public utility, such as a water works or a park or a school, it did not have to apply to politicians, but could go ahead and spend its own money without graft, if it wished. State incorporation was desirable in order to secure the right to tax, but no taxes were levied on property owners in Atlandixie City because all public services, such as fire and police protection, were supplied by the Atlandixie Company free. He admitted frankly that the city might grow to a point where it would be needful for its citizens to take care of themselves, but real-estate values would then have so increased that all present would have long since sold out at an enormous profit and moved on.

He told us about the financing of the city's growth. He said that the Atlandixie Company could borrow from outside banks to cut up its new territory and put in streets and public utilities, but that the cost of such financing would have to be passed on to lot purchasers, with the usurious bonuses that outside banks always extort. We were therefore going to be allowed to finance improvements ourselves. The property would be offered to us in three stages, and we could buy it at once in any stage. We could buy acreage in the rough, unredeemed from the swamp and forest; we could buy it graded and cleared, or we could buy the finished lots abutting on paved and sidewalked streets. If we chose either of the last two stages, we could sign up at once, and 40 per cent of the total purchase price would be paid into the Atlandixie Trust Company to be held until the Atlandixie Company put in the stipulated improvements. Lots in the rough would cost eight hundred dollars apiece; cleared and graded would only cost fourteen hundred and fifty dollars, while we could snap up the fully improved article for future delivery at twenty-two hundred dollars.

"It sounds very attractive," I said to Mrs. Preevoe when we happened to have a moment to ourselves. "Especially the way that they save the buyers from falling into the clutches of the banking power."

"Hm-mph," said Mrs. Preevoe. "There is a third way they could finance the improvements, and that is to spend their own money and take a chance. I guess they never thought of that. I never heard of anything so barefaced, and people sit there and listen to it. They tell you in so many words that 40 per cent of the money you put up is enough to make all the improvements. That is, for a twenty-two-hundred-dollar lot, eight hundred and eighty dollars represents improvements, which leaves them thirteen hundred and twenty dollars for the lots in the rough."

"But, my angel," I protested, "you must realize they are under terrible expense for bringing people down here and showing them around and for building that country club and public polo field."

"It is a good thing that I am with you, Preevoe," she said, sighing. "See if you can understand this: There are five of these lots in an acre, which, at thirteen hundred and twenty dollars a lot, means that they are selling unimproved acreage at six thousand six hundred dollars an acre. And they have three thousand acres, haven't they? Multiply those two figures and see the amount of money they have to draw on for expenses, even supposing they pay that blatherskite Shaugnessy Smith three dollars for each speech."

She narrowed her eyes and said, "I do not know what they themselves pay for this acreage, but I have my suspicions and I am going to find out. That's where the money is or I miss my guess."

"Then you do not think we had better buy our winter home here, my love?" I asked. "I have already spoken for a lot on the corner of the proposed Jenkins Boulevard and the projected Poinciana Way, opposite the suggested Ponce Plaza. But if ——"

"I won't forget to ask your advice in spending my money when I want it, Preevoe," she said. "Have you that hundred dollars safe yet?"

"Good afternoon, folks," said Harry Masters, who was hovering by. "May I see you about that matter, Mr. Preevoe?"

This Harry Masters was one of the local board of tradesmen. He had taken hold of us at once on the previous evening and had not left us except to sleep. He disclosed himself as an old newspaper man from Chicago as soon as he learned who I was, and he admitted that he knew everybody I knew and was delighted to hear of them again. He was then working as a salesman for the Atlandixie Company, and he it was who had arranged to sell me the home site at the planned Ponce Plaza. He was a taking fellow, clean-cut and jolly, and I was sorry to have to say to him, "It's all off, Harry. The missus simply won't hear of buying a lot here."

"Never mind that," he said, sitting down with me on a bench for two in the middle of the lobby. "I have another proposition, Preevoe." He lowered his voice. "A friend of mine will be here tomorrow afternoon to buy a piece of property that I've tipped him off on. But he can't get here until the bus from Sanford gets in, and meanwhile I'm afraid this property will be snapped away from him. I want to grab an option on it for a few hours, see? Can you find a hundred dollars right away?"

"No," I said.

"I could pay you two-hundred-dollars profit for the use of it until tomorrow," he urged. "You may think it's funny I haven't a hundred of my own to put up, but it's so. I was cleaned last night in a crap game in the directors' room. Are you afraid I'll gyp you out of a hundred dollars? You could go into the main office and have me fired like a shot; and my job is worth two thousand a month in commissions to me. Don't ask me why I don't ask an advance of a hundred; there's an excellent reason."

"Where is your property, Harry?"

"I can't tell you," he said flatly. "But I will have the option made out in your name, and we will have a little side agreement that you will assign the option over to whomever I say, when you get your velvet tomorrow morning. You'll get your three hundred dollars and will step out in favor of my friend. I'm afraid this property will get away from us. The man who controls it is here in town now, and he's already dealing with other buyers. Smoke up, Preevoe, and think fast."

It sounded fishy, but it had points. I could have used two hundred dollars. Gosh, I had hardly seen a ten-dollar note without a string on it since I was married. Not that I had any complaint to make about Mrs. Preevoe's management of our finances, or that I really needed money—she had often said, "A dollar, Preevoe? What for?"

"Don't get the idea that there is anything crooked about this, Preevoe," said Masters, reading my mind. "There is nothing at all to conceal, but I have a personal reason for doing it this way. Go out that side door and meet me at the corner of Halligan Boulevard and Floral Way in ten minutes. That is down by the gate."

I went, and he came in a closed flivver by another route. He descended, looked cautiously about him, and led me rapidly to a one-story shack above which was a sign saying, La Tropical Realty Company, J. Goodbear, Pres't. It seems that in Florida, when a new development is opened, competing real-estate men slip in at once and grab locations whence they can bag the local company's prospects.

These outlaw offices are in the nature of service stations; after you have heard the story of the local empire builders, you can obtain all missing parts by slipping into an office of these informers.

"This is Mr. Goodbear, Mr. Creevey," said Masters, introducing to me the stout and middle-aged gentleman whom we found alone with his stick and map. Mindful of Mrs. Preevoe's peace of mind, I had told Masters that I did not wish my name to be used in the matter, and he saw no objection, and even a tactical advantage.

"Pleased ——" I began.

"Mr. Creevey wishes to explain to you that he has laryngitis, and has been forbidden to talk," said Masters, giving me a look. "Doctor's orders. Mr. Creevey is a prominent Chicago capitalist who is down here incognito looking things over. He is interested in purchasing the Barlow acreage."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Goodbear, studying me to pierce my alleged incognito, while I looked as intelligently plutocratic as one could expect to look when suddenly plunged into an absurd situation.

"I have explained to Mr. Creevey that you have a power of attorney to contract for the sale of the Barlow property," said Masters. "He wishes to obtain an option for a few days so that he may look the property over at his leisure and make arrangements."

"That can be done," said Mr. Goodbear, "if Mr. Creevey, as you choose to call him, will let me have a substantial check. You know that negotiations are far advanced with other interests."

"You must see that a check is out of the question until Mr. Creevey is ready to admit his identity," said Masters. "A delay of forty-eight hours can't hurt your other deal, Goodbear. Mr. Creevey will pay you a nominal sum in cash for an option—say, one hundred dollars."

"At one hundred and ten an acre?"

"Agreed, for the purposes of the option," said Masters. "I happen to know that the offer of the other interests is ninety dollars, but we'll take that up when we come to exercise the option."

"I'll do it, on your assurance that I'm not wasting time, Masters," said Goodbear after reflection. "Let Mr. Creevey look at the property at once."

He filled out a blank while I was detaching myself from the hundred dollars. He put the blank and a blue print in an envelope and handed them to me with a respectful bow. I accepted the tender, bowed cordially but mutely, and went out with Harry Masters.

"When I get my three hundred dollars," I said grimly, rebuffing the attempt of Harry Masters to take the envelope from me. And I thrust it into my breast pocket.

"Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Preevoe when I returned to the hotel. "The bus has gone off without us for the afternoon's tour. However, you will at least have a chance to take a bath before they all return. Go up at once; and put on your flannels with the gray stripe when you dress. Ask for fresh towels, and tell the bell boy I will give him ten cents."

"Yes, my angel," I said, going to the stairs.

I was in the tub when she came knocking at the door. "What is this survey and paper I find in your suit, Preevoe?"

"Oh—ah—they were given to me, my love," I said. "I didn't look at them yet."

"They are not for you at all, but for a Mr. Creevey," she said. "And where is your hundred dollars?"

"What's that?" I asked, putting soap in my ears.

"The hundred dollars!"

"I cannot hear a word, my angel," I said. "But I can tell you that it is quite safe and I didn't lose it."

"I will see about this," she said, going away.

She was not about when I issued from the bathroom. I got quickly into my flannels with the gray stripe and went to find Masters. I had to have that hundred dollars again at once, or an unassailable alibi. Masters wasn't in the lobby, and I sought him in the company offices on the same floor.

In the handsome office which I entered, a tall gentleman with a white imperial was examining a drawing tacked to a drafting board; he glanced at me when I spoke to the young lady at the typewriter stand.

"What is it, Miss Steinbock? Whom do you wish to see, sir? I am Colonel Halligan; do you wish to see me? Ah, our Mr. Masters—the salesman, I suppose. He's out with a prospect for the time. May I ask why you wished to see him? Perhaps I can be of service."

"I'd like to talk to him at the earliest possible moment," I said. "Just tell him that something important has come up in connection with the Barlow property. He'll understand."

"The Barlow property," said Colonel Halligan slowly. "May I ask the nature of your interest in the Barlow property?"

"A small financial arrangement between Mr. Masters and me," I said off-handedly. "You see, he has a friend coming here tomorrow to buy that property, and he asked me to finance"—I stopped, being warned by the suddenly apoplectic tint of the colonel's face—"but perhaps you'd better speak to Mr. Goodbear about this," I ended guardedly.

"I shall do that immediately," said the colonel. "And I am obliged to you, sir. Miss Steinbock, tell the captain of the salesmen to send that scoundrel in here the instant he sets foot again in the hotel. I shall take a personal pleasure in booting him. And send for Goodbear at once."

I withdrew against his protest, wondering uncomfortably what I had let Harry Masters in for. I was loitering behind a rubber plant in the lobby when Mr. Goodbear entered and passed through on his way to Colonel Halligan's office.

Later in the afternoon I spoke to the megaphonist. He had just ordered the reassembled prospects into the dining room for a short harangue by Shaugnessy Smith. I asked him if he knew where Harry Masters was.

"He left here forty minutes ago," he said, "and he is now between Jacksonville and Savannah, if he kept going like he started. Harry Masters is not with us any more, and won't be, mister."

(Continued on Page 67)

HICKOK

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DUCO gives that beautiful lustre so much desired for articles in the home, in dainty colors that will not fade. It dries quickly and "laughs at time."

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is made in the following popular colors for use about the house: White :: Black :: Ivory :: Buff :: Orange :: Rich Red :: Brown :: Gray :: Light Blue :: Delft Blue :: Lawn Green :: Dark Green :: and "Clear". Also in these seven colors for finishing autos: Black :: Dark Gray :: Maroon :: Navy Blue :: Deep Blue :: Brewster Green :: Sagebrush Green.

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"Why can't we have some light around here?"

YOU can have *all* the light you want for reading for less than the cost of your newspaper. Electric light has become the least expensive item in your budget.

Bring your lighting up to standard with the *new* Edison MAZDA Lamps. Have the comfort of enough light and the right kind of light everywhere in your home.

The new Edison MAZDA Lamps are superior to the old clear and frosted lamps. *Yet they cost no more than the clear lamps and less than the frosted lamps.*

They are frosted *inside*, which helps protect the eye but lets the light come through better than any other diffusing lamps. They are ornamental and decorative. They simplify lighting, for a few sizes meet practically every lighting requirement.

Ask the nearest Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent to show you these new lamps. He displays the emblem shown below at the right.

The *new* Edison MAZDA Lamp. It sells for less than any other diffusing lamp ever made and makes the cost of light—already the least expensive of home comforts—lower than ever before.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
A GENERAL ELECTRIC PRODUCT

(Continued from Page 62)

I was seated beside Mrs. Preevoe in the crowded lobby that evening, listening to a program of chamber music on the saxophone, when I saw Mr. Goodbear approaching.

Mrs. Preevoe, strange to say, seemed to have forgotten about the hundred dollars for the time being, and I saw no advantage in reviving the subject.

"Excuse me, my love," I murmured, rising and sauntering rapidly away.

"Mr. Creevey!" called Goodbear, overhauling me in a doorway.

"Sh-h!" I said. "Remember."

"But I must speak to you," he said urgently. "Would you take a short profit on your buy?"

"Do you want to give me my hundred dollars back?" I whispered.

"Not as bad as that," he said, grinning. "I can get you a profit. I'd like to get started with you, and perhaps you'll let me represent you in some of your operations. Will you take a quick profit on that Barlow stuff?"

"Anything over a hundred dollars, if it's quick," I said.

"Leave it to me then," he said. "I'll show you. Much obliged."

"A breath of fresh air," I said, sitting down again by Mrs. Preevoe. "I had a funny feeling."

The megaphonist came to us and said to me, "Are you the gentleman asked me for Harry Masters? Pardon me, but are you Mr. Creevey? Colonel Halligan wishes a conference with Mr. Creevey."

"The name is Preevoe," I said. "Don't mention it."

"You look positively ghastly, Preevoe," said my wife. "How many times have I told you not to eat shrimp? You better go up to bed."

"I do think I would feel better there, my angel," I said, rising.

It was then half past seven. Mrs. Preevoe came to our room at a quarter to twelve; she cross-examined me at length as to my indisposition, but failed to extract any incriminating admissions.

I awoke on the following morning at eight o'clock after a sound sleep of an hour and three-quarters; that hundred dollars annoyed me. Mrs. Preevoe was packing our bags.

"We are taking the bus that leaves at nine o'clock," she said. "We must visit with Molly Toynes at Biggville, and this is our chance. Get up."

"But, my love," I said anxiously, "will they let us go without buying a lot? You remember the fuss they raised yesterday when that party tried to slip out without having bought. Why, they called the poor man everything but a porch climber, and insinuated that."

"Let them try it on with me," said Mrs. Preevoe cheerfully. "But I have already spoken to them and promised to return. They're not entitled to anything, but I've agreed to leave one of our bags until we come back. Get up."

There were the two classes of northbound travelers in the nine-o'clock bus. If you go down there you will meet these two classes coming up. The first class is all the people who have bought lots down there, and the second class is the few who have not bought lots; the first group will try to sell Florida to you and the other faction will try to give it away. They do not mingle, even in a crowded bus.

"I read in a paper where 15 per cent of the population of the United States can afford to come to Florida," said a lady, offering a topic. "Some great professor has calculated that that means a coming population of twenty millions."

"That may be," said a gentleman with a bitter smile. "But I'm going to put my money into a wooden-leg factory. Figures show that 90 per cent of the population of the United States can afford a wooden leg, and that means a profit of half a billion dollars. If everybody buys one, I mean."

"But who wants a wooden leg?" protested the lady.

"Wait till these Florida boomers get into the business, and you'll see," chuckled the gentleman.

"In the first place," said the lady, "I have read in numerous Florida papers to the effect that it is a mistake to speak of a boom. Florida's prosperity is based on the Gulf Stream and the climate. Don't you think so, Mrs. Preevoe?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Schultz," said my wife decidedly; and I was surprised. "Atlandixie City will have a population of one million when it has grown in the only direction it can. It has even now over fifty millions' worth of buildings, either contemplated or planned, a program of thirty miles of paved streets, a harbor for seagoing ships in the near future, excellent drinking water when the filter is built, every residence to be equipped with its own sewage system, ample hotel rooms, a free bus service to Sanford, a million-dollar country club and a million-dollar natatorium ——"

She stopped for breath. The gentleman was squelched, and he looked at me for sympathy, but I gave him a harsh glance.

"If you cannot speak good of Florida," I said, "there are lots of places you can speak evil of and offend nobody."

We shaved nine minutes off the record for the twenty-five-mile run to Biggville, arriving at 4:38 P.M. Even that impressive achievement will be surpassed, it is confidently hoped, when the new motor highway to Atlandixie is completed at a planned cost of forty-three millions. Dollars? Yes. It seems high, but it gives you an idea of the way they plan to spend money down there. I am told that those empire builders have already planned to spend all the money in the country, and the United States Treasury is breaking out into a cold perspiration.

Look Biggville over, if you're interested. The road is paved from Sanford all the way down to the cross-state highway that runs to Fort Pierce on the east coast. It's a great citrus country—lettuce and such water plants too. I don't know much about the citrus industry and wouldn't pretend to advise you, but a fellow said something to me down there that had an argument in it. I was telling him that grapefruit and oranges and so on were going to be produced by the ton hereafter, and he said, "Who's going to buy them? Pretty much everybody who wants an orange has one now."

There's something to think about. However, you probably only want oranges for local color, and you can have them.

Picture postcards of Biggville don't read, Suggested Moorish Treatment of Projected Street. They build houses in Biggville before taking their pictures, and no spirit photographs. And you'll know the houses for houses. These futurists can tell me until they're blue and green in the face that a flat-topped bungalow isn't hot and that they build them out of a roll of chicken wire and a barrel of colored mud to be arty; give me a house and town on the American plan, with regular trees around, and a good line of stores. That's Biggville. Well, it's any one of a hundred towns in Florida that you don't hear much about. They'll probably rim you on the price, but you get what you came down for. Understand, I'm supposing that you want to buy property to live on. There must be such people. It stands to reason.

We stopped with Mrs. Toynes three weeks, and she talked Biggville to us before and after meals, until we went gunning around. We located a decent little five-room bungalow; all on the flat, but with a pitching roof to shed the sun, and clapboarded and shingled. Mrs. Preevoe said it could be built for twenty-six hundred in Michigan—it was sealed with wall board, and has single floors of pine, and five dollars' worth of spun lighting fixtures—but it had cost forty-five hundred to build, and the old Swede was only asking eight thousand. Not bad. It had lady-finger banana trees in the back yard, and a royal poinciana in front; that's a tree too. And we weren't told that Henry Ford or Harvey Firestone had designs on the lot next door; the tip in Biggville was that a Chinaman was moving into town. That meant we wouldn't have to pay the union rate of forty cents to have the neckbands torn off my shirts.

Mrs. Preevoe seemed to like the little house, and it was what we'd planned on, but she had been acting strange of late. She had delusions of grandeur and dizzy spells of figuring that made her eyes unnaturally bright.

She said, "A man bought ten acres on the Dixie Highway for a thousand an acre, and sold them in six months for twenty-two thousand an acre. Did you hear about that, Preevoe?"

"Ha-ha," I laughed to cheer her. "No, my angel, I didn't hear that one, but it's good. Here's one: A fellow swallowed a silver dollar and the doctors couldn't get it out. So they said, 'Your only hope is to go to Miami, and if those real-estate agents down there can't get that dollar out of you ——'"

"Don't be a fool all your life, Preevoe," she said. "A profit of a hundred dollars an acre is ridiculously low, if you ask me. Even so, fifteen hundred acres at a hundred an acre is a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Even at 6 per cent, that is nine thousand a year for life. But at a thousand an acre ——"

"Ahem," I said, trying to control her with the power of the human eye. "Let's talk about this house. Why don't we buy it—you, I mean?"

"With what?" she said, veering suddenly and turning pale. "I didn't see any Atlandixie bus go by today, did you? I don't know what to think."

She had gotten several letters from Atlandixie by the bus. The authorities down there, I judged, still had us under surveillance and would be down on us if we sought to flee the state.

"There hasn't been an Atlandixie bus through here for four days," I reassured her. "It is our chance to drop out of sight."

"That settles it," she said. "We will go back to Atlandixie tomorrow morning. And talking of Atlandixie—have you still that hundred dollars you are minding?"

"I knew there was something I wanted to speak to you about, my love," I said. "But let me get you a glass of water."

"Come back here this minute," she said. "Where is that money? Have you lost it, you idiot?"

"Oh, no," I said heartily. "It is not lost, my angel. It is—well, to be precise—you see, I had a chance to invest."

She stared at me, and then she worried me by taking it calmly. "A hundred dollars more or less," she said almost casually. When she had gone in I slipped down to the drug store to get quinine in case she was coming down with something. She wasn't normal.

Nobody seemed to know anything about the Atlandixie busses except that they weren't coming through any more, so we hired a flivver for twenty-five dollars a day and drive it yourself, and hit out. We started bright and early and raised the Atlandixie Gate by two o'clock in the afternoon.

We saw nothing stirring on Halligan Boulevard except a large black bear which was sauntering between the transplanted palm trees toward the hotel. The creature was evidently tame, but I raced the motor, and the brute slouched down Hydrangea Way toward the swamp.

"It's a disgrace," I said, "how some people will move away and leave pets behind them. Do you see anybody around, my angel?"

She did not see anyone, even with my help. The French windows of the hotel

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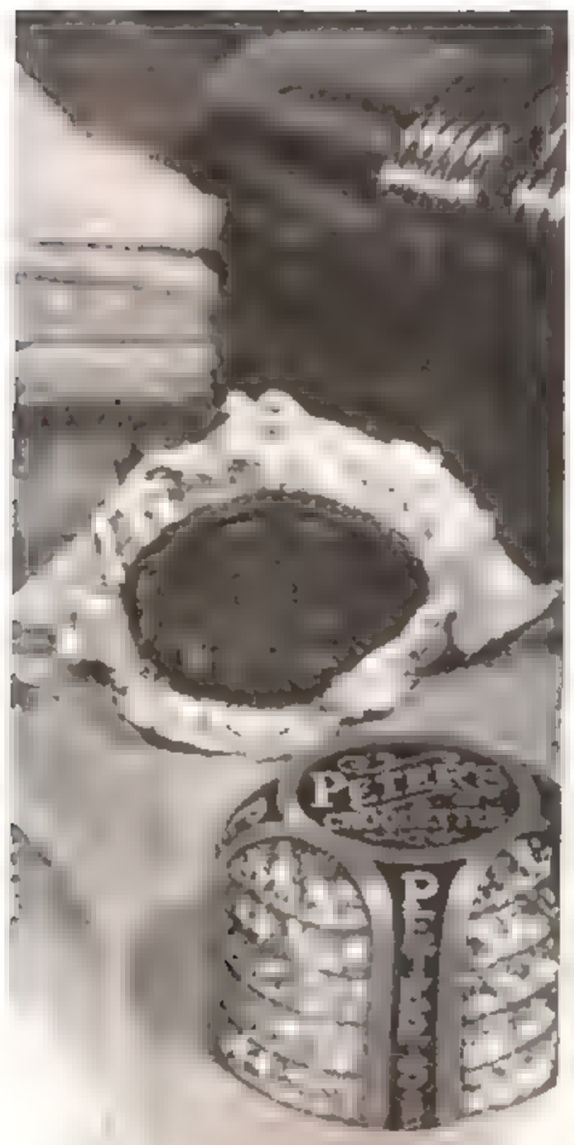

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You can also buy Peter's in delicious plain bars or crisp, toasted almond bars, 5c and 10c sizes. Don't be satisfied with ordinary milk chocolate. Try Peter's today—its full chocolate flavor will delight you. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 131 Hudson Street, New York.

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MILK CHOCOLATE
High as the Alps in Quality

were all drawn in, and a batten door had been fitted to the Mediterranean entrance. A bevy of black buzzards was excavating the hill of tin cans in the rear.

We visited the country club and the swimming pool. Bertie Cooney and his manager were chewing their gum and fine-cut elsewhere. Miss Eunice Diffendorf was swimming the boisterous English Channel for all we could see to the contrary, and Long George Watt had apparently wearied of waiting for the golf links to be finished. And nobody was playing polo, the sport of kings. There was nobody anywhere.

And then we saw a human figure, and it made us nervous, like the sight of a footprint startled Robinson Crusoe on his solitary island. Well, it made me nervous anyway.

This figure was down on Floral Way, by the office of La Tropical Realty Company, and a little rapid thinking told me that if it was nobody else it was certainly J. Goodbear, the real-estate agent. "I must see him," said Mrs. Preevoe.

"And meanwhile I will scare up a quart of oil," I agreed. "You do not mind walking, my love? That road would burn the clutch out of a wheelbarrow." Saying which, I went and hid behind the Moorish garage. If I met Goodbear with Mrs. Preevoe, there would be explanations, and I hate explanations, especially when I have to make them. I saw her returning alone in twenty minutes, and went forth to meet her.

"Who was it?" I asked. "And where is he?"

"It was Mr. Goodbear," she said tremulously. "And we had words. But don't let's talk about it. I—I can't even think about it. Let's get away from this horrible place."

I handed her into the car, and we started down Halligan Boulevard.

"After all," she said listlessly, "it's not so bad in Chicago. I found out one thing while I was in Florida, and that is you can keep warm in a cold country, but you cannot keep cool in a hot country."

"But don't you think we should buy that house in Biggville, my love?" I said.

"We can't now," she said. . . . "How long has that button been off that jacket? . . . The money is gone, the whole ten thousand cash we had. Some people even go up to Michigan for Christmas, and I always said a white Christmas is the only Christmas. I hate the tropics."

"But where is it gone?" I said. "Not that I am asking; I am only inquiring. Don't be angry, my angel."

"You have a right to know," she said. "I paid it down on account to buy that fifteen hundred acres alongside Atlandixie City. It seemed like a sure chance to make a lot of easy money. I heard that all the lots were sold in Atlandixie, or very nearly, so the company would have to buy more land or go out of business, and the only land left that wasn't under water was that Barlow acreage. Weren't they selling land at a net price of six thousand six hundred dollars an acre? Then they could certainly afford to pay two hundred and fifty dollars an acre for it. So I bought it through that Mr. Goodbear—bought an option on it, with a thirty-day extension—and told him to sell it to the Atlandixie Company, which he said he could. And he tells me he banked my check, and now—and now the Atlandixie Company has gone out of business. He says now they could buy land elsewhere for ten dollars an acre; so I really put them out of business in this location. What are you stopping for? Where are you going?"

I had stopped the car under the Atlandixie Gate. I plucked a long-handled wrench from the tool box and sprang to the ground.

"Never mind," I growled.

"Come back here this minute, Preevoe!"

"Woman," I said, shaking the wrench at her, "it's high time I asserted my authority around here. Not another word, or I won't be responsible. You've had your chance, and a fine mess you've made. Now you'll see what a man can do; I'm going to deal with that rascal like a man, and I don't want any women butting in. Sit right where you are!"

She frowned at me, but I gave her look for look. I wasn't pretending to be excited; I was really all steamed up.

"Very well, dear," she said, suddenly catching hope from me.

I stalked down Floral Way to the office of La Tropical Realty Company, booted the door open and swaggered in.

"Why, hello, Mr. Creevey," said Goodbear, turning from the window. "I thought I recognized you out there. Do you know who that lady is?"

"It's Mrs. Preevoe," I said. "Good afternoon, Goodbear."

"And how do you come to be with her?" he chuckled, shaking hands. "I've been waiting to tell you that I sold your option. I've been waiting right here for a week; since you were traveling under an alias, I didn't know where to write you, and I figured you'd come back here. Well, of all things. Here you come back with the very person who bought your option. Did you know it? Did she tell you? You and she coming together is a great coincidence."

"Mrs. Preevoe told me that she had bought the Barlow acreage," I said, "but she has no notion that she bought it from me. She doesn't even know that I know you; to avoid hard feeling, we'll keep her in the dark. Speaking of coincidence, she and I were both stopping at the same place in Biggville—can you tie that? She wanted to come down here and I offered to drive her. How much did you sell her the option for?"

"Ten thousand dollars," he said proudly. "In view of the amount of cash she was putting up, I extended the option thirty days. That's where I was wrong, because now she won't exercise it. She expected to sell to the Atlandixie Company—the same as you, eh, Mr. Creevey? She started by asking a profit of a thousand an acre, and frightened Colonel Halligan so that he dropped the negotiations cold and arranged to pull out. I'd be glad to sell to her now for twenty dollars an acre."

"You mean that Atlandixie City is discontinued?"

"Certainly. Halligan was in here on a shoestring. You know how some of these development companies operate. For a thousand dollars they get an option on a square mile of cheap stuff for ninety days and promptly announce a predevelopment sale. They sell at any old price, and get enough cash and credit to make a payment on their contract and put in the first street. Then they're floating, and it rolls up like a snowball. Prices on the new street naturally go up, and the first buyers step out with a profit and brag about it all over. Free advertising. Another sale, more streets, a jerry-built hotel and a stillborn country club; then they're fixed to go in for the high-pressure stuff. Where can they lose? Forty per cent in trust pays for all improvements, and sixty is velvet. If the city should take root, they hold all the franchises. But they have to have property to sell, new subdivisions to open up, or the game is done. Halligan wanted that Barlow acreage and would stand for a reasonable squeeze, but not a thousand an acre or anything like it. So he pulled out and went over to the Indian River country. But I'm not telling you anything, Mr. Creevey. Have you found something good?"

"I have my eye on something in the citrus country," I said guardedly. "I'll send for you as soon as I can use you. It's a big thing—eight thousand—but I guess I can swing it."

He handed me a check for ninety-five hundred dollars payable to the order of William Creevey. "Five hundred off for commission," he said. "I took Mrs. Preevoe's check in my own name as broker. . . . Eight thousand acres, eh? A nice piece. Well, I'll be waiting to hear from you. I'll be here another day or two—this bust-up has left me up in the air, with appointments to meet people here—and then I'll be located in the Hambler Building in West Palm Beach. Au revoir, Mr. Creevey."

I shook hands with him, pushed him back into his office firmly, and went to the waiting flivver. I exhibited the figures on the check to Mrs. Preevoe, tucked the check away and started the engine.

"I believe I told you some time since, madam," I said briefly, "that I invested one hundred dollars in Atlandixie realty. I have received back ninety-five hundred, which is not so-poor. I shall go from here to Orlando, have the check certified and arrange to have it cashed."

She did not comment on this program. Not a word from her.

"I shall then return to Biggville and buy that house," I said; "with the extra fifteen hundred dollars, I shall have it nicely furnished."

"Preevoe," she said, putting a hand on my arm.

I looked sternly ahead. "I shall have the title to the house taken in your name," I went on. "Though you make mistakes when you do not consult me, you have still the better business head, and our money will be safer in your hands."

"Preevoe," she said, catching her breath.

We drove on in silence.

"I don't care," she cried suddenly, "if I did lose ten thousand dollars. What's money? What can it buy? I'm glad it happened now. I knew always that you didn't marry me just because I had money, but how could I ever know for sure? Who would care for an old hag like me? Preevoe, watch your driving!"

"Why, my dear girl," I said, letting the flivver find its own way, over the road or into the swamp, and turning to her.

With one hand on the wheel, and a strong right arm about my wife to keep her from jouncing out of the car, I piloted the bucking flivver over the corduroy road.

A Sunset in the Adirondack Mountains

Oven Baked

OVEN-BAKED—that means baking beans with dry heat, in real ovens—baking them *tender*—baking them *brown*—baking them *delicious*—baking them *digestible*—baking them *nutritious.*

That is the Heinz way of baking beans. There are quicker and cheaper ways of preparing beans, but Heinz has always held to good old-fashioned *oven-baking.*

Remember, only *oven-baked* beans can be labeled baked. Read the label. · *H. J. HEINZ COMPANY*

When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz Kitchens

LADIES' CHANGE

(Continued from Page 21)

Marty relapsed into silence. She had already begun to regret her confidences. No use spilling the stuff all around, even if you were all worked up and nervous. Eat your smoke—that was the thing a good sport always did. But Marty reflected drearily on the amount of smoke she had already eaten. It had been a long, hard way to travel, from the night she had quarreled with Bert about the red-headed girl, quarreled again with her mean old father about Bert, and in desperation and fury against each separate item in her small world had crammed such clothes as she had into a straw telescope and taken the trolley to the next town, where a carnival show was closing. She had besieged the manager for a job.

"What can you do?" he had asked, struck with the wild-eyed young thing, tense as a whip, who eyed him savagely and demanded work without a trace of the bucolic awkwardness and simpering shyness which marked the usual small-town candidate.

"I can dance," she had flung at him. And without further parley had danced for him a clog and breakdown that she had seen her grandfather's colored farm boy do.

So, as she was pretty and yellow-haired and had the youth that most of the women in the show lacked, the manager signed her on. That was five years ago. She was seventeen then.

The things she had done! She had sung songs, she had sold tickets, she had eaten fire, toyed with the traps, tommed it one season, doubling as Topsy and Little Eva, gone up with a balloon and down with a parachute, done a little juggling, been a target for Great Kalisto the Klassy Knife-Thrower, but always and incessantly she had danced. She had learned the stuff of every other dancer who was in the show or whom she saw in the occasional show she had time and money to attend. She was never too tired to practice, never rebellious at doing an extra turn if it might be dancing. It had been a hard, meager life, but Marty wouldn't go back home. As she had told Chloe Clox, she had her pride.

And she had something more—she had the true artist's belief that somehow, sometime, she would be famous. She believed in her dancing, she exulted in it, she was sure of its quality. But always things had broken wrong for her. She had had a chance at big-time vaudeville, but the flu had caught her overnight, and for six weeks she was in bed, emerging finally weak and spiritless, and stony broke into the bargain. She had taken, at last, an engagement in what she knew was a bad joint, but it paid enough to keep her from starving; and Marty could take care of herself without a qualm, no matter who was rough or to what extent. There Rod Slavin, who regularly scouted through every dive in the city in search of talent, had found her and put her on at the Moidore.

In all that time Marty had never written home, had never seen a home-town face until tonight. She learned that her father had died, from an item in a religious weekly, picked up casually on a train when her troupe was making one of its jumps. Her father had been a leader in the local church; the weekly said he had left all he possessed to foreign missions. He would, Marty knew, even if he was perfectly aware that his only child was without two dimes to rub together. Marty had sold her soul to the devil when she defied her godly parent and ran off with a show—either item being quite sufficient, in her father's opinion, to bring her eternal punishment.

So, no matter what her need, she could never appeal to her father. Not that she ever would have appealed. All the bitterness of misunderstood, repressed youth had made in Marty's heart a barrier against him. As for Bert Jameson—there she was less emphatic. She wouldn't, of course, ask him to help her in her straits, but she couldn't think hard thoughts of him. He had been the handsomest of all the town boys, the greatest catch, as Lola had said. She had been so overwhelmed with love and gratitude when he singled her out for attention. But he was spoiled; he liked to flutter among all the girls. Marty's very intensity, her helpless adoration of him, bored him. She knew it, but it only made her still more helpless. Yet she was sure that, more than any of the others, she held him. Only that was not enough. Because it was not enough, they had quarreled; and because they had quarreled—Lola had divined it—she had run off to work and starve and be battered about the topsy-turvy world of shows and troupes and carnival entertainers and cabarets and night clubs, and to gather harsh knowledge therefrom. Through all of it Marty had never seen a man who could push Bert out of her heart or dim his luster. She loved him just as foolishly, just as unreasonably, just as fondly as ever she had.

And now here were Lola and Ralph Banks, telling her that he loved her still, and all she had done was to send him hateful, almost insulting messages. She had to send them, even as she had protested to Chloe, lest he should think she still cared about him, or that if she saw him again it would mean something to her. Oh, she had to do that! She wouldn't let him think she was anywhere but on the topmost crest of the biggest wave.

She looked at the clock. She'd have to go on again at 2:30 and then she could go home. It was almost time for her now. She must go over her make-up again, warm and limber herself a little as a preliminary. An old-timer she had worked with in a medicine show had taught her that. She wondered if Ralph and Lola had stayed. She thought madly for a moment of rushing out to them and sending Bert a little personal message, a word that might bring him; but then she remembered the tale of her apartment, her jewels, she had stuffed into Lola! If he came he would find her out to be a liar, a four-flusher. She peeped out of the door and her question was decided for her. Lola and Ralph had gone and their table was taken by a blond doll and her bald fat papa. She heard Rod Slavin begin her announcement: "Now, folks, this li'l' girl ——"

When her second dance was over, she got into her street clothes and went out into the cold autumn morning. The Subway odor and the queer, sleepy three A.M. crowd were too usual to be depressing. Her street was lonely and furtive; shadowy things seemed to lurk down in the gaunt areas before the bleak, towering old brownstone fronts, and she ran the last block, holding her latchkey in her hand. But the warm, stuffy hallway was reassuring, and once in her own little third-floor-back stronghold, she proceeded to light her gas stove and make her nightcap of hot cocoa as usual. While it was brewing she hung up her dress and coat carefully, put on her nightgown and worn flannel kimono, brushed her hair, and gave her face a thorough cold-cream cleansing so that not a vestige of make-up remained. Her trunk gave up a half-empty box of Graham wafers, and with this and the cocoa she sat down in the one chair to eat and drink and be not at all merry. She was still stirred and uneasy and racked by a thousand stabbing memories.

"But it's no use," she kept telling herself. "It's no use. I shut that door for good and all. I couldn't do anything else. Before I'd let Bert Jameson know what I've been up against, or how I feel about him, after all this time —— Well, he'd laugh his fool head off, and he'd have the dare. And yet Ralph said ——"

She went over it again and again. At last, longing to cry, but holding back her tears defiantly, she huddled into bed and went off to sleep to dream of Bert's dark-brown eyes, his teasing laughter.

She was awakened by loud, dexterous jazz played on a piano, seemingly placed on or within her right ear, which happened to be the one out of the pillow. Marty sat up straight in bed and used language unbecoming a lady. The new roomer was at it again—and at the unearthly hour of nine o'clock in the morning! Evidently he had moved his instrument and placed it jam against the wall which divided his room from Marty's—a wall of the cheapest and thinnest partition material, and only placed there to make two rentable rooms grow where but one had bloomed before. Marty held her head and groaned. The jazz pounded her, bruised her eardrums.

"That's the loudest piano in the well-known world," she told herself. Then, with the tribute of one artist to another—"But that's some jazz."

It was some jazz. The pianist was breaking the well-worn classicisms of Mr. Mendelssohn's Spring Song into splinters, tearing them into rags, tossing them to the winds of modernity in rhythms broken cunningly, assuredly, exotically. Instead of a pastoral of green leaves and warbling linnets and skipping lambkins of snowy innocence, spring was chortling a bacchanal of fierce spotted leopards and screaming red parrakeets and naughty purple passion flowers. Listening, Marty's toes began to twitch; she almost forgot her anger—almost; not quite. After all, a working girl must have her proper sleep.

She couldn't lie there in that tornado of sound, so she got up and dressed. Then she went out in the hall and knocked at her neighbor's door. The piano stopped, the door was opened, and a brisk young man stood before her—a check-suited, red-tied, slick-haired young man, debonair, jaunty, and smiling at sight of her.

"I don't want to disturb you," began Marty politely, "but I've got the room next door, and I don't get in any night till after three. Now I ask you is it reasonable I should be waked up in the morning at nine by jazz, be it ever so good? And you certainly are a wiz, as I freely acknowledge."

"Say, I'm sorry," said the young man. "I didn't know. I got to keep in practice, but I had no intention of disturbing a lady."

Marty looked at him more closely. The checked suit was threadbare, there were cracks in his bright patent-leather shoes, and his smile, though bright, had no joy in it.

"At liberty?" asked Marty, using the show folks' phrase.

"You guessed it. I'll introduce myself." He stepped back into his room and took a professional card from his dresser. This is what was printed on it:

RANNY P. RUGGLES
THE PRINCE OF THE LAND OF JAZZ

"I didn't like to call myself king yet, you know," he explained modestly. "But later, when I get my own orchestra, I thought I might, unless somebody else cops it first. What d'you think?" He hesitated, looked appealingly at Marty. "I hate to keep a lady standing like this, but I can't ask you into this dump, even leaving the door open. Y'understand?"

This speech showed Marty that Ruggles was a good egg and a gentleman. She was sure from his appearance that he was out of luck and putting up a front, and Marty knew all that cold cheerless business. She suspected that he had had no breakfast.

"I'm just going to make myself a cup of coffee," she said, "and eat a roll. Will you join me? I c'n tell you why even jazz as good as yours don't listen like anything to me this time of day while we're eating."

The young man flushed, became confused. "I'm not hungry, thank you," he said. "And I've got to hustle out to the agencies; you know, there's not much use going before ten o'clock."

So, besides being a good egg and a gentleman, he had class. He wouldn't take any woman's charity; he'd rather not eat. To Marty, accustomed to expert fakers and cadgers of every variety, to men willing to borrow a girl's last dollar and never so much as try to pay it back, young Ruggles was a miracle.

"You not been in the show business so long?"

"Little over a year. I was a salesman in a piano store in Detroit, but I was always crazy to play in public, and finally I got a chance with Batty Heather's Jumping Jazz Orchestra. His pianist had quit him in Chicago; he was sick. Of course, soon as he got well and I found out he was a married man with a coupla kids I made him take his place back."

"Say, seems to me you've been awful noble. Listen, I can't stand talking here, but I've got a lot more I want to spill. Wait for me—and go on playing."

She retreated to her own room, got very busy with her coffee making. Ranny Ruggles meantime was making the welkin ring and the partition tremble with a barbaric fantasy new to Marty's ears. But if her ears paid it no tribute of recognition, her feet felt its value. She did a little step or two before the gas stove, and when she came back to Ranny, filled coffee cup in her hand, big hot roll, split and oozing butter, balancing on the saucer, she was doing as much of a gentle clog as her burden permitted.

"Quit it or I'll spill this coffee," she commanded; then, also commandingly, "Now, you got to drink this, for I won't have my coffee slighted by anybody." She put the cup down, went back and brought her own, and tugged along a chair, which she placed in the hall outside Ranny's door. "Now we're all set and we can talk. Where'd you ever learn to jazz like that, and what was it you played that last time?"

"I composed it myself. I haven't named it yet. I —— Excuse me, but I don't know your name, miss. If you would be so kind ——"

"I'm a boob for manners. My name's Marty Golden and I dance at the Moidore."

"For Pete's sake, what you doing here then? Everybody knows Mrs. Klingan's is the last stand of the down-and-outers. Pardon my asking, and if you don't want to answer, all right. And let me say that this is just the grandest coffee I ever tasted. It's—it's superb. I can't thank you, Miss Golden. I ——"

"Spill it all," urged Marty, for Ranny Ruggles' voice was shaking. For the moment he was not a slick, smart young man, but a discouraged, pathetic little boy.

"I'd ought to be ashamed, but you're so kind, and I was so hungry. But I been getting along on one meal a day—and it's only a question of a week till I have to let my piano go. I can't seem to land a thing—anywhere. I'd go back to a salesman's job if I could find one. I've hunted and hunted ——"

"There's always something just around the corner. Don't you worry. You'll probably fall right into it today or tomorrow. Honest, it's happened to me too many times to count."

"You cheer me all up. I wish there was something I could do for you."

"There is. You play that jazz of yours all over again, not too fast, and I'll slip on a pair of soft shoes and try a step I been working on. I can do it right here on the landing. I haven't been able to find any music that had the right beat, and it struck me maybe yours has."

They set about twenty minutes of practice, Marty calling instructions: "Faster—slow down while I do that again—accent the break there—slow again; that's trick stuff—repeat—let's go—now I got it—easy—easy—at-a-boy—now we're going," while Ranny Ruggles painstakingly followed.

"Say, you're splendid. Of course you would be to get on at the Moidore."

(Continued on Page 75)

Why drive a shabby car?

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MAXWELL HOUSE

The first of the famous Jackson Day Balls

—*a stirring event in the South long ago*

IT BROUGHT notables from all parts of the United States—that first great ball held nearly fifty years ago in honor of the war-hero and President, Andrew Jackson. It was the most brilliant of all the festivals in Nashville which year after year marked the anniversary of his victory at New Orleans.

That the old Maxwell House should be chosen for the Jackson Day Balls was natural enough. Since the days of the Civil War, the distinguished men and women of Dixie had gathered under its roof for the great banquets, balls and dinners. There the visitors whom the South wished most to honor, were always received and entertained. For years it had been celebrated for its marvelous food and for its coffee.

In the splendid old ball-room of the Maxwell House that night in January, the descendants of statesmen, presidents and ambassadors danced in the rich and beautiful costumes of Andrew Jackson's time. There they paused for supper and there they drank cups of that coffee which in the end has won for the Maxwell House the most enduring fame of all.

Soon the whole South learned of it

For years a special blend of fine coffees was served at the Maxwell House—so rich, so mellow that those who once tasted it could not forget it. Always it was this coffee which the guests of the old Maxwell House praised above all other things.

Year after year this fine, old hotel brought together the notables of the old South. And year after year, they returned to their homes remembering this coffee.

In that land of good living the fame of Maxwell House Coffee spread rapidly. Soon in all the southern states it was known and used. In distant cities the families who most appreciated the fine things of life took steps to secure it for their own tables.

Today the news of this coffee has been carried to all parts of the country. This same blend is now on sale in sealed tins at better grocery stores throughout the entire United States. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago down in Nashville, Tennessee, still blend and roast it today.

It has pleased more people
than any other coffee ever offered for sale

And now in a long list of America's leading cities Maxwell House is by far the most popular blend. It is the first choice of critical families from coast to coast. It has become the world's largest selling high grade coffee.

How you will enjoy your first taste of this coffee that delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House! Your very first cupful, with its full-flavored smoothness and rare fragrance, will tell you why it has become so famous. See what new pleasure it will give your family at breakfast and at dinner. Serve it tomorrow. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

"Good to the last drop"

COFFEE TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

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(Continued from Page 70)

"You're good yourself. You get the idea, and that's everything. We'll run over this again till it's right, and if I can, I'll get you on with it -with me, I mean."

"You will—honest?"

She cut short his delighted thanks. "Now you better beat it out and look round the agencies," she directed. "Me—I'm going back and finish my slumbers."

She was in bed again and drowsing off when it occurred to her that she hadn't thought of Bert Jameson all morning. No, not once. And last night she could think of nothing else. The whopping lies she had told Ralph and Lola had not intruded either.

"Other people's troubles always make you forget your own," thought Marty wonderingly; "and I always do feel sorry for a kid that's up against it."

She did not wake until well along in the afternoon, and then it was time for her to go for her daily practice in a gymnasium popular with show people. After that came dinner in the automat, and a moving picture to fill the evening until she must go round to the Moidore. She was early, but she had brought a couple of magazines, trade papers of the theater world, to read, and moreover she wanted audience with Rod Slavin—sometimes a difficult favor to obtain.

Tonight he was in the little hole-in-the-wall office, as plain and dingy as Marty's hall bedroom, offering a queer contrast to the lavish luxury of umber taffeta draperies, futuristic dolls and cubistic birds, lights in tinted, frilled balloons, tables and chairs of scarlet lacquer in the club itself. And Slavin's smart dress suit and silk hat were an absurd complement of his battered old golden-oak desk. It was all explainable to those who knew Slavin.

"Nothing showy where it don't show," was one of his favorite maxims.

"Well, girlie, what's on your mind?" he asked Marty. "If this is a holdup, you're wastin' your breath."

"It's not a holdup. I just want to tell you I'm framing a new dance, and it's a nifty. I run across a piano player who's got the stuff for it and we're working it out together. When we're ready I want you should give him a try-out for it, as otherwise I don't get the music. He wrote it himself and he's as tight with it as if it was glued. But you can get him cheap, and I tell you straight, Slavin, he's a comer and he's a wow."

"If I can get him cheap enough, all right, provided there ain't no padlock on the Moidore before you're ready. These district attorneys—honest, there's no religion in them birds, and no heart. Here's a quiet, classy place, with a refined show, nice folks ——"

Marty listened politely while he raved on. Better to humor Slavin, especially if you've just asked a favor of him. Then Émile, the head waiter, appeared with the night's reservation list and she slipped out. Except for her interview with her employer, it was a night like any other night. She danced twice, talked a little with Chloe and Zoe Clox about the ever-rising tide of Russian entertainers which threatened to put all honest-to-goodness American performers on the fritz for fair—although Zoe conceded generously that she supposed Russians had to eat, like everybody else; and if you're thrown out of your own country, you had to go to somebody else's country, only she did wish such a lot of 'em wouldn't pick on America to come to.

Marty read her magazines, with special attention to the ads, but could find none suited to the needs of Ranny Ruggles. There was no disturbing encounter with old friends tonight, nothing to remind her of home or Bert or the peaceful easy life she might have led if she hadn't run away. Just a night like any other night—no, a little different. For if she and Ranny Ruggles could work out this new dance, which really was going to be a nifty, a knock-out, a riot, it might lead to something—something more stable than the Club Moidore. A musical comedy good for a long, long run, a big revue with Marty Golden as a featured act, a big-time vaudeville booking as headliners—Marty dreamed of them all. Why not? Such things happened all the time, and to girls who couldn't step half as well as Marty. With the theater's rampant superstition, she wondered if Ranny Ruggles might prove to be her mascot and her meeting with him the lucky lift that starts a girl toward the sight of her name in bright lights on Broadway. Whether it was anything so fortunate or not, he was a good kid, and she'd give him a hand if she could, for he was there with the stuff.

His piano did not wake her the next morning, but she found a note slipped under her door:

"*Dear Miss Golden:* Fell into a day's work, maybe two. It was the pep that coffee gave me made me get it. Hope you will let me practice with you again soon, as it was a pleasure and a privilege.

"Yours respectfully,

"RANNY RUGGLES."

Marty read the note with approval for its style. He knew how to write to a lady, just as he knew how to talk to one. And she was heartily glad he'd found a bit of work. Work would buck him up more than anything else in the world. Marty knew all about that.

She devoted an hour to the consideration of her own financial state. She was paying regularly on her last winter's debt, and as regularly putting five dollars a week in the savings bank as a life line in case of stormy seas. There was her room, her food and the never-ending expense of shoes. The Moidore provided her gowns, but not the slippers, which must be well-fitted, well-made, and which could not be worn after they became scuffed and shabby—always distressingly soon. Marty was cranky about her shoes, and paid for this crankiness heavily in the coin of the realm. There was just one man who could make them to suit her, and he was a crabbed, obstinate old Swede with whom she fought violently over every last, every change in heel or vamp, and from whom she demanded perfection. Foolishness for a little unknown dancer to make such a fuss; the other girls bought theirs at any handy shoe shop and were satisfied; but Marty had learned that a well-fitted foot danced twice as well, and looked immeasurably better than one in a slipper that bulged and gaped and slipped and creased. All the same, these dancing shoes did run into money painfully, for the Swede knew how to charge as well as to argue.

It was not a pleasant hour, this with her stubby pencil and all too skinny bank book. She was only a little way from the ragged edge, and if the Moidore got pinched, that ever-present worry, she'd be in deep again in no time. Maybe she was a fool to try to pay up those back debts; but, no, she wouldn't have it on her conscience that she owed anybody money. That was something she'd inherited from the harsh old man who otherwise had left her nothing good. Now, again, she thought of Lola, so secure in her nice comfortable house, with a husband who was a reliable meal ticket, if not much else, and no need to worry about shoes or engagements or anything at all except whether she'd have steak or chicken for dinner.

Lola—in the Jameson homestead! Bert had always said that he and Marty would live there. It was a fine square house with big rooms and a front porch. Marty looked at the confines of her bedroom and sighed. It brought it all back, this worry about money. If only Bert—yes, but he didn't, he wouldn't. She wondered what Lola had told him. It had been a good story, she knew that, for Lola was born to exaggeration as the sparks fly upward and she'd inflate every lie Marty had told her.

"I'd like to be a little mouse under the sofa and hear what he says and see how he looks when she spills that stuff to Bert," thought Marty. Well, no use going into all that again. She'd better get around to the gymnasium.

The next morning there was another note under her door:

"*Dear Miss Golden:* It would be a real pleasure and privilege to me if you would join me for lunch at twelve o'clock at the Red Fan tea room on West Forty-seventh Street and give me the favor of a little chat, as I am in need of your kind advice.

"Yours respectfully, R. R."

"He's got paid some money and he wants to repay that breakfast I gave him. That's a real nice spirit," commented Marty. "He's all right, just as I said from the first, that lad."

He was beaming when she appeared at the Red Fan tea room.

"This is certainly kind of you," he said, shaking hands like an old friend. "I appreciate it. Miss Golden, as soon as you've chosen what you want to eat, I want to tell you about the chance I got, and you tell me what you think. Creamed chicken and a cuppa coffee? I guess I'll take the same - only tea, as the coffee anywhere would make me sick after that you gave me. And how about some fruit salad and a piece of caramel cake for dessert? Yes? . . . Well, it's this way: A fella who's rehearsing this new show, Jamboree, his pianist got a touch of ptomaine, and everybody he knew was busy and he sent a hurry-up call to the agencies, and I came along and copped it right in the nick of time. He wanted somebody who could read and transpose and everything, see? And I went right over, and I worked all day yesterday and most of all night, and this morning, and it went fine; and the other fella's not well yet—not that I wish him any hard luck. Seems as if I always get the places when somebody gets sick, don't it? And I got ten dollars for yesterday, and I'll get ten dollars for today."

"And you had to ask me round to eat up nearly half of it!" scolded Marty. "Not that I don't appreciate it, and was pleased to come, but you oughta be practical and look out for yourself."

"Yes, I noticed that's what you did day before yesterday," he returned. "You knew I wanted that coffee and you made me take it without feeling like it was a hand-out. I guess I didn't see. Say, I'll be grateful to you 's long as I live."

"Such a fuss about a cuppa coffee!"

"'Twasn't the coffee; it was the spirit you did it in," maintained Ranny.

They were getting on very well. Marty liked him more and more, but proprieties must be catered to.

"You said you wanted my advice about something?"

He flushed. "It wasn't anything, really. I wanted you to celebrate with me, and that's the honest truth. And I wanted to ask you when I could play for you to practice your new dance again, if you'd permit it."

"Permit it? I'm just dying to try it again. I must get that dance right. And I think I can get it on at the Moidore, and you to play it. I've spoke to Slavin already."

His eyes beamed with surprise and joy. "You did! If you're not the beatingest! Look here, Miss Golden, I got an awful funny feeling about you. Ever since the morning when I met you I've kinda felt as if you were my mascot, as if you'd started me right, turned the trick for me—honest, I have. It come over me when I got the message at the agency, and it's seemed more so ever since. Don't think I'm saying it in any but the most respectful way, will you? But that's how you seem to me, and I can't help thinking it. On at the Moidore—say, wouldn't that be swell?"

"Slavin'd pay you just as little as he could, I guess you can imagine."

"I don't care—it's the chance I want; just the chance."

"Well, then," said Marty, becoming very businesslike, "we got to get to work. I can get a studio room for an hour in the evening from a friend of mine, and as soon as your rehearsal's over you can meet me there. We'll begin tonight."

"Miss Golden, you must permit me to go fifty-fifty on the rent of the studio, you know, and on any incidental expenses; because it is a business venture and we will be partners, and you know that success means more to me than it can possibly mean to you. You're an established artist and I'm not." He was very earnest.

"That's fair enough," conceded Marty. "I wanta hear lots of your other stuff too. When I listen to music I get lots of new ideas for dancing."

"Say, that reminds me. In the music store where I used to work, an old fella used to come in and listen to me play and he said - let me see if I can remember it—he said, 'Music is a release and a spring to the imagination.' I thought that was kind of interesting and I always remembered it."

They chattered on about themselves. Ranny Ruggles, it appeared, had no kin and no ties any more than had Marty, and this made a bond between them. He came originally from a little town much like Thomasville, from his description. And even as Marty had always had the urge toward dancing, he had always loved the piano and neglected everything else for any chance to play. At last Marty, with a reminiscent Bertish throb, asked a question.

"I s'pose you left a girl back home who's waiting for you to make the big hit and come back and marry her."

Ranny's young face turned fiery red. "I give you my word, Miss Golden, I never was one for girls. I'm afraid of them. I never went regularly with a girl—a lady—in my life. You're the first lady I've talked to, except in the way of business in the music store, who didn't make me feel paralyzed and numb all over. But you've been so kind, and—and—well, so kind, I've really said more to you than I ever said to a lady in my life before."

Marty's experienced eye told her he was speaking the truth, and she further divined that his slicked up and sophisticated exterior was largely an attempt to hide his naïve simplicity. She warmed to him pleasantly. He was—yes, he was a good kid.

"You're the only one like that in the show business, I can tell you," she said.

"Well, it's true," he laughed. "The other fellas always used to poke fun at me and try to get me out on parties with girls, but I wouldn't go. I said my old piano was the only friend I wanted."

It had been a very pleasant lunch, reflected Marty as they parted, Ranny to go back to rehearsal, she to seek her Swede shoemaker—a very pleasant lunch and a very pleasant talk. And if they could work out that dance—she realized with a start that she was thinking "we" and "us" in this connection where she was wont to use only "I" and "me."

"But we'll be partners if we do put it over," she reminded herself. She thought of his declaration of bashfulness as regards girls and smiled as she went along the street. "He'll get over that fast enough if he once makes a hit," she thought. And added, as if to convince herself, "Not that it's anything to me of course."

Yet it was astonishing how smoothly their acquaintance progressed. They practiced together seriously and painstakingly, and she found that he could offer very acceptable suggestions and criticism. After practice, he played for her, and the more she heard his stuff, the more she was convinced that he was a comer, a sure-fire big-timer, once he got his chance. And he was willing to work just as hard and long as Marty herself; it was never he who called a halt. This quality made a great hit with Marty, who hated laziness beyond all else. For the rest, he was always the same—polite, thoughtful, his conversation varying from a stilted respect garnished with phrases taken from film captions and old-fashioned novels, to downright kid high spirits and jokes which included Marty as a playfellow and pal. He made her laugh a great deal more than she had done at any time in the five hard years just past. Perhaps it was the laughter that kept any touch of

(Continued on Page 77)

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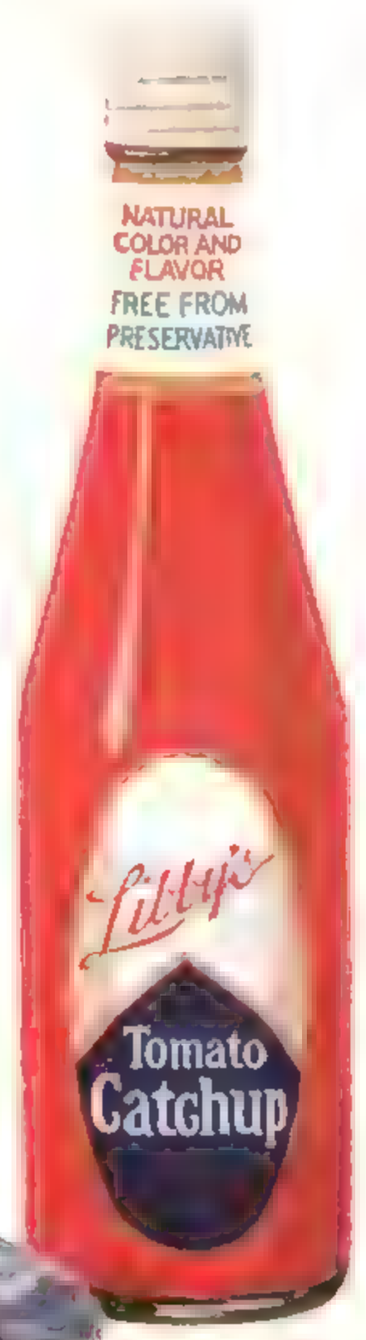

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(Continued from Page 75)

sentiment out of their relations. He was just the good kid, the working partner; but this was quite enough to make a basis for a solid liking, an enjoyment of his company, an interest in his welfare.

This last was still precarious. The job of rehearsal accompanist had not lasted long enough to put him on Easy Street, though it paid up his room rent, saved his piano from hock, got him daily food and provided him with some new shoes which looked as though they might have strolled on that desirable thoroughfare.

At Marty's counsel he had ferreted out a few oddments and remainders of jobs in Tin Pan Alley, but they gave only the merest subsistence. All his hopes, his energies were bent on the new dance to be produced at the Moidore. Slavin was as good as his word; he would give Marty and the new jazz hound a try-out, provided he liked their stuff when he saw it in rehearsal. But if he didn't, nix, no, nothing doing at all, and no beefing about his decision—see?

More and more, as they worked on it, Marty believed in the dance. More and more she based great hopes on it. Surely, surely, a dance so new, so surprising, so good technically and so diverting to see would win for her and Ranny Ruggles a recognition that would carry them far up and out and beyond the Moidore. Of course there was Slavin's contract, but Marty had seen too many contracts successfully broken to bother about that. Besides, something might turn up the ever-present possibility of the Moidore being padlocked might turn into a reality -and then the contract would be null. So why worry? The first thing to do was to get the dance absolutely perfect and get it on. After that—well, it did no harm to dream great dreams.

On the night before they were to have their trial under Slavin's critical eyes, Marty was in such a state of tension that flying to the moon seemed entirely possible at any moment. She pranced to the Moidore, she pranced in her dressing room. She fumbled her grease paint, she bungled the hooks of her frock and the buttons of her slippers; her fingers were all thumbs, because she was nothing but a seething little bunch of dancing firecrackers, all ready to explode. More than once she checked herself, thought warningly, "I'm flying too high. Something's going to happen," for she had learned in a bitter school to distrust good fortune.

When the time for her act came, she flung herself out under Slavin's outstretched arm before the last word of his announcement was out of his mouth. She couldn't wait, not even for the "Great—big—hand" he asked for her. She must dance.

And she danced as she had never danced before, in a frenzy of excitement, a mad need of the violence of the pounding broken rhythms. Slavin, watching her, his silk hat jauntily poised on his bald head, his conductor's baton half forgotten, spoke to his nearest musician. "The kid's there," which from Slavin was the highest compliment he could possibly pay.

And then, as she took her applause, backing slowly toward the door and bowing and bowing and bowing—for the great—big—hand had become an enormous, an overwhelming big hand now—Marty almost stumbled over Bert Jameson. He was at the very last table at the side, and he was alone. He was trying to speak to her. "Minnie!" he was saying. "Oh, Minnie! Minnie!" over and over again, and he was pale with excitement and his big brown eyes that she remembered so well were like black holes in his face, and his hands were shaking.

Marty's heart turned over twice, and then jerked itself bang right up into her throat and choked her. That was all in the first half second. Then she turned away, finished her bows, and at last spoke to Bert.

"Just a moment and I'll be with you."

Back in her dressing room, she was quite calm. She arranged her hair and went over her make-up as always. She flung her glittering scarf around her and went back.

"How d'you do?" she said. "This is quite a surprise, I must say."

Bert, who had always been so self-possessed, so cool with girls, so assured, stammered with awkwardness.

"You were wonderful, Min, wonderful! I never even imagined —— Of course Ralph and Lola said—but it was way beyond—you were wonderful!"

"Glad you liked it," said Marty. "How've you been since I saw you?" It was very strange, but Bert didn't look nearly so tall and broad-shouldered as she had remembered him. And he certainly was fatter—he had a double chin! His dress suit didn't fit and his tie was abominable. She couldn't help noticing. "Queer," she thought, "I always believed he was the swellest dresser!"

And he seemed to find difficulty in talking. Marty waited. Let him flounder. It was balm to the hurt she'd nursed for five years.

"How've I been? All right, I guess," he said at last, "and I've thought about you every day since you went away. Min, why didn't you write to me?"

"I didn't have anything to say." She could hardly believe that it was herself handing out that stony reply. She had been so sure, if she ever saw Bert again, and he gave her the least scrap of encouragement, she'd fling herself into his arms and cry her joy and bliss.

"I deserve that," he admitted. "I didn't treat you right. I was an awful fool, Min, ever to look at any other girl when I had you. There hasn't been a day since you left but I've told myself so."

Marty listened with amazement, not at him but at herself. Why wasn't she overcome with hearing the very thing she had so longed to hear? Why wasn't the sight of him wallowing in remorse more moving? And why—why did she feel absolutely no response to his avowal? "Have I been kidding myself that I was in love with this bird all these years?" Marty demanded acidly of her ego. And the ego insinuated firmly that it feared she had, indeed, been doing exactly that.

Bert was talking on, talking heavily and leaning heavily, across the table, touching her arm. She moved it away from him.

"When Ralph and Lola told me they'd seen you, and what you were doing and how you'd prospered—well, I said to myself—well, I said, I'll go and see her at least and ask her to forgive me, and ——"

"I've not got a thing to forgive you for, Bert. I don't know where you get that stuff."

"Well, you see, I always felt it was my fault you ran away and your father got so down on you."

"You can stop worrying. You had nothing to do with it. I'd made up my mind to have a career." Marty chose the most devastating word she knew.

"Yes, I can see that. But—this isn't the life for a girl, Min; not for a good girl, you must know that."

She looked at him, cold with anger. Of all the cast-iron nerve! Bert Jameson preaching to her! And to her, who'd never let a man so much as lay his finger on her, for all their chasing! She couldn't speak for rage.

"And I thought, maybe, somehow, you might be willing to let bygones be bygones and come back to Thomasville as my wife, as Mrs. Bert Jameson. I've done very well, Min, since pop passed on, and I'd build you a residence out in the new district by the river; and you'd have your own car, and you could buy pretty near whatever you liked, for you know I'm the one to deny my wife nothing. Ralph and Lola told me you made a big salary and had everything fine, lots of jewelry, but that isn't all you need to grow old, Min. You can't dance forever, and a nice home and a substantial life right amongst all your old friends, and a good man's love means more in the long run to any woman with sense, and you always had plenty of that."

Marty's rage was gone; she was thinking fast. So she'd got it, the safety she'd envied in Lola, for the taking. She could have the nice house, the good food, the freedom from care. She'd be sheltered, protected, cherished. No more hall bedrooms, no more back talk from managers and agents, no more pinching and scrimping and starving, no more loneliness, no more grinding work, no more wind and rain to beat against a too-thin coat. To return to Thomasville with a humbled, devoted Bert as her husband, what a triumph!

She thought of her debts, her cramped room, her meager savings, the three-in-the-morning smell of the Subway, and that last long fearful block that she always ran in terror of waylay or insult. She thought of the long, long chance it was that she would ever see her name in bright lights on Broadway, would ever achieve the success with which Bert credited her—and then, suddenly, she remembered the new dance. Why, if she said yes to Bert and safety and shelter and comfort and luxury, if she gave up, she'd be letting Ranny Ruggles down, she'd be letting him down cold. She'd be a quitter, nothing less; a poor sport, and a darned cold fish to boot.

Of course he was just somebody she'd picked up; he hadn't the least possible claim on her; he'd have no right to say a word; and to do him credit, she knew that he'd urge her to do the best for herself and never give him a thought. He was that kind—Ranny, the good kid.

"Haven't you got anything to say to me, Min?" said Bert tremulously. "Can't you even give me any hope that you'll consider it? I'd wait as patient as the next one if you'd only let me hope that you —— And you can find out whether I'm all right—financially, I mean. You can look me up. I've got a good rating, if I do say so, and I'm a director in the bank and on the board of trade, and if we start a country club, like we're talking of, I'm to be the first president."

He swelled and preened himself pridefully, and Marty made the discovery, as he surged over the table, that he had a stomach as well as a double chin. Bert with a corporation! Bert the substantial citizen, the club president! Why, what had she to do in this gallery? Nothing—nothing at all. She knew it now.

"Bert," she said softly, "I'm sorry, but you've not got a Chinaman's chance."

He couldn't quite believe it at first, but after a while he saw she meant it. He became very mournful. Marty was thankful when he decided to go. He tipped the waiter very meanly, she noticed.

She went back to the performers' room and sat down by herself, ignoring the chair by Chloe Clox. She felt curiously empty and hollow and lonely. She'd lost her old image of Bert; she'd lost her love for him—at least she'd lost thinking herself in love with him; she'd lost a perfectly good husband, too, a home, a secured and tranquil life. No wonder she felt lonely. And why had she dumped them all—why? She didn't quite know. She was unfamiliar with the moral philosophers who write so well of the inner necessity of living up to one's highest ideals. Yet, in her own way, she expressed their conclusion when she said, half aloud, "I've been a dumb-bell, but I'm not sorry."

But the loneliness persisted. She'd cut herself away definitely from the past. Always there had been a tie of memory, of hope that had been like a little vague pathway that might, after all her wanderings and adventurings, lead her back home. Now the pathway was gone. She must still wander and adventure in the same dark and grimy roads she had chosen in young and angry ignorance, and she must go alone.

She went through her second performance mechanically, got into her street clothes and slipped out of the back door

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Tao Tea Balls are scientifically measured by special machines. A Ten-ball Tin will make 40 to 50 cups—enough for the average family for 10 days. The Caddy, Fifty ball Tin will make 200 to 250 cups or more—enough for the average family for almost two months. Compare this with the number of palatable cups you average per dollar with ordinary loose tea—no matter what grade of tea you buy

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If a wrench bears this mark it's a genuine STILLSON

DAN STILLSON

Inventor of "the wrench that will turn *anything*"

The wrench that the world now calls by his name was invented by Dan Stillson at his mechanic's bench in the old Walworth plant just after the Civil War.

In every genuine **STILLSON** you get a wrench that has been made according to Walworth's specifications for 57 years:—jaws of just the right depth; teeth that can't jam and won't slip; and working parts that are toughened by special heat treatment which takes all the brittleness out of them.

STILLSONS are made in all sizes, from the little 6-inch to the walloping 48-inch pipe-twister. But the most useful wrench to tackle trouble on any job around the house is the handy 10-inch **STILLSON** that comes in a box.

STILLSON* (like Walworth) is a trade-mark which has been registered by its owner, the Walworth Company, in the U. S. Patent Office, and which distinguishes the genuine Walworth-made **STILLSON** from every other wrench of this type.

WALWORTH STILLSON*

"The Handy Helper in Every Home"

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into the alley behind the club, a dim-lit dreary tunnel that emphasized her mood. The single light might have burned cobalt and ultramarine, indigo and syenite at her approach, she was so steeped in blues. She walked slowly down the tunnel, each step weighted with her hopelessness.

But as she turned into Broadway, someone came briskly across the pavement to meet her, someone who flung away a cigarette and lifted a hat and spoke in a boyish, confused voice.

"I waited for you, Miss Golden," said Ranny Ruggles. "I hope you don't mind. I been thinking that last block up to the house wasn't so good for you to be walking through alone this time of night." He repeated anxiously, "I do hope you don't mind."

It was magic, his friendliness, his solicitude. The blues scintillated into rose color, the loneliness vanished. The awful empty space in Marty's emotions hastily contracted and became almost unnoticeable. What price old smarty Bert now? Here was a lad who couldn't offer her a garage or a house or a car, or anything but kindness and comradeship and understanding, but he wouldn't grow fat and stodgy and prosy: he would laugh and jazz to the end of his days. She gave a little dancing step of pleasure and linked arms with Ranny Ruggles.

"I don't mind," said she. "I don't mind a bit."

The Poets' Corner

Wolf Song

OH, WHO of the wolves of the wold
That howl to the moon in the sky,
Oh, who of the wolves is as old—
As old and as helpless as I?

Who leaped through the pine and the spruce
In the pride of my youth and renown,
Who sprang at the throat of the moose,
Who dragged the swift caribou down!

Ah, now am I feeble and slow,
My jaws and my haunches grow slack,
My sinews are weak in the snow;
Another must lead on the track.

Red star of the trailer, farewell;
Farewell to the dark and the dawn!
Good peace to the buck in the dell,
Good peace to the doe and the fawn!

The nights of my hunting are done,
My speed and my strength are a mock;
I will lie on a rock in the sun,
And die like a wolf on the rock!

—Arthur Guiterman.

To You

I WISH that I could gather up
The things I love into a cup
Of gold and tinted porphyry,
And offer it to you, from me!
Within this chalice first of all
I'd put the little dreams that fall
Out of your heart—out of your eyes—
The dreams that make you strangely wise.

And afterward I'd drop therein
The early stars as they begin
To be, and tiny sounds that fill
The world in places green and still.
Familiar sounds—the sounds of trees,
The sounds of meadows, birds and bees;
The sounds of water and the sound
Of blossoms falling on the ground.

And in this chalice you would find
Such shining thoughts as to the mind
Appear in instants when God cries,
"Look up! Look up! Open your eyes!"
And in this chalice there would be
Youth's radiance and transiency,
And those far-shadowed breathless things
That moved beyond our senses—wings

Of angels in the dawn—the sigh
Of loveliness that passes by—
And all we are not, and yet might
Have been, and every dim delight
That leans above us, beckons, then
Is gone, we know not how nor when,
Leaving us passionate with tears
Upon the endless stair of years.

Oh! Lovers' sighs I'd mingle, and
The touch of friendly hand on hand,
And scent of lilies as they shake
Faint petals wide upon a lake,
And perfumes that the hills release
At twilight, and the sense of peace.
Yes! If all this I could but hold
Within a chalice made of gold,

All, all, to you I would present
On bended knee—a sacrament
Of love—but last, into the cup,
My heart would break and crumble up!

—Mary Dixon Thayer.

Two and a Garden

TWO and a garden. Dear, shall you
And I make a garden, and be the two?
Two and a garden can have such fun,
Much more fun than a garden and one.

Two and a little bungalow,
A shovel and seeds and a rake and a hoe.
I to dig and you to be
The lovely lady who watches me.

Two and a garden, peeping green;
I'll be king and you'll be queen,
And the hordes of plants as they tower and grow
Will be our army, row on row.

Two and a garden fresh and gay;
Two and a bungalow of gray;
A rake and a rug and a round gold ring—
Dear, shall we give it a trial this spring?

—Mary Carolyn Davies.

Doc, Ray and Me!

Now!

MORE THAN

EVER—

Ask

the Man

Who Owns

One

Cyclone
Lawn Fence
and Gates
Furnished in a variety of patterns, any length.
Fence Now!
Winter slipping away—the first breath of spring in the air—now comes the urge to get out in the yard, to work with flowers and shrubs, to make your home surroundings more beautiful than ever this summer.
Now is the time to fence your property. Install Cyclone Fence and make improvements permanent—protect as you beautify, also beautify as you protect.
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See your hardware dealer. He can supply you with Cyclone "Red-Tag" Fabric, "Complete Fence," gates, flower bed border, trellis.
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This sturdy, good-looking basket provides a safe outdoor place to burn rubbish. Close woven mesh keeps burning fragments confined. 29 in. high. Diameter at top 20 in. Wires spaced 1½ in. apart. Attractive baked green enamel finish. Sold by Cyclone dealers everywhere.
Cyclone "Red Tag" FENCE AND PRODUCTS
CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

FIGHTING THE BLACK PLAGUE OF TRADE

(Continued from Page 42)

obscure trading with one of the largest gangs of fur thieves.

"When that man was in here," the detective told his temporary employer, "his eyes were taking in every detail of your protective devices. He studied your electric alarms, he spotted the safe in which you keep your sables and, I believe, he selected the spot where the thieves will attempt the next break. It is the weakest point in the rear of your place. This time we'll get them." And that was why the two young huskies with their heavy armament were locked up in the furrier's store several hours after all the employes had departed at the close of their day's work.

The guards had hot coffee in vacuum bottles; they had sandwiches, and one of them had a bag of candy; but they were under strict orders not to smoke or to strike a light for any purpose.

Hour upon hour passed. They could mark the passage of time by the tolling of the clock in the Metropolitan Tower, only a few blocks away. With nothing to do but think, they began to rehearse their parts mentally, and what with the darkness it is even possible they may have begun to wish they had adopted some other craft when they had been mustered out of the service. They were reclining comfortably on a pile of dressed sealskins that would have made them independently wealthy if they could have taken title to them, when, suddenly, they saw a figure silhouetted on the translucent fireproof glass of the rear windows. Even as they nudged each other there came to their ears the sound of metal on metal. Such a situation sends cold shivers chasing up and down the spine.

There was a crash of glass, and an arm reached through the hole thus made and fumbled around for the window bolt. It was then—and pardonably—that one of the young guardians so far forgot his instructions as to begin shooting. The roar of his .45 in that confined space was followed by a moment of silence, then a word, "Cheese't!" Pounding feet were heard on the flagstones of a passageway. The two men inside were after their quarry quickly enough to prove the quality of their courage, but before they got through the Stygian brick tunnel that led to the street they heard other pistol shots, and yells and curses. The detectives of the police department who had been hiding in that block all through the night had gone into action. One burglar was caught hiding on a window ledge, another, when a bullet snapped a heel from one of his shoes, stopped with his hands high above his head, croaking, "I quit, I quit!" A third was grabbed as he sat at the wheel of the automobile containing the burlap sacks which were to have been stuffed with furs. All three went to Sing Sing, and that was the beginning.

Bought But Not Paid For

John C. Stott, the executive head of the Furriers' Security Alliance, testifying at the preliminary trial of the three captives, said that $1,000,000 worth of furs had been taken by robbers in New York in the preceding three months and that these prisoners were the first to be caught.

"It is the business of an industry to have a central bureau of information about the crooks in that industry," said Mr. Stott at that time. "Such a bureau can furnish the police with all the information necessary for them to act. But it is no longer possible for any police force to contain within itself specialists for every industry—silk experts, fur experts, automobile experts, jewel experts and what not. Each industry is going to discover that it must provide the specialists and the information necessary to make the police force effective. Discovering the crooks within the fur trade is the job of the honest furriers."

It is common gossip in the New York fur market that several of the merchants with the best of credit ratings and with resources of more than $1,000,000 were enriched by dealing in stolen furs. It is gossip, but it has a better foundation of fact than most gossip.

A Boston furrier who knew one of these New York furriers by reputation received a woman customer some months ago who brought a glint of happiness to his eyes by trying on a $2400 mink coat. Her hat was becoming, and when she deftly adjusted the collar of soft brown fur about her throat and looked over her shoulder into the mirror reflecting the length of the garment as well as her bois-de-rose chiffon stockings and suède shoes, the furrier assured her with genuine feeling that never had he seen the fur of any animal so charmingly worn by a lady.

"I can't afford it," protested the customer, and strode up and down the store, even into the sable locker, the short and rotund furrier trotting at her heels as he bombarded her with compliments. "But," resumed the woman, "I'm going to make my husband get it for me, anyway. He will call for it."

The furrier was disappointed. He was sure this woman was simply giving her vanity something to feed upon, and that her talk about her husband was just talk.

Nevertheless, the husband did come for the coat. He came about three o'clock in the morning, bringing his confederates and an automobile. The furs they stole filled several large trunks.

In the Fur Business

Now this furrier belonged to the alliance. Within ten hours after he had discovered that his store had been looted private detectives of the organization had reached Boston from New York. They had with them several photograph albums, not at all like those plush volumes that once upon a time occupied the lower shelf of so many parlor tables in America. These were leather-backed and were ringed for loose-leaf filing. The pictures were not family groups, although almost every picture in the collection could have been assorted into two racial groups. They were photographs of fur thieves, their spies and some of the merchants of the trade who were known beyond question to be habitual dealers in stolen skins and coats.

"Look!" protested the Boston victim. "I've been robbed! But you don't have to cheer me up. I've got insurance. Why should I want to look at pitchers?"

"Cap," said one of the detectives soothingly, "we just want to find out if any of these people have been in your store recently."

"Ah-ha!" suddenly exclaimed the furrier. "Ah-ha!" It was more than a Harvard "a" that he used in his exclamation. It told of a hunger for vengeance. "There she is! That's the woman who told me her husband would be back for that mink coat."

He looked more carefully through the pictures after that discovery, and presently he recognized another face. It was a picture of a man's head, one wearing thick glasses in black rubber rims. This was an enlargement taken from a banquet flashlight.

"I've seen that fellow in here within the last ten days," said the furrier. "He introduced himself to me as being in the business."

"He is in the fur business," agreed one of the detectives, closing up the photograph collection; "and now if you will pardon us ——" They left quickly. Three days later there was a police raid on an apartment in Riverside Drive in New York. The tenants there pay as much as $8000 a year

(Continued on Page 82)

OLDSMOBILE BEAUTY INDICATES THE QUALITY WHICH EXTENDS TO THE SMALLEST HIDDEN PART

OLDSMOBILE SIX

The De Luxe Sedan finished in lustrous and enduring Duco—fully equipped with every appointment contributing to greatest comfort $1115.00 f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan

Let it rain! My shoes are Barbourwelted

WHEN it's fine weather for ducks a man who wears shoes made with *Barbourwelt* hasn't so much to worry about either. His shoes are damp-proofed.

The open inseam of an ordinary shoe says "Come on in" to rain and mud. *Barbourwelt* says "Stay out!" and backs it up with a solid rib of sole leather, part of the welt itself, snugged in tight around the shoe from toe to instep to shut out water and hold the shoe in shape.

Some shoes have a rib of upper leather stuffed with paper or string tucked in with the welting for looks. Of course water gets in below this sewed-on gasket just the same as before. Only the all-in-one-piece construction of genuine *Barbourwelt* can properly seal the unprotected line of the inseam.

BARBOURWELT

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, BROCKTON, MASS.

(Continued from Page 80)

rental. Riverside Drive always remains as a symbol of high estate for those people who are hived up in the tenements of the East Side. When one of those families abandons the tenement district because of greatly improved circumstances, they go, if they feel really secure in their newly possessed riches, to Riverside Drive.

Such a family were the occupants of the raided apartment, and the papa of the family was that spectacled person whose likeness had been recognized by the Boston furrier. He is a receiver, and on this occasion he was examining with knowing fingers the coats and scarfs that had been stolen three days before in Boston.

All those furs were returned to their owner except a few pieces that were sent to the district attorney's office to be labeled as Exhibit A or Exhibit B. The thieves were sent to jail in that case, including the woman spy, but not so the receiver. It is a difficult matter to convict a man in New York on the charge of receiving stolen property. The penal code requires that a person must have guilty knowledge that the goods he takes were stolen.

Most of the furriers who deal in stolen property are thoughtful enough of their reputations to insist on bills of sale that, however spurious, serve them as bills of health before the law.

It is a rare thing for a regular purchaser of stolen goods to be so careless as to conduct such a transaction in his own establishment. Ordinarily these people prefer to have at least one other purchaser standing between them and that guilty knowledge upon which the law lays such stress. So the fashion is for these receivers to deal with a go-between.

The go-between is precisely what his name implies—a person who acts as intermediary between two persons or groups of persons who would be embarrassed if asked to deal directly with each other. Sometimes they are shyster lawyers; sometimes they call themselves commission agents; sometimes they do not bother to explain how they get such a fat living. One of these agents, who is in contact with and at least partially in the confidence of the thieves, will be authorized to take a customer to the drop-off, which quite frequently is a legitimate storage warehouse. The sale is completed there, cash is paid and the furs and a document that passes as a bill of sale are given in exchange.

Goods That are Hard to Identify

From time to time stolen goods have been traced to such a warehouse, but that does not constitute recovery—not as the game is played today. If a detective goes directly to the manager of certain of the largest warehouses and explains that he is tracing stolen articles, he is directed to the concern's lawyer. The lawyer will insist on the production of evidence strong enough to satisfy a court that the goods in question have been stolen before he will advise his clients to aid the proceedings in any way.

"We must protect ourselves, you know," is their invariable excuse, and anyone who has had experience in trying to establish the identity of a lot of stray silks or furs or jewels, or even a lost dog, in such a huge market as New York, must feel sympathy for such a stand. Anyway, a huge volume of thieves' plunder is pretty likely to be concealed at all times in the storage warehouses and the safety-deposit vaults of American cities, especially in those institutions which are not rigorously insistent that all clients establish their identity before space is assigned to them.

It is because furs and jewels and silks are so difficult to identify, once they are out of their owners' possession, that every class of thief regards these materials as highly as money. No satisfactory way has ever been found to brand furs. Even letters formed by tiny perforations in the skins do not hamper the thieves, because furs are frequently marred by careless workmen in making them up into garments. This being true, the fur thief just slashes these brands out and forgets them, knowing he easily can explain such cuts.

Pilferage has always been an important cause of loss in the fur trade, and this was something the police did not even hope to interfere with; but the furriers' own organization is in a position to bring this leakage under control.

There was one factory foreman, a man with a large family, who was getting $9000 a year after thirty years of work with the same concern. That anniversary was marked by the presentation to him of a fine wrist watch inscribed by his employers, For Faithful Services.

Somehow his employers were not making as much profit as they were entitled to on the volume of business they were doing. Detectives who knew every angle of the fur business went on the pay roll and assumed regular tasks in the establishment. After two weeks they had narrowed their suspicions down to two men, the foreman and a lesser employe named, let us say, Lester Marks.

But with all their watching, the detectives were unable to get any proof. They did discover, though, that Marks, on a salary of fifty dollars a week, was paying the rental of two apartments in different boroughs of New York. In one of them his wife and children lived. In the other there was a woman who wore rather better clothing than Mr. Marks' wife.

A Fool There Was

One morning the detective, stepping into the office of the head of the firm, said, "I'm going to try a bluff. Send for Marks." Presently Marks arrived, a pompous little fellow, oversized at the waist and with finger nails as highly polished as those of a movie star.

"Well, well," greeted the detective, "are you all set for the conference?"

"What conference?"

"Oh, didn't you know about it? I'm just telephoning your wife to come down—that is, I told the switchboard operator to call her in a few minutes. Then we want another party—a lady. I got her telephone number here."

He fumbled with annoying deliberation in his waistcoat pocket and finally hauled forth a slip of paper from which he read aloud a telephone number that caused the little man to lose the last trace of his pompous manner.

"Wait!" he implored. "Wait! I've been a fool. Don't bring the women." Then he told how he had been smuggling expensive furs out of the establishment by sewing them, a skin at a time, to the lining of his coat in the privacy of the wash room.

"Anyone else in it with you?"

The wretched workman pointed over his shoulder with his thumb at a table where the old foreman, his watch strapped to a hairy wrist, was sorting over a pile of tawny leopard skins.

The employer sent for him. Stolidly the foreman strode into the office. He looked at the tear-stained face of Marks, at the flushed countenance of his employer and finally at the detective. Then he sat down heavily and began to pluck at the fastening of his wrist watch. Without a word he laid this gift on his boss' desk, and presently he, too, said, "I've been a fool."

Considering that he will spend in jail what might have been the thirty-first and thirty-second anniversaries of the event which that watch was bought to commemorate, his diagnosis seems to be as sound as could be pronounced.

That is just one variety of the multitude of crimes against property with which the ordinary police force is not in a position to cope. Even in the cases of breaking and entering, one of the oldest of crimes, they require the assistance of experts where the plunder is taken and sold in a vast trading center such as the fur market in New York. Without information, the best detectives are helpless; but even information

(Continued on Page 84)

Champion X—
exclusively for
Fords—packed
in the Red Box

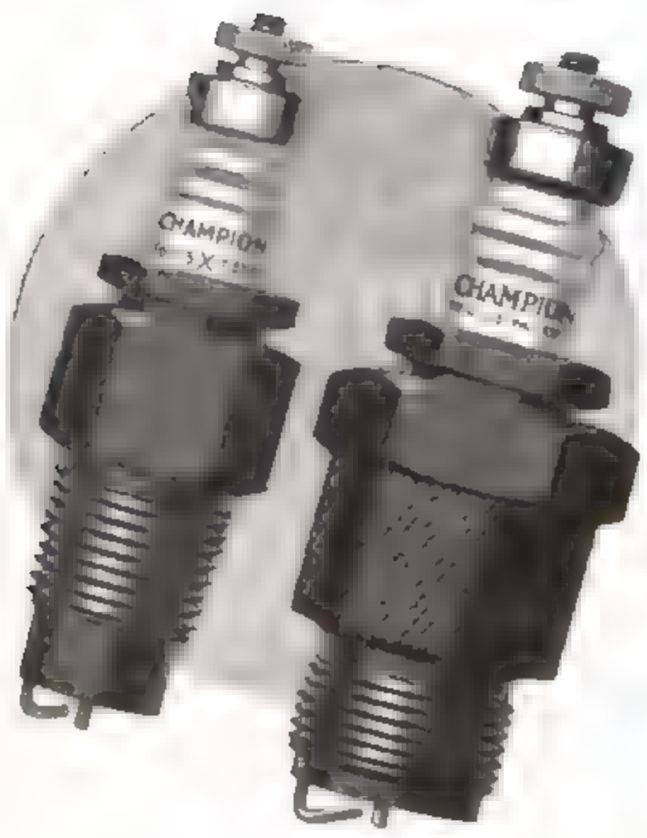
60¢

In Canada 80 cents

Champion—
for cars other
than Fords—
packed in the
Blue Box

75¢

In Canada 90 cents



POWER

If your motor is sluggish and lacks power in rough going, install a complete set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs and note the improvement. Performance will be better in every way. Your car will have new power, speed and acceleration. It is because motorists the world over know this that Champions are outselling two to one.

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine

Toledo, Ohio

A new set of dependable Champion Spark Plugs every 10,000 miles will restore power, speed and acceleration and actually save their cost in less oil and gas used.

ECLIPSE
BENDIX DRIVE

She is asking the salesman if the car is equipped with the Eclipse Bendix Drive. Women, especially, want the easy, dependable starting that Eclipse assures

MOTORISTS, everywhere, appreciate the greater ease and certainty of starting their cars when the Eclipse Bendix Drive is a unit in the electric starting system. Eclipse starter-drives, in their several variations, are simple, sturdy and effective—insure maximum ease, convenience and dependability in starting any gas engine. Throughout the world, *"Eclipse at Elmira"* is known as an authority in this important field, and its products accepted as standard.

"The Mechanical Hand That Cranks Your Car"

The Eclipse Bendix Drive is standard equipment on a large majority of the world's automobiles—and is the form you probably know best of the Eclipse products used in starting gasoline engines. It is the automatic connecting link between your electric starting motor and the engine of your automobile—a "mechanical hand" that takes hold of the fly-wheel, cranks it, and then lets go. Eclipse also starts—

Trucks
Buses
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Motor Boats
Coast Guard Vessels
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Gasoline Rail Cars
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Fire Apparatus
Ambulances
Taxicabs

and all kinds of prime movers

ECLIPSE MACHINE COMPANY, Elmira, N.Y.

Eclipse Machine Company, Hoboken, N. J. Eclipse Machine Company, Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.

(Continued from Page 82)

is of little service unless they can appreciate its significance. That was amply demonstrated in the looting of a fur warehouse a few months ago. Thousands of skins were taken, and the loss was estimated at $184,000.

When the first employes of this concern arrived on a Monday morning last summer they discovered that the warehouse had been stripped of furs during their absence over the week-end. Hundreds of Russian sables, hundreds of chinchilla and thousands of less valuable peltries had been taken. All this material had been taken out through a hole that had been made in a rear wall of brick. That hole was only eighteen inches high and just beneath a window, but that eighteen inches was the one place that was unprotected by burglar-alarm wiring.

The first thing detectives noticed after they arrived was that a new loft building was being erected in the rear of the plundered establishment; and the first thing they did was to gather in the negro watchman who had been on what may as well be called duty over the week-end on that idle construction job.

It did not require much time to discover that he had been paid $100 for giving some men a right of way through the property he was supposed to watch.

A Wild West Show in New York

Two dollars of the bribe was all that remained—excepting a couple of empty bottles. The watchman said he remembered one thing distinctly about the men who had given him the money.

"What's that?" demanded the detective eagerly.

"One of them," revealed the half-sober negro, "wore a derby hat."

That was about as valueless a piece of information as could be imagined, but the furriers' organization had begun to assemble significant scraps of information in the trade, with the result that before long the bulk of the stolen merchandise was recovered in three successive operations of a sort that is referred to at police headquarters as a grab. Besides, fifteen men were arrested and some of them were convicted.

One day a group of detectives, standing on the curb in Sixth Avenue as unobtrusively as 200-pound civil servants can stand, saw seven trunks being unloaded from an express wagon and carried into a small garment store of the kind that constantly springs up overnight and fades out of existence through bankruptcy. They had been looking for that particular shipment for more than a week. When all the trunks had been carried into the store the detectives crowded in also, and with revolvers drawn rushed into a dark basement. There they fired their guns repeatedly into the floor and yelled a demand for an unconditional surrender.

"Is this a business," complained someone, "or is it a Wild West?"

Seven trunks and three prisoners were taken to headquarters.

A few days later an industrious little ferret of a man, who looks more like a street barrow peddler than a detective, sent a message to his chief that caused a squad of plain-clothes men to raid an apartment in Fourteenth Street. That time several of the actual thieves were caught, and information extracted from them led to the recovery of a third lot of furs from the barn of an Italian farmer far out on Long Island. That country gentleman professed not to know by what agency a selection of highly prized skins from Kamchatka had got mixed in with the hay of his barn loft.

The amazing part about that enormous theft was that much of the best lots of furs had actually been sold in advance of the raid. Three groups of burglars participated. The first squad of six, having corrupted the negro watchman, boldly cut through the brick wall in the one spot which they knew to be unprotected by burglar alarms, and carried off the fine skins they were after, then told some of their friends about the interesting little hole in the wall. This crowd lost no time in getting a load or two, and in turn they passed the news on to a third group of fur thieves. Even the New York market cannot absorb such a mass of stolen furs without causing comment. It is the belief of those who worked for the recovery of those furs that not less than thirty men were engaged during that week-end in cleaning out that warehouse, which is within a short distance of one of New York's principal police stations.

Repeatedly furriers' establishments in New York have been invaded and an entire staff of office employes and workmen cowed with pistols while hatless men, appropriately dressed for the rôle of workmen there, shuffled in and out laden with furs. In nearly every case of this kind the rascals exhibited a rather extraordinary talent for acting, and their applause was of a most satisfying kind. It was unconsciously given by the sidewalk throngs that paid no more attention to them than if they had been the toiling laborers they pretended to be.

The silk trade centered about New York has been harried quite as much as the fur business, and has been defending itself by means of its own police organization, called, significantly enough, the Missing Property Bureau of the Silk Association of America.

Most of the important thefts of silk have been made while the silk was in transit. Again and again on the main highways leading into New York there were holdups of trucks laden with fortunes in silks. Frequently the truck drivers and their helpers were held captive by the robbers while the trucks were driven into New York, unloaded at a crooked silk merchant's establishment and then abandoned; all this occurring as a rule before an alarm had been given. Frequently these gangsters from New York or from the bands of criminals that infest the New Jersey shore of the Hudson have demonstrated that they are as ready to kill as any of the road agents that used to prey on mining-camp stagecoaches.

They still make off with freight trucks on those highways, but the number of loads of silk that they take is growing less. The silk merchants organized against them and devised a road patrol of their own that covers about 800 miles of highways in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts. The principal object of that patrol is to keep the truck drivers on the alert.

Halting Highway Holdups

A check-up showed that many trucks were stolen when the drivers and helpers left them unattended while they dismounted to seek hot-dog and coffee sustenance at some roadside shack. What was more disturbing was the discovery that many of the truckmen were working collusively with the thieves. There again was a situation which by no stretch of the imagination could be blamed on any police force.

Out on the Lincoln Highway, about thirty miles from New York, a chauffeur and his helper were found by a farmer tied with their backs to trees in the posture Indians used to fix captives they intended to burn. The truck of which these men were the custodians was gone. They told a harrowing story of being stopped by masked men who threatened them with instant death if they offered resistance. In their truck these men had a sawed-off shotgun, but they contended they had not been given a chance to use it. Later some arrests were made and one of the supposed holdup men confessed that the truck had been driven off after the gang and the driver and helper had smoked cigarettes together. During that time they discussed arrangements for a satisfactory division of the proceeds of the theft.

A few cases like that served to convince the silk merchants of New York and the

(Continued on Page 86)

—and sets a new low cost per mile of tire service.

A Pleasant Surprise

WHEN anything we buy delivers the service we expect of it, we are apt to be content and look for nothing better.

Apparently, thousands of people have a settled idea that average good service is all that can be expected of tires.

To these settled minds, it comes as a surprise to find that a certain name on a tire means that it can be depended upon for thousands of extra miles of trouble-free service beyond their expectation.

But it is a pleasant surprise.

There is a very practical reason why Mansfields should deliver those much appreciated extra miles.

Those thousands of miles of extra service cost us thousands of extra dollars in the building of Mansfield Tires.

But the extra cost of production is saved for *you* by the record low-cost distribution effected collectively by the great Hardware Wholesalers of the country.

And the Mansfield Tire sets a new low cost per mile of service.

THE MANSFIELD TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, MANSFIELD, OHIO

Balloon Cords Truck Cords Heavy Duty Cords Regular Cords Fabric Tires

The Cost of Distribution is Lower — The Standard of Quality is Higher

MANSFIELD

Built — Not to Undersell, but — to Overserve

FREE
10-Day Tube
Send the Coupon

Don't Believe

Your teeth are naturally "off color"

You can give them dazzling whiteness in a few days simply by removing the dingy film that clouds them and imperils healthy gums

BELIEVING your teeth are naturally dull is a great mistake. Science has proved otherwise. Permitting your teeth to be other than clear and beautiful is an injustice to yourself.

Largely on dental advice, millions are now multiplying the beauty of their smiles. New methods of tooth cleaning and gum care have been found.

In a few days you can work wonders with your teeth. Can give them whiteness and clearness that amaze. *But not with ordinary brushing.* Just send the coupon and a 10-day supply of the correct way will be sent you.

It's film that hides pretty teeth and imperils gums

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a germ-laden film that forms on your teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it . . . a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color" and dingy.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't do

Many methods of cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. See if your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice the world has turned to this method.

It removes the film. And Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums. No harsh grit, judged dangerous to enamel.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FILM the worst enemy to teeth

FREE Mail Coupon for 10-Day Tube
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 260, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Pepsodent
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities
Only one tube to a family.

Name.....

Address.....

Canadian Office and Laboratories 191 George Street, Toronto Canada 1934A

(Continued from Page 84)

heads of the silk-dyeing establishments and of the various weaving mills of Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachusetts that unusual precautions were necessary. They agreed to compel all their truck drivers to submit to finger printing. They also agreed to dismiss any truck driver who persisted in leaving his truck unguarded or who associated with silk thieves or silk fences. Carelessness, it was found, was as costly as downright crookedness.

The men of the road patrol ride in automobiles. They are not known to the drivers, and although they are a small force, in the course of a day they can observe a good many truck drivers. But the thieves did not work solely on the highways.

One morning a truck which left Hoboken early, bearing a $50,000 load of prints and tub silks that filled the huge van from floor to roof, reached Madison Avenue and Twenty-fourth Street at twenty minutes past eight. At that time the streets in that neighborhood were a-swarm with men and women going to work in near-by offices.

A large sedan containing six men swerved at reckless speed into Madison Avenue and cut in front of the truck. By stepping hard on the brake, the driver prevented what threatened to be a certain collision. One of the men in the sedan climbed out on the sidewalk and mouthed some soft-voiced curses at the driver. The truck driver did some cursing on his own account; and then the rest of the men in the sedan dismounted, and suddenly the chauffeur of the truck discovered that he was being menaced by a pistol.

"Get down, you," commanded one of them, who wore a huge diamond on the third finger of the hand that gripped the automatic.

Smuggling In and Out

The driver dismounted quickly. He had a family. Another man, wearing the same sort of clothing as the regular truck driver, then climbed on the seat and drove off, while the captive was forced into the sedan and given an hour's ride up and down the teeming streets of the East Side. After one of the tough citizens in the sedan had consulted his watch a few times the chauffeur was roughly ordered out of the car. Some time later the police found the truck, but it was empty.

This silk-truck driver was an exceptional fellow in one respect. Perhaps something of this quality was due to the increasing care used by the silk companies in hiring truck drivers. At any rate, when he was taken to police headquarters to look over some Rogues' Gallery photographs he selected the picture of a man whose first name was Max as one of his captors.

"They made some nasty threats before they turned me loose," said the driver, "but I'll take a chance. That's the guy that held the gun on me."

That identification led to the recovery of some of the silk, if not to the capture of the thief. This was due to the fact that the silk association had been compiling a vast amount of information about silk fences and knew with which crooked merchants the gang of which this thief was a member had been cooperating.

So much silk was being stolen in New York that only a part of it could be disposed of safely, despite the fact that where raw silk was involved identification was even more difficult than the identification of furs.

Great quantities were smuggled into Canada, the common practice being for rum runners to carry silk north in their automobiles and bring in liquor on the return trip. That again was a situation that could be met beat by a police organization within the industry.

Up in Canada the Canadian Merchants' Protective Association was formed because of the difficulty they had in trying to compete with dishonest merchants in their own field who undersold them with silks stolen from the vicinity of New York and then smuggled across the line.

In several recent years the losses of furriers in the United States through some form of thievery have exceeded $5,000,000, according to the Furriers' Security Alliance.

Both the fur and the silk industries are just beginning to fight back, and some of the men in it are of a mind to spend as much as the thieves have been taking if that is necessary to foil the criminals. Already the furriers have made a notable start with an annual expenditure of less than $25,000—about half the value of the plunder in an ordinary raid on a furrier's establishment.

Trailing Jewel Thieves

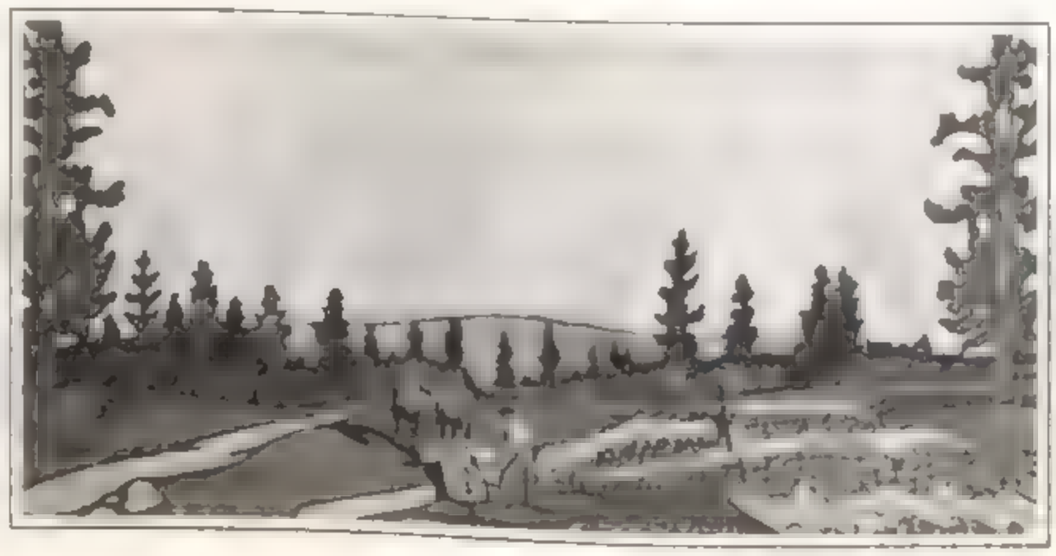
The jewelers have been organized against thieves for a much longer time and have recognized for years that insurance is not crime prevention. The proprietor of one of the large retail jewelry establishments said recently that because of the pestilence of crime today the cost of burglary insurance in the jewelry trade would be prohibitive but for one thing—the existence in the trade of crime-fighting organizations.

The jewelers have two police organizations of consequence, one that hunts down thieves that prey on stores and another which wages war on criminals who rob the traveling salesmen of the trade. The Jewelers' Security Alliance, formed to guard the stores of its members, retains the services of a big private detective agency. The photographs of known jewel thieves are distributed by it to all the members. In addition every jeweler is advised how best to deploy his staff of employes and his store furniture so as to increase the difficulties of any thief that may try to raid his property.

The Jewelers' Security Alliance offers some cogent figures as proof of the advantage of a trade-organized crime-fighting agency. Fifteen per cent of the members of the trade who were not members of the alliance were attacked by crooks last year; but only 6 per cent of the members of the alliance were attacked.

The furriers have an even stronger argument. The insurance company which writes most of the protection given to their trade at present reduces by 10 per cent the cost of burglary insurance to members of the Furriers' Security Alliance. That 10 per cent is more than enough to pay the membership fee of the alliance.

Apparently these crime-fighting organizations are a pretty good antitoxin for the black plague of trade.

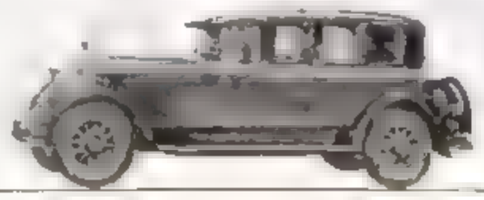


The
NEW MARMON

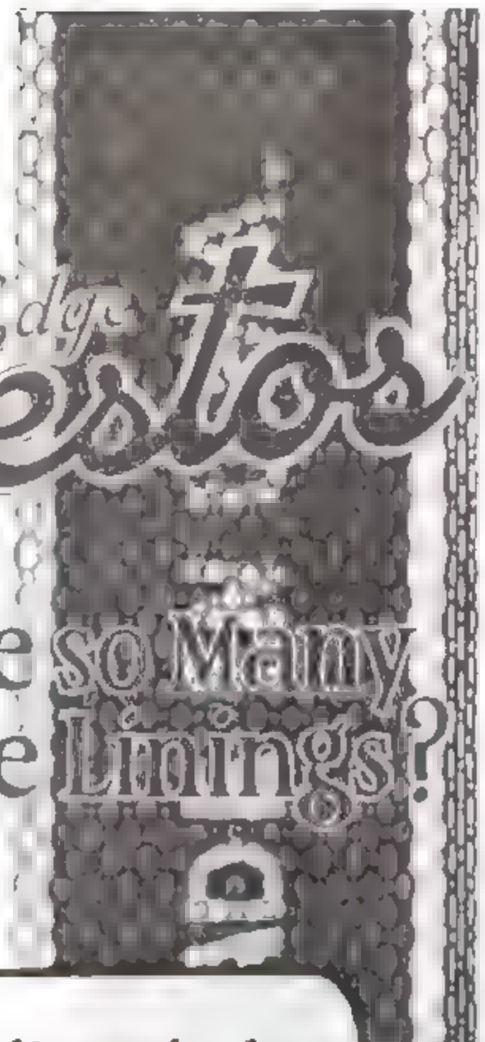
Accurately reflecting
the best feminine taste in America

THE WOMEN of America have been the first to recognize that Marmon has done something different and important. The favor which they have accorded the Greater New Marmon is largely responsible for its brilliant success, making it perhaps the most coveted of all fine cars. With unerring perception, they have discovered in its subtle color harmonies and in the *petite salon* of its tonneau an authoritative and satisfying expression of their own motoring ideals. They have been quick also to sense the priceless protection afforded by its sturdy steel running boards and other unique built-in safety features which have saved many a Marmon car and passengers from harm.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



Why Silver Edge Raybestos When There are so Many Cheaper Brake Linings?



You can purchase ordinary brake lining for less than Raybestos costs —if you want to take a chance.

Cheap lining gives half the wear. Soon there is *another* investment for labor and lining. So in the end, cheap lining costs twice as much.

Raybestos is woven of long-fibred asbestos *solidly* woven with brass wire to assure strength. It is *twice* compressed to give solidity. Containing no rubber, it gives uniform service in both wet and dry weather and is specially treated to withstand heat and wear It is still the same honest value that it was 20 years ago when Raybestos brought to the automobile dependable brakes.

There are many brake linings, but only one Silver Edge Raybestos. The car owner is interested in safety—not "price." He has his brakes relined by the Raybestos Method, which means *correct* application. Send coupon for name of nearest garage or Raybestos Brake Service Station.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE CANADIAN RAYBESTOS CO., Ltd Peterborough, Ont.

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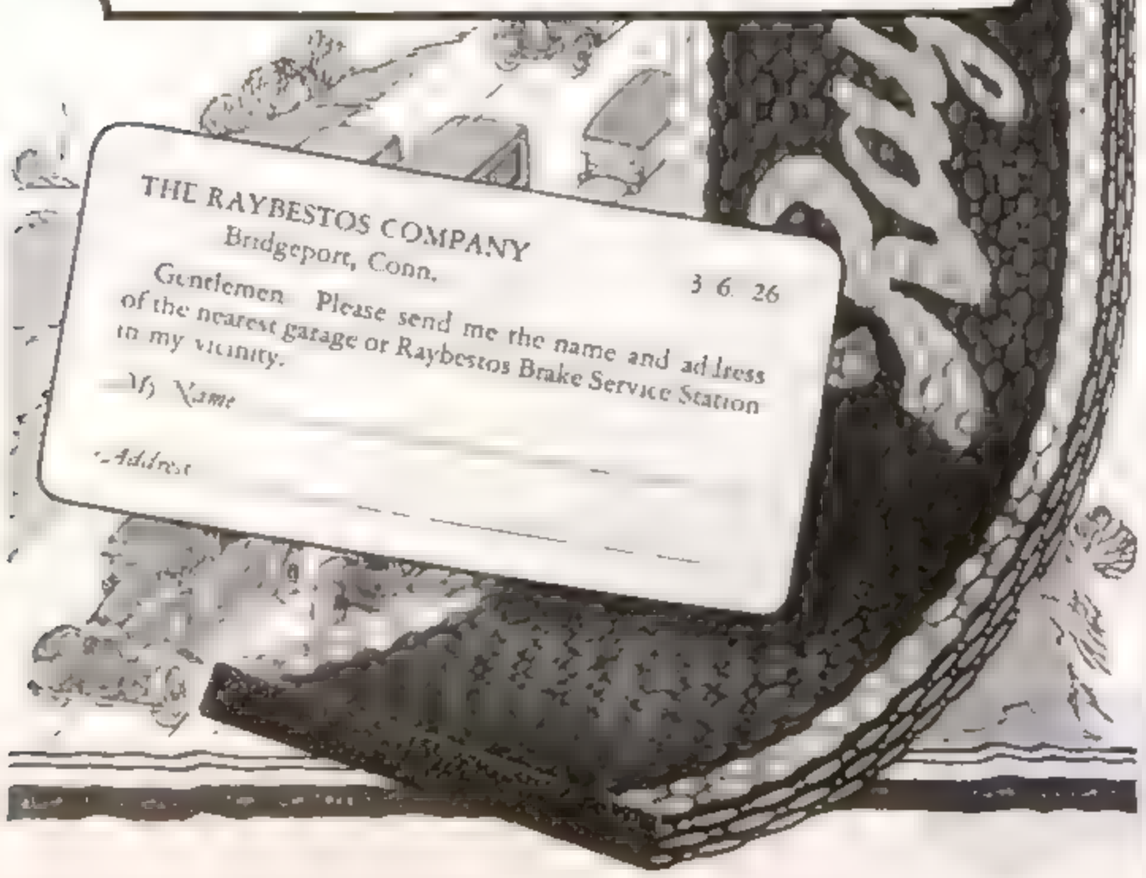

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.
3 6 26
Gentlemen Please send me the name and address of the nearest garage or Raybestos Brake Service Station in my vicinity.
My Name
Address

THE INDEPENDENTS

(Continued from Page 25)

15 per cent of the total exchanges, even where competition was fiercest, and that thousands of farms and villages had nothing but Independent telephones. The country press generally sided with the Independents and assailed the "wire octopus" with striking epithets.

The character of the struggle required an early association of Independent telephone companies. The Bell was centrally directed while the Independents were not. The first association was largely occupied with patent litigation, being materially assisted by manufacturers of Independent telephone equipment. Judge James M. Thomas of Ohio was its president for many years.

The Independents Get Together

The patent litigation was not altogether one-sided. One of the most famous cases was that of Emile Berliner. He had filed an application for a patent in 1877. His rights were early acquired by the Bell people and he became a member of their staff of inventors. It was considered by the Independents peculiar that his application rested idle for many years and was acted upon only about the time the Bell patent expired. It seemed to Independent lawyers that this was an effort to extend the patent monopoly for several years. In any event, Bell claims as to this new patent greatly affected investors, favorably to the Bell and adversely to the Independents.

President Harrison and Attorney-General Miller were sufficiently impressed with the circumstances of the patent delay to cause action to be brought by the Government to show fraud. This prosecution was persevered in by President Cleveland and Attorney-General Olney. It failed in the highest court as to fraud, but a subsequent infringement suit was fatal to the Berliner claims. The language of the Bell description, which had been a rock of Gibraltar when the Bell was defending its patent, became the rock on which the Berliner claims, fathered by the Bell, were dashed to pieces. Berliner had nothing to patent; Bell had covered all the ground in 1876.

The growing power of the Independents, through weight of numbers and distribution of ownership, was again felt when they caused President Roosevelt to instruct Postmaster-General Henry C. Payne to cancel an order to each postmaster to install only one telephone, that one to have long-distance communication with Washington. General Payne had been president of a Bell subsidiary telephone company before accepting public office and this victory, as a consequence, was very sweet to the Independents.

I had no part in early association affairs. Building up the exchange at Macon and in Macon County and mastering the underlying principles of the new business monopolized my time and attention. I had no patience with the stock jobbers and speculators, whose only interest was to promote a company, make a construction and a promotion profit, and sell out to the public. Unless something was done to put the business generally on a solid basis, the future was insecure. Every failure of an Independent telephone company was heralded from sea to sea. This hurt every other company's credit. The public was too apt to conclude that failures were due to Bell competition rather than to the neglect of sound business principles.

There was only one way to meet this crisis. There had to be a systemization of information as to the most efficient way to build, operate and maintain telephone systems, and this information had to be hammered in on all Independent telephone men, and the investing public had to be sold on the facts

In January, 1902, twenty-nine manufacturers of Independent telephone equipment met in Chicago and made a temporary organization of the Interstate Independent Telephone Association, to meet at the Sherman House, May 9 11. The subscription list of Telephony, an Independent telephone monthly, was used as the basis for invitations to the telephone men in the states embraced in the call Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Kentucky and Missouri

The convention was, of course, really a mass meeting, with a preponderance from the neighborhood of Chicago. The first night there was a banquet deserving to be classed with Belshazzar's feast in Babylon, except for the handwriting on the wall. The manufacturers were the hosts, and the guests will never forget the abundance of edibles and potables and the efforts of entertainers, professional and amateur.

Next morning the delegates met with aching heads but warm hearts. They felt that their hosts were the best men on earth and they were filled with highest optimism as to the Independent telephone cause. They good-humoredly made the temporary officers, who were in most part local men, permanent officers and were ready for some resolutions that would "blister the Bell." Fortunately, however, there were some serious-minded men present who realized what could be done for the industry with a properly organized association, embracing all of the states where Independent telephony had gained a foothold. They saw that the officers should be distributed, that a practical constitution and workable by-laws should be adopted and that standing committees should be created to study details of the industry and make recommendations, and that an executive committee should be named to deal with emergencies between regular sessions of the association.

A National Association

As a consequence of their initiative the election was reconsidered and new choices made on recommendations of a nominating committee composed of delegates from the various states represented. The constitution and by-laws were likewise framed by a committee similarly constituted, and other practical steps were taken to form an organization whose chief aim would be to build up the Independent telephone business in all of its departments of endeavor.

The National Association, composed of companies in the states of Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Oregon and elsewhere, was invited to join the Interstate Association. All these states and many others were represented at the next annual meeting.

Primary steps for the amalgamation of the National Independent Association with the new organization were taken. This union was not consummated, however,

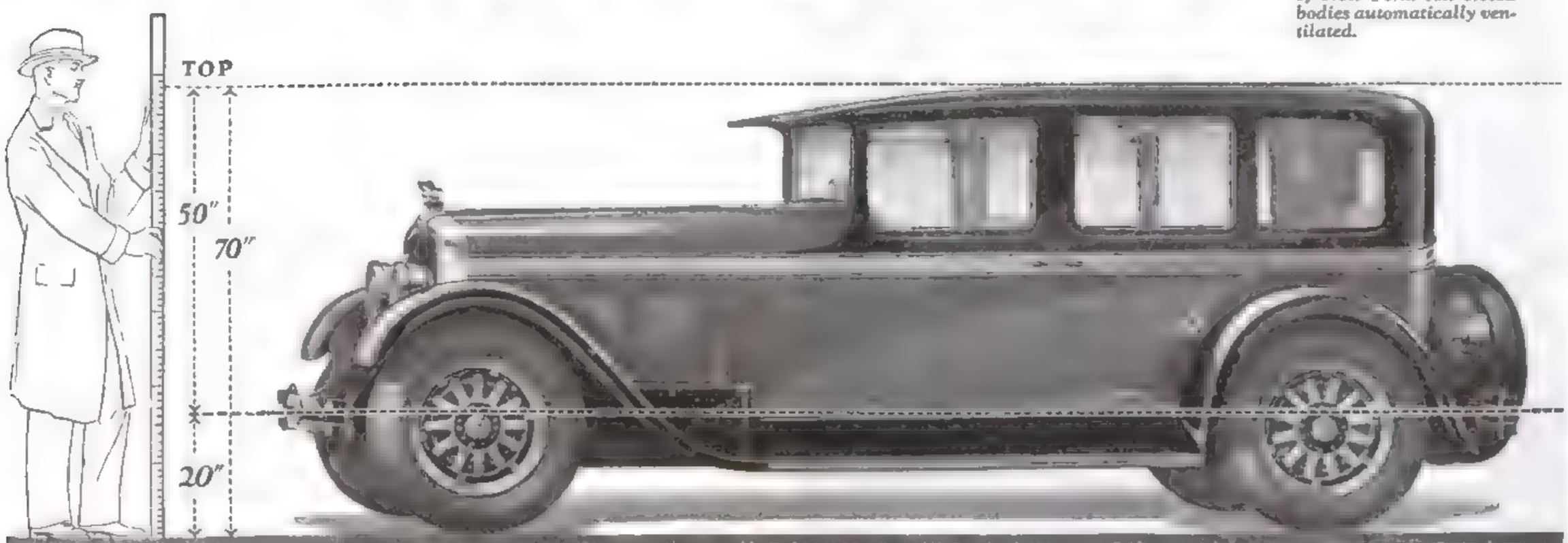
(Continued on Page 90)

Safety, comfort, performance assured as never before —

STUTZ

The NEW STUTZ

Six body styles, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York. All closed bodies automatically ventilated.



SAFETY CHASSIS

Body five inches nearer the ground
—yet providing full road clearance and headroom

Radically lowered center of gravity
—giving greater safety, comfort and roadability

Quiet, long-lived, worm-drive rear axle
—permitting lowered body; it improves with use

90 H. P. motor; with overhead camshaft
—novel design; smooth, flexible, vibrationless

New, non-leaking hydrostatic brakes
—inherently equalized; quick-acting and positive

The engineering achievement of the decade

EACH year brings new names, new models, new refinements in the design of the conventional automobile.

But only after long intervals does there appear a radical advance in automotive engineering. Such intervals have been punctuated by the advent of the pneumatic tire, electric starting and lighting, balloon tires, and later, four-wheel brakes.

And now with the year 1926, comes a new motor car epoch with the appearance of The NEW STUTZ. This new car is destined to influence all future engineering practice.

This is not merely the opinion of the makers of The NEW STUTZ.

The conviction has been expressed, even more emphatically by outside, and even competitive, engineers who have examined The NEW STUTZ—who have ridden in it and driven it.

First of all, The NEW STUTZ gives the motorist a new degree of safety—increased protection for the car's passengers and for the car itself.

This safety factor is attained chiefly by a radical lowering of the center of gravity—the floor of The NEW STUTZ is five or more inches lower than conventional chassis design permits.

Greater—far greater—stability and road-adhesiveness is thus secured. There can be no two opinions on this point. And this is accomplished while maintaining more than ample headroom and full road clearance.

Many other unusual features contribute to the super-safety of The NEW STUTZ. To mention only a few: the frame is the most rigid on any car; the car is more easily controlled; the new principle of braking is of greater efficiency; the acceleration is more rapid; the running boards are of pressed steel—actually side-bumpers; the front corner-posts are narrow, giving unobstructed vision; the wind-shield is of safety-glass.

The NEW STUTZ is vibrationless at all speeds—an almost incredible statement, yet already confirmed through tests conducted by many leading American and European automotive engineers. There is no noise of valve operation and no noise at the rear axle or elsewhere. It is a car so surpassingly quiet that it seems moved by magic.

The chassis of The NEW STUTZ is automatically self-lubricated. There is a triple-duty oil rectifier; an air-cleaner of proven efficiency; dual ignition; and, of course, innumerable conveniences and refinements in keeping with its basically advanced design.

Words alone, or even pictures, cannot convey an adequate conception of the new and different engineering principles embodied in The NEW STUTZ. You must actually *see* the car and drive it yourself.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR CO.
OF AMERICA, Inc.
Indianapolis

A hint of the coziness within

Fenestra Casement Windows

WHEN you build you will want a bright basement. It will be furnace room, laundry, children's playroom—and light enough to be pleasant all the year 'round. Fenestra Basement Windows made of steel admit 80 per cent more light than wood windows of the same size

They afford better control of ventilation, are non-inflammable, and last as long as the building Four standard sizes stocked by your local dealer for immediate delivery

THROUGH the delicate tracery of Fenestra Casements, through their small, sparkling panes, there comes a cheery hint of the coziness within.

For these sturdy windows shut out the storms with a double, flat, metal-to-metal contact that makes them as tight as ordinary windows *weatherstripped*. And when summer comes, inside screens and easy washing add to the pleasure and satisfaction that Fenestra Casements give. Besides, they cost as little as ordinary windows.

Your architect and builder can get them *locally* when building time arrives.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY
C-2240 E. Grand Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.

Fenestra

for homes and apartments
schools and institutions
commercial buildings
all industrial structures

(Continued from Page 88

until 1906, when the International Independent Telephone Association, which embraced representatives from most of the states and from provinces in the Dominion of Canada, met under the joint presidency of James B. Hoge of Cleveland, Ohio, and the writer.

Much work had meanwhile been done toward putting the business of all Independent telephone member companies on a solid basis. The best ability of the industry had been utilized in forming the best system of cost accounting. Scientific methods of caring for depreciation had been adopted. So many new exchanges were being put in that the new ideas of inventors were put into practice. It was recognized that while sentiment gave the Independents an advantage, it could be held only by service. The expansion had been remarkable, both in the Independent and Bell systems. Competition had proved a stimulus to the Bell, which in five years doubled the number of telephones it had at the close of its long era of patent monopoly. Single states had as many telephones in 1906 as there had been telephones in the whole United States in 1894. It was found that at twelve competitive points, with an aggregate population of a million, the ratio was one telephone to 7.4 people. In twelve monopoly cities, with 650,000 population, there was a ratio of one telephone to each 23.8 people and the rates were generally higher and the service inferior.

There were many states in which the Bell was a poor second. In Missouri, Illinois, Ohio and Indiana this was notably true. The Bell held monopoly control of only one large city in Ohio—Cincinnati. Boss Cox was charged with responsibility for this. Chicago was another Bell stronghold, although the surrounding territory was held by the Independents. The struggle for franchises, particularly in the larger cities, took on all the aspects of war—cruel, bitter, unprincipled war. In Seattle, when the Independents won a franchise, 5000 Bell subscribers ordered out their telephones. In city after city subscribers stuck to the Independents, even when the Bell offered service as low as one dollar a month.

The Independent shield was adopted by the National Association and in forty-one states, and in all of these states the Independent companies were supplied with as full and accurate information as the centrally directed Bell companies possessed.

Getting Investors by Publicity

At the session of the Interstate Association in connection with the World's Fair in 1904, the Ohio plan of compact organization by districts was adopted. It was in full force when the International Association was formed.

President Hoge opened up permanent headquarters in Cleveland, and with my election to the presidency of the consolidated International Association in 1907 I moved headquarters to Chicago. At that time Independent telephony represented an estimated investment of $300,000,000. So solidly had the Bell and Independent telephone business been established that it probably suffered less from the panic of 1907 than any other industry. I happened to be in a position to understand this.

After my Macon venture was well under way I organized an investment company which controlled a set of local telephone companies which were commonly called the Gary System. They served ten cities in Missouri and Kansas, including Atchison, Topeka, Joplin and St. Joseph.

In the midst of the 1907 panic I issued a booklet entitled Independent Telephony. I was moved partly by a sense of obligation to the association of which I was president, and perhaps more immediately by my own necessities. I needed to dispose of $1,700,000 bonds to rebuild the Independent exchange at St. Joseph and to care for general floating indebtedness. The booklet contained not only photographic reproductions of great factories engaged in manufacturing equipment for Independent telephone plants, pictures of plants and equipment and personnel, auditors' statements and quotations from various sources, but all the most salient arguments as to the stability of the Independent telephone business that I could gather from the leading men in the industry.

Telephony, whose editor had liberally aided in the preparation of the booklet, gave such notices as to create a demand for it from many states. For years the chief arguments of this booklet were used to prove the soundness of telephone securities. The bulk of this edition went to a special list of prospective investors in Missouri and Kansas. I believe that the first money in Kansas and Missouri to come out of hiding after the close of that panic was the proceeds of $1,700,000 bonds issued by the Gary System

But not everything was serene for the Independent telephone men. There were occasional deserters, and resolutions were repeatedly adopted against any Independent man having relations with the Bell In the matter of long-distance connections this was an actual hardship. The Bell had from the first specialized on long-distance service, and though the Independents had constructed some long-distance toll lines, they did not have a system which could compete at all points with the Bell, and the Bell companies would not, for years, connect their toll lines with Independent companies unless they became sub-licensees. Later this rule was somewhat modified.

Treachery in High Places

Independent associations were frequently discovering men they called "Bell spies" in their meetings. They were always called out by name and, when necessary, forcibly expelled. There was naturally unjust suspicion of some individuals who were loyal to the Independent cause but who did not always agree as to the wisdom of certain policies.

One of the most depressing things of the time was the discovery of the secret sale of the control of the Kellogg Manufacturing Company, which was reputed to build the best equipment for the Independents. Milo G. Kellogg had been a pioneer Independent manufacturer. He had sold equipment as soon as the Bell patent expired. He had helped finance patent litigation. His attorney, Judge R. S. Taylor, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, had presented to President Harrison the circumstances of the peculiar delay in passing on the Berliner patent application. Mr. Kellogg's health failed and he was forced to seek a milder climate. Before leaving he entrusted a power of attorney to one of his relatives. The relative, acting under this, sold the Kellogg interests to E. M. Barton, of the Western Electric Company, closely affiliated with the Bell. Mr. Kellogg lived longer than expected. He partly regained his health and returned to his old home. He made vain efforts to buy back his stock, offering a handsome profit, but his overtures were spurned. He then brought suit, joined by some minority stockholders, to set aside the sale, pleading public policy, among other things. The litigation was in progress when the International Association met in 1906. A resolution was introduced, setting out the fact that the Kellogg Company had been bought by money furnished by Bell officials and urging all members to cease buying equipment from the company.

Judge Taylor sought to speak against the resolution, but was ruled off the floor on points of order. He had rendered great service to the association in the past and was on terms of friendship with all the older members. It was known that he deplored the acquisition of the Kellogg Company by the Bell, but he was still attorney. There were members who said they could not get along without Kellogg equipment There were others who praised Mr. Kellogg and urged a friendlier resolution. Amendments were at last agreed to, thanking Judge Taylor for his many services and expressing

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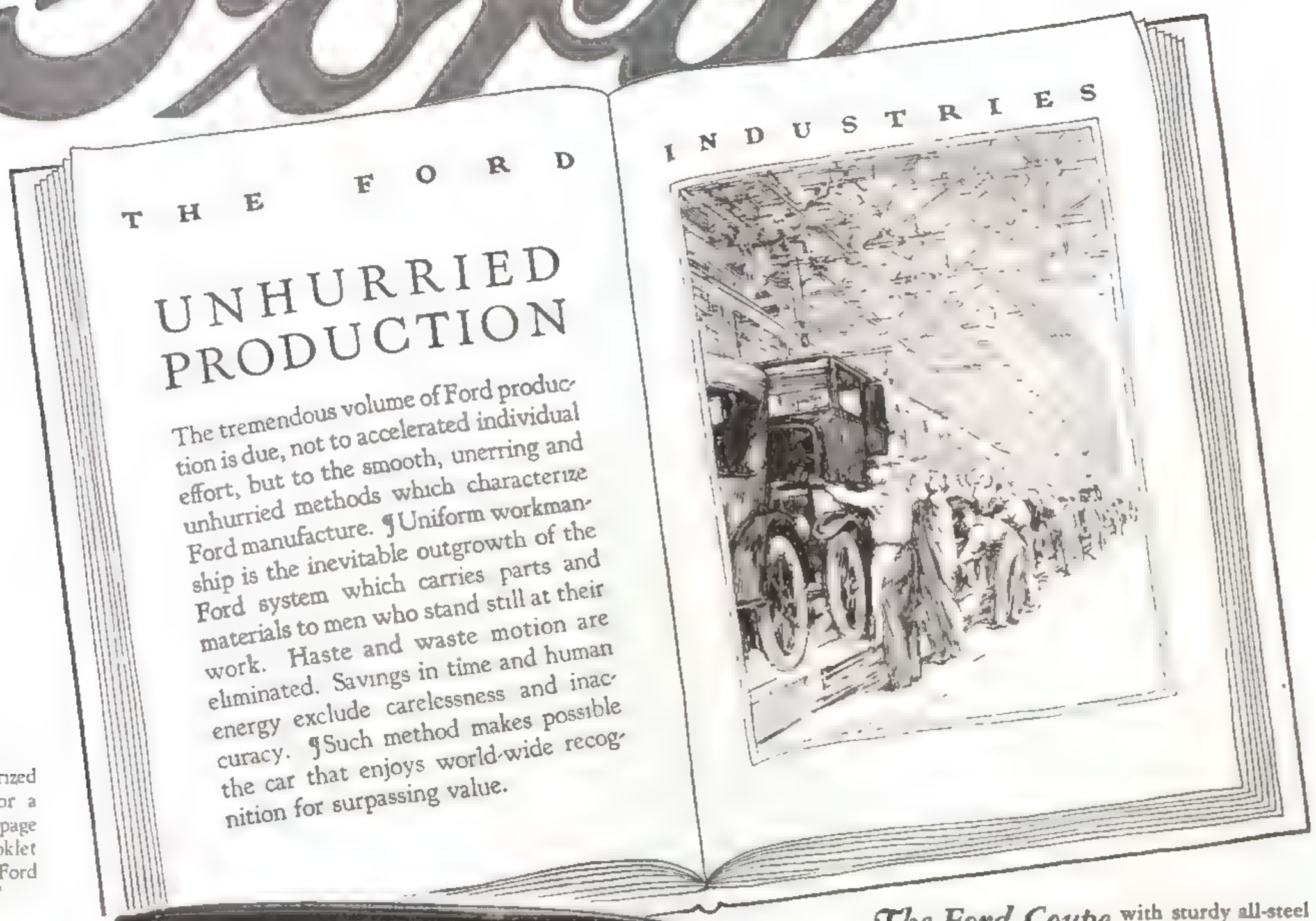
Ford


THE FORD
UNHURRIED PRODUCTION
The tremendous volume of Ford production is due, not to accelerated individual effort, but to the smooth, unerring and unhurried methods which characterize Ford manufacture. ¶Uniform workmanship is the inevitable outgrowth of the Ford system which carries parts and materials to men who stand still at their work. Haste and waste motion are eliminated. Savings in time and human energy exclude carelessness and inaccuracy. ¶Such method makes possible the car that enjoys world-wide recognition for surpassing value.
INDUSTRIES

Ask any authorized Ford dealer for a copy of the 64-page illustrated booklet entitled "The Ford Industries"

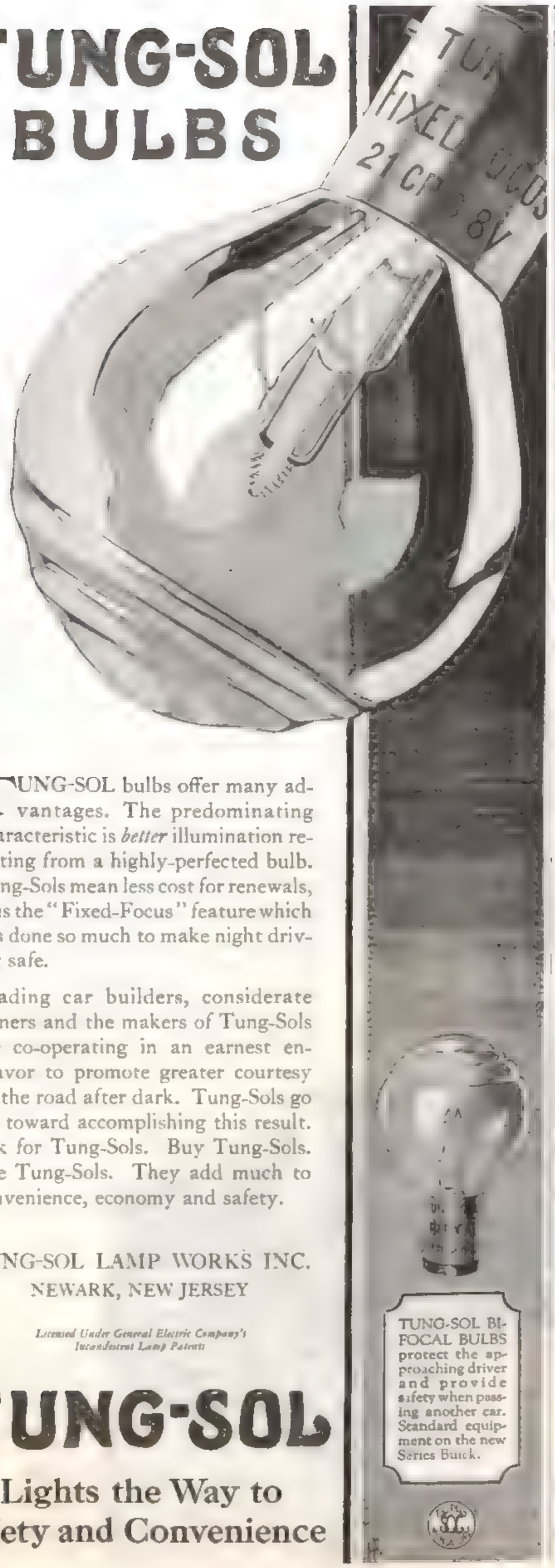
The Ford Coupe with sturdy all-steel body of finest material, displays the splendid design and careful workmanship that quality standards call for —well molded panels, graceful pillars, artistic molding treatment, plate glass windows and durable upholstery of attractive color and pattern.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

RUNABOUT $290 · TOURING $310 · COUPE $500 · TUDOR SEDAN $520 · FORDOR SEDAN $565

All prices f. o. b. Detroit

TUNG-SOL BULBS



TUNG-SOL bulbs offer many advantages. The predominating characteristic is *better* illumination resulting from a highly-perfected bulb. Tung-Sols mean less cost for renewals, plus the "Fixed-Focus" feature which has done so much to make night driving safe.

Leading car builders, considerate owners and the makers of Tung-Sols are co-operating in an earnest endeavor to promote greater courtesy on the road after dark. Tung-Sols go far toward accomplishing this result. Ask for Tung-Sols. Buy Tung-Sols. Use Tung-Sols. They add much to convenience, economy and safety.

TUNG-SOL LAMP WORKS INC.
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Licensed Under General Electric Company's Incandescent Lamp Patents

TUNG-SOL BI-FOCAL BULBS protect the approaching driver and provide safety when passing another car. Standard equipment on the new Series Buick.

TUNG-SOL

Lights the Way to Safety and Convenience

(Continued from Page 90)

wishes for his future happiness and voicing hope that Mr. Kellogg would regain possession of his company. An exception was also made of members who could use nothing but Kellogg equipment; but the general tenor of the resolution remained.

It is a significant fact that this resolution was cited by the court as proof that the sale had jeopardized the good will of the former customers of the concern. Mr. Kellogg won his suit and the Kellogg Company regained its old standing with the Independents.

Another bolt from the blue was the announcement that J. P. Morgan and Company, bankers for the Bell, had acquired some of the key Independent properties in Ohio cities. Proceedings were immediately begun under the Ohio antitrust law by the attorney-general, on protest of the Independents. In fact, the Ohio litigation was so resourcefully handled that the Bell never gained possession of the properties purchased, and it was many years before Morgan and Company got their money back. In six other states, at different times, antitrust actions were brought by attorney-generals to annul deals attempted by Bell companies.

There was a general dread, not confined to the Independent telephone men, when the Western Union Telegraph Company was acquired by the Bell interests. This was the work of Theodore N. Vail, soon after his second connection with the Bell. He was one of the most forceful characters in our financial and industrial history. He made the purchase and told his directors about it later.

Theodore N. Vail succeeded in several lines. When he was only thirty years old he was superintendent of the Railway Mail Service of the United States. He was induced to resign this responsible post, where he had shown a remarkable genius for organization, and join the Bell forces about the time the Western Union Telegraph Company organized its telephone company to fight the Bell. He had a vision of the future of the telephone not shared by some of his superior officers, but they conceded he was of great service in the early history of the telephone. He later resigned and went to South America. He put in an electric railway at Buenos Aires, among other things. In fact, it may be said he introduced applied electrical science to progressive Argentina, rendering a great service to that country and incidentally amassing a large fortune.

Mr. Vail's Good Intentions

He succeeded Frederick P. Fish as head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, in May, 1907. Fulfillment of his youthful dream as to expansion possibilities was unquestionably one of the inducements that caused him to take up this task, along with numerous other burdens he was carrying.

I became president of the International Independent Telephone Association less than sixty days after Mr. Vail became head of the Bell system and I had relations with him until his death, varying from fierce hostility to cordiality. Speaking from intimate knowledge of his character, I do not believe Mr. Vail considered the acquisition of the Western Union Telegraph Company against public policy. He may have been partly moved by recollection of the wire fight in his youth, but his general vision was of a night and day letter and wire service supplementing each other and covering the entire nation. Whether it was a dangerous concentration of power or not, I am sure he never sought it for that end. He honestly believed in a unified wire service. Like the elder Morgan, he believed combinations were good both for investors and the public.

When, under the Kingsbury agreement of 1913 with Attorney-General McReynolds, the Western Union Telegraph Company was disposed of, the motive was peace rather than fear. Even the Bell had reached a stage when it could no longer be financed by the few. It had to sell its securities to the general public, and it could not do this advantageously so long as a suit for violation of the Sherman Act was impending.

The Independent telephone men, after strengthening themselves in every possible way, and after rendering a service in telephone development which will probably never be fully recognized by the people generally, found conditions that required negotiations with the Bell people. The Independents helped to ripen the time. They had used their political strength, coming from the large army of stockholders in eight thousand communities, in getting legislation declaring the telephone a public utility and subject to governmental regulation.

The railroads' experience had been such that the leading financial figures of the Bell were nervous. They realized what conditions could be legally enforced if the Independents had the courage, determination and resourcefulness. There was no thought of surrender on the part of anybody, but certain understandings were essential to the prosperity of the industry.

The Articles of Agreement

There were some trying rebuffs at first, but finally enough prejudices were broken down on both sides to warrant the formal naming of a committee of seven Independents to deal with problems arising from the competitive situation. I was a member and the secretary of this committee.

A book could be written on the work of this committee, whose members had the temerity to match wits with the leading lights of the Bell, including that financial statesman, the late Henry P. Davison, of the house of Morgan. At some time the substance of these negotiations may be published. Sufficient for the purpose of this article is it to set out the six proposals of the Independents finally accepted by the Bell people. They are taken from the Vail statements of January 5, 1912:

"New York, January 5, 1912.

"In order that the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its associated companies may follow the same policy with respect to maintaining toll connections with Independent companies, it seems wise to state just what that policy is in this regard and to advise the associated Bell companies and to ask them to adopt the same for their guidance.

"FIRST: The associated Bell companies will extend toll-line connections to any points or to any company wires where opposition exchanges do not exist and where the result of such toll-line connections would be a reasonable return upon the investments involved in the connection.

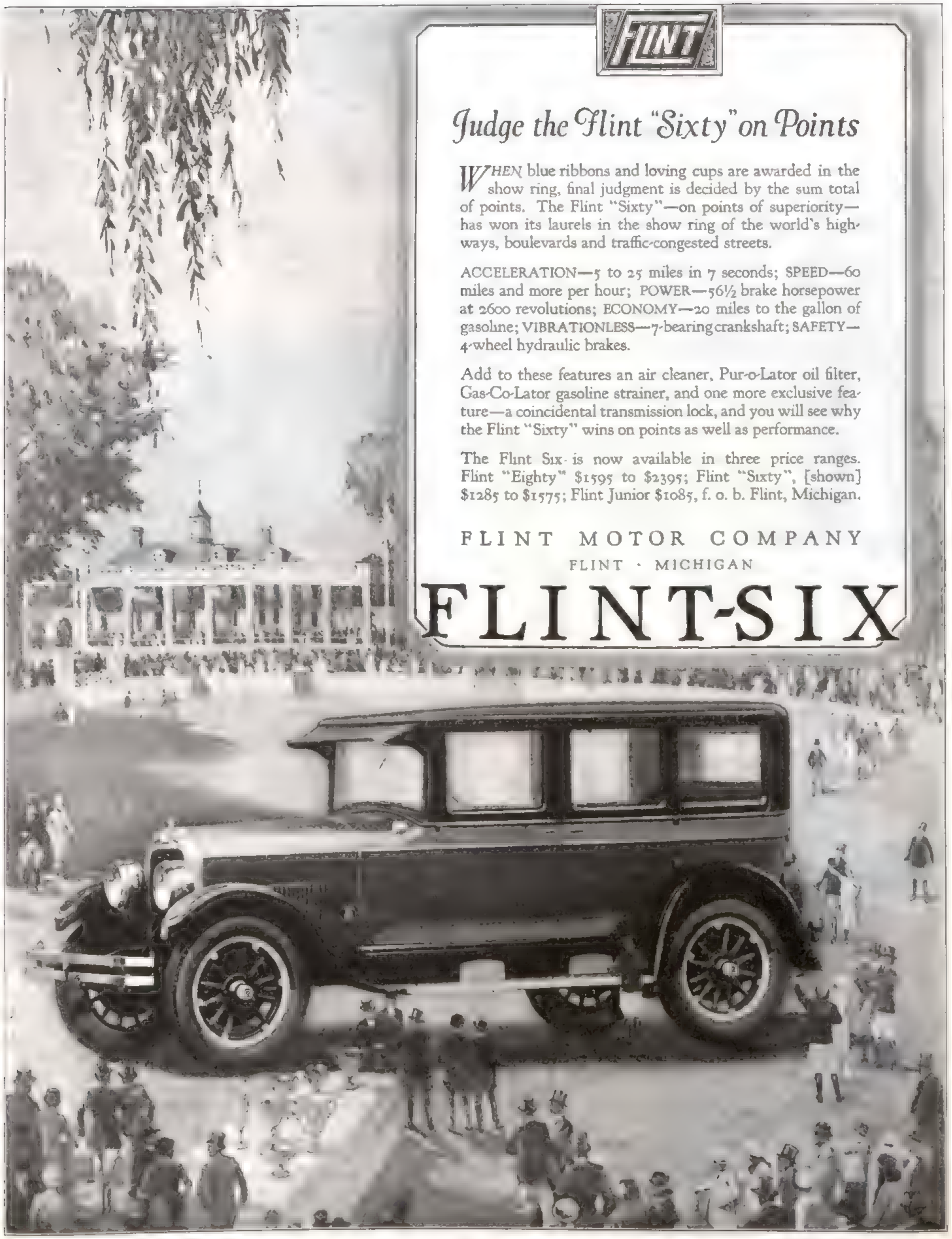
"The terms and conditions for transmitting or receiving toll or long-distance messages at such points shall be fair and equitable and as favorable as the terms and conditions extending to any other companies, operating under similar conditions.

"SECOND: Should any associated Bell company acquire by purchase or otherwise any toll line which has connections with any Independent exchange or toll lines, all facilities enjoyed at the time of the acquisition for sending or receiving messages by the Independent or toll lines shall be continued. When increased facilities shall be needed from time to time, such facilities shall be subject to future contracts, which shall be made fair and equitable to both parties.

"THIRD: Should any associated Bell company acquire, by purchase or otherwise, any Independent exchange property which has toll-line connections, the associated Bell company will not cut off or disturb in any way such connections.

"FOURTH: It is to be understood that all existing connecting contracts or arrangements between Independent companies, or arrangements between Independent companies, or between Independent and Bell

(Continued on Page 94)



FLINT

Judge the Flint "Sixty" on Points

WHEN blue ribbons and loving cups are awarded in the show ring, final judgment is decided by the sum total of points. The Flint "Sixty"—on points of superiority—has won its laurels in the show ring of the world's highways, boulevards and traffic-congested streets.

ACCELERATION—5 to 25 miles in 7 seconds; SPEED—60 miles and more per hour; POWER—56½ brake horsepower at 2600 revolutions; ECONOMY—20 miles to the gallon of gasoline; VIBRATIONLESS—7-bearing crankshaft; SAFETY—4-wheel hydraulic brakes.

Add to these features an air cleaner, Pur-o-Lator oil filter, Gas-Co-Lator gasoline strainer, and one more exclusive feature—a coincidental transmission lock, and you will see why the Flint "Sixty" wins on points as well as performance.

The Flint Six is now available in three price ranges. Flint "Eighty" $1595 to $2395; Flint "Sixty", [shown] $1285 to $1575; Flint Junior $1085, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan.

FLINT MOTOR COMPANY

FLINT · MICHIGAN

FLINT-SIX

"There's no more Daily Grind for Me!"

"I USED to enjoy only the first hour or two of work in the morning. Now I enjoy the whole day." The man who said this is at the head of a nationally known organization.

"The days were long and tedious, but I figured that I must go through if I wanted success.

"Then came a day when I had plenty of money and I realized that I had spent years of slavery not only sacrificing enjoyment of my working hours, but my evenings as well.

"Recently I secured Arch Preserver Shoes. They have made me more active, more capable. They have stopped the 'edgy nerves'. I feel more like hustling now than when I was years younger. I finish up the day fresh and eager for a game of golf, a dance, or a walk.

"There's no more 'daily grind' for me! It may sound preposterous to say that shoes can make such a difference, but it is the truth."

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL

The genuine Arch Preserver Shoe for men is made only by E. T. Wright & Company, Inc., Rockland, Mass.—for women and children by The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

Sold by Leading Dealers

To live happier lives, to live more successful lives, to make each day stand for more enjoyment of everything—certainly, this is worth some attention to your feet. The Arch Preserver Shoe, the shoe with a real "chassis," is helping thousands of men get more out of each hour, each day, each year.

This shoe has a concealed, built-in arch bridge that prevents straining and sagging of the foot arch; it has a flat inner sole that prevents pinching of the nerves, blood-vessels and bones of the forepart of the foot. It eliminates practically all of the ordinary foot troubles. When you multiply a little ache or dullness by the thousands of steps you take each day, then you can understand the bigness of the load that troublesome feet place upon you.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is now made in a range of prices that bring foot comfort and style within the reach of all.

Find out for yourself (send today for our Check-up Foot Chart) why and how your feet are bothering you in ordinary shoes.

E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC.
Dept. S-35, Rockland, Mass.
Makers of Men's Fine Shoes since 1876

THE
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

The Man's Styleful Shoe on a Real Chassis

The Check-Up Foot Chart—

E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. S-35, Rockland, Mass.
Send me the "Check-up Foot Chart," and name of nearest dealer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

(Continued from Page 92)

companies, shall continue without interruption, should there be any such connections.

"FIFTH: It is to be understood in all the above cases that it is the wish and intention to preserve any facilities or connections which Independent companies and their patrons may enjoy at the time the property of an Independent company may be acquired, with such increase of the same facilities as may be necessary on account of future growth and extension of the business, but it is not the intention that by virtue of such acquisition the range of facilities of any Independent company or of the patrons of any Independent company shall be increased.

"SIXTH: The associated Bell companies will not require connecting companies to use any special make of apparatus or equipment. The only requirement will be the use of such facilities and equipment as will give commercial service."

The seventh paragraph, in which it was asserted that "it is distinctly understood that this policy does not in any way contemplate the interchange of messages between two or more exchanges located within the same town or community," was the one thing the Independent committee fought longest and hardest. But the fight was vain. Mr. Vail was adamant on that. Twenty-three and a half months later, however, Vice President Kingsbury, in his letter to Attorney-General McReynolds relinquishing Bell ownership and control of the Western Union, provided for a system of physical connections for toll messages. The arrangement was, of course, not as advantageous as the Independents desired, but, everything considered, it was a great improvement over conditions which had forced the negotiations.

The Kingsbury commitment of December 19, 1913, pledged an abandonment of efforts to acquire Independent properties. This was at the time hailed with delight, but changes of the law as to regulation of telephone service, valuation, expenditures, equipment and rates by public authority worked a marked change in public sentiment. There was a series of consolidations, following an agreement as to methods. Not only were cities with competing lines affected, but very often the acquisition of a strategic center by one company would leave outlying, noncompetitive exchanges at a disadvantage. Each situation had to be carefully considered in all its aspects. Employes were taken care of as to seniority, pension rights, and so on. Care was likewise taken to distribute the business of factories in such a way as to prevent all avoidable loss.

Enter the Automatic Telephone

There was one exception. The automatic telephone had never been used by the Bell. Inventors had vainly sought to interest the Bell and its associated companies in the dial automatic system. Wherever, under the consolidation agreements, an Independent exchange gave way for the Bell, no orders from that locality were made for automatic equipment. This was ruinous to manufacturers of the automatic, who had built up their business on orders from Independents. It was not until the Great War that a solution was found. A strike of telephone operators had been settled adversely to the Bell. The award meant loss or a sharp advance in rates.

It was at this psychological moment that President Vail was again approached and urged to buy automatic equipment. He yielded to the force of circumstances and the Bell ban on the automatic was lifted. The automatic, or "machine switching," as the Bell people like to say, is now being rapidly installed in the chief exchanges of the world.

The Independent telephone operations are not confined to small towns and rural communities. Of the 8200 Independent exchanges, there are sixty-one Class A exchanges, each with more than 10,000 subscribers; thirty-six Class B exchanges, ranging from 5000 to 10,000 subscribers each; and 532 Class C exchanges, ranging from 1000 to 5000 subscribers each.

There are such goodly cities as St. Paul, Minnesota; Terre Haute, Indiana; Lincoln, Nebraska; Tampa, Florida; Fort Wayne, Indiana; Santa Barbara and Long Beach, California; Rochester, New York; and Mason City, Iowa, served only by Independent telephones. There are many county-seat towns in nearly all the states connected up with countryside and villages by Independent telephones.

There is still a strong working Independent organization—the United States Independent Telephone Association. Its work is of the utmost practical value. It has a president and secretary who have been in touch with every development for many years.

Mr. F. B. MacKinnon, who has been president for many years, has had fifteen years' active executive experience with the association. He maintains offices in Washington and in Chicago. It was through his efforts that the Hall memorandum of June 14, 1922, the third Bell declaration of policy, was procured. It established a policy consistent with the Kingsbury commitment of December 19, 1913, after the Act of Congress of June 10, 1921, had removed certain impracticable parts of that commitment.

The Hall memorandum insures preservation of the group system, with due notice to the United States Independent Telephone Association of all applications for changes of ownership.

A Great Gift to Telephony

Mr. E. K. Hall, a vice president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, had the honor of being the first Bell official to address the Independent Telephone Association, on its invitation, when he spoke at the 1922 session in Chicago.

Telephony, for many years a weekly, is one of the ablest industrial periodicals published, and there are other trade journals. When the telephone was made a public utility by law, subject to state and interstate regulations, the Independent telephone association experts worked out the principles and the details, and one of its representatives served on the committee which prepared the forms of accounting adopted by the Interstate Commerce Commission and followed generally by the state commissions. The association's official stand for cost of reproduction as the basis of valuation for rate-making purposes has been upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

When it is recalled how many companies have been concerned, and what a diversity of conditions has prevailed in the widely separated places of business, the manner in which the Independent telephone associations, under various names, have solved the common problems for the benefit of the industry as a whole is a subject for marvel. There have been many men of many minds engaged in the deliberations of the conventions for more than a quarter of a century, but they have had a single purpose—the permanent good of the industry.

Any attempt to enumerate all the conspicuous figures would be worse than futile. In various capacities I associated with nearly all of them. Some of them have been not only my friends but business partners for many years. Some of the fondest recollections of my life cluster about others.

Although I have reached the age when reminiscences are natural, I am still too much employed in the solution of pressing problems to indulge in the luxury, but I am daily reminded of some incident of convention or committee in those days of strife, when we were doing our part to build up the telephone service of America and place it at the beck and call of the humblest citizen, no matter where he might live—amid the throbbing life of the great city or in some spot remote from the customary haunts of men.

4-Door Sedan
Six-Cylinder Motor
Force-Feed Lubrication—
To all main bearings, connecting rod bearings and camshaft bearings
7-Bearing Crankshaft
6-Bearing Camshaft
New Velour Upholstery
Four-Wheel Brakes
Full Balloon Tires

NASH AJAX SIX

Five Disc Wheels
New Mallard Green Lacquer Finish
Cowl Ventilator
Cowl Lights
Rear-vision Mirror
Silken Curtains
Transmission Lock
Aut. Windshield Wiper

$995
F. O. B. FACTORY

C. W. Nash Alone

Offers Such Quality at the Price

Nowhere else in the $1000 market—*or for hundreds of dollars more*—can you buy all that C. W. Nash has embodied in the Ajax Six.

A glance at the costly engineering attractions listed above, and ten minutes at the wheel will clinch the truth of that statement conclusively.

You need only test its flashing acceleration, sense the phenomenal smoothness of its power-flow, and feel the ultra ease with which it rides and drives to realize that the Ajax Six does offer far more than was ever expected in the $1000 field.

And the mounting flood of orders pouring in from all over the country is eloquent evidence that buyers recognize this car as another great Nash success.

For C. W. Nash personally designed and built the Ajax Six—and the Ajax Motors Company is entirely owned by The Nash Motors Company with Mr. Nash President of both companies and with directors identical.

Where Flashing Beacons Safeguard Ships

There are

NICHOLSON FILES

UP AND down our coasts, wherever lighthouses flash their warnings to lives at sea in peril, NICHOLSON Files are on hand, doing their part to keep the beacons shining brightly.

Whether it is filing a wire to a fineness that will enable it to keep the tiny gas outlets free from carbon, or for regular machine work, there is always a NICHOLSON File to meet every need.

With the same rigid care that the lighthouse inspector uses in his work, our inspectors test NICHOLSON Files repeatedly before they leave the factory. The number of them used in lighthouses proves how well this work is done.

Hardware Dealers know the lasting qualities of NICHOLSON *Files. Ask yours more about their use*

NICHOLSON U.S.A. (TRADE MARK)

NICHOLSON FILE COMPANY
Providence, R. I., U. S. A.

—a File for Every Purpose

THE CALL OF THE RILED

(Continued from Page 27)

arrogant figure of the sartorially elegant New York representative. Then for a few moments the air was filled with language. But through the smoke of anathema came the calm, triumphant voice of Director J. Cæsar Clump.

"He plays poker, does he? An' he's willin' fo' us to pay his espenses, is he? Sweet sufferin' sidemeat! Just wait until the boys git their teeth into him!"

Within forty-eight hours Mr. Hectic Marshall had been unanimously adjudged the winner of the unpopularity contest. For two days he had circulated about the Midnight lot, chiefly in the company of President Orifice R. Latimer; for two days he had insinuated himself everywhere that he was not wanted and oozed advice which irritated and was never accepted. Mr. Marshall fairly dripped ideas, and the consensus of opinion was that they were all bad—but good or bad, his hearers refused to listen.

"That feller is about as nessery as an icicle at the Nawth Pole," summarized Clump. "What I ain't got fo' him is no use."

"Uppity!" snarled Opus Randall, the pudgy star.

But the supreme antipathy belonged to Florian Slappey; Florian the debonair, the elegant, the fashion plate. From the instant of their meeting at the Terminal Station Hectic had marked Florian out as his especial victim. He taunted Florian and tantalized him, and Mr. Slappey had not failed to accept the battle gage. Once or twice they met on the lot, and on each occasion—in the presence of witnesses—Hectic had removed his glasses, polished them, fitted them on his nose and inspected Mr. Slappey in the manner of a scientist examining a beetle.

"Ah, this is the nursemaid!"

There were some on the lot who, under other circumstances, might have laughed. But not so when the vitriol issued from the lips of the despised Mr. Marshall. In this clash it was Midnight versus Hectic, and in his magnificent confidence, Mr. Marshall did not suspect that he was up against more opposition than any single colored gentleman had ever yet been able to handle.

The chief sufferers—Florian Slappey and J. Cæsar Clump—held conference, and into Florian's ear Cæsar poured his plan for vengeance. Florian listened with an eager smile.

"Hot ziggity dam! Git that feller in a poker game ——"

"He's libel to be pretty good."

"Pretty good ain't gwine git him nowhere at all. He needs to be a wizard if he aims to git away fum that game with even one pant."

Nor was Florian far from wrong. The Full House Poker Club was an institution of ancient standing and well-deserved reputation. Once a week it met, and for several hours a brand of cards was displayed which would have made Mr. Hoyle green with envy. These men knew one another's games. They could tell with uncanny precision just when a fellow member was bluffing, just when a one-card draw had been successful, just when a two-card draw indicated original threes or a small pair and big kicker. Strangers played seldom—and disastrously.

Meanwhile, whatever change time developed in the manner of the visitor was decidedly for the worse. And not the least unkindest cut lay in the fact that Orifice Latimer—despising the man personally—found more than a bit of substance in certain of his suggestions.

And finally came Friday, when Hectic suggested that as he had completed his survey of the Midnight lot and methods of operation, it might prove an excellent thing to assemble all the more important persons to listen to a lecture. Orifice scented trouble and objected, but eventually Hectic had his way. Grumbling and unhappy, they filed into Latimer's office that afternoon and seated themselves around the wall. The last to enter were Florian Slappey and J. Cæsar Clump; but, unlike the others, they seemed radiantly happy. They paused on the threshold and made low and mocking obeisance to the New York representative.

"Good evenin' to you, Mistuh Marshall. Us has come to snatch a few of them wisdom pearls which is about to drop fum yo' ruby lips."

An audible snicker ran around the wall, and Hectic purpled. This was calculated to strip him of considerable dignity, and he was not pleased.

"I is a dumb-bell," observed Florian genially, "an' I craves to listen to a feller like you. It makes me ve'y happy with myse'f."

Hectic focused furiously on Florian.

"You is the nursemaid, ain't you?"

Mr. Slappey was prepared for that.

"Yas-suh, I sholy is. I lef' my cap an' apron to home."

"H'm!" Hectic turned to Latimer. "This man's contract calls for him to look after Excelsior Nix, doesn't it?"

"Yeh."

"An' he don't hold no responsible position, does he?"

"No-o."

"Well, I don't aim to discuss business matters in the presence of servants. Put him out!"

Florian spluttered and stammered. Hectic was frostily insistent, and finally, at Clump's solicitation, he left the room. But if Mr. Slappey was angry, his anger was no more devastating than that of those who remained and gave ear to Mr. Marshall's scathing comment on Midnight methods and pictures.

Hectic spoke with a vitriolic tongue and he spared nobody. He touched weak spots ruthlessly and accurately. Even the shy and retiring Eddie Fizz grew angry when, with enormous particularity, Hectic tore into the acting technic of Glorious Watts, who, in private life, was Mrs. Eddie Fizz.

The meeting broke up. Frowning and wrathy, the important persons on the Midnight pay roll gathered into knots and discussed with keen relish various tortures which might be inflicted upon Mr. Marshall.

Even Florian Slappey's worst enemies no longer grinned at memory of his discomfiture. They presented a solid front in their antipathy to this tall, slender, insufferably conceited man from New York.

Hectic Marshall knew that he was as unpopular with the others on the lot as lemon juice is with a freshly opened oyster. But he had been driving relentlessly toward a fixed and definite end. All through his visit to Birmingham he had battled desperately to impress Orifice R. Latimer with his worth. He wanted Latimer to regard him as a genius, and he cared not the snap of his fingers whether or not Orifice liked him personally.

What Hectic wished to do was convince Orifice that he had erred in signing a two-year distributing contract at twenty thousand dollars a picture when he might just as easily have obtained twenty-five. He wished to bring tears of regret to the presidential eye, and then to stagger him with the information that he had never delivered the signed contract and that Midnight was in a position to negotiate with other distributors. He regarded his own assignment to make this new contract as the inevitable aftermath, and of course a snug little profit from the deal and perhaps a new personal contract at a very materially increased salary.

Saturday morning Hectic closeted himself with President Latimer and gave orders to Latimer's secretary that they were not to be interrupted.

(Continued on Page 98)

THE WIDENED VISION

SEVEN YEARS AGO, in these pages, we published an advertisement, headed "The Pioneer and the Vision,"* in which we paid tribute to those early pioneers who dared conceive of a mighty nation rising from tangled woods and fertile plains.

They were courageous, far-seeing men, but there was not one of them who possibly could have conceived the progress that has been made in the last one hundred years. Nor is there a man alive today who can draw an adequate picture of this country as it will be in 2026.

The dream of yesterday is a reality today—an accepted and almost commonplace achievement tomorrow. You need search no farther than the present-day development of radio to see how far the vision of the possibilities in just one field can widen in a few years. Yet there are those who catch the vision of a great success and those who pass it by.

It has been less than eighty-five years since bathtubs were taxed $30 a year as "a luxurious and undemocratic vanity," declared unlawful in at least one state, and banned by physicians as unhealthful.

It has been less than thirty years since the Captain of Park Guards in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, wrote: "The automobile has not entered the park in sufficient numbers to warrant an expression as to its safety to the public. . . . It seems to me a man versed in mechanics will have to be stationed in each district of the park to afford relief where the machine breaks down."

One of the most important functions of an advertising agency is to look ahead and anticipate the widened vision of each new decade or generation. To help the advertiser to keep his business so flexible and modern that he always will be a step ahead of changes in the public's opinions and needs. To be willing, yet not too eager, to discard old practices and adopt the new. To be able to distinguish between a mirage and a true picture of the coming years.

*In the issue of March 8, 1919, the first of this present series of N. W. Ayer & Son advertisements was published. For seven years our announcements have appeared each month without interruption. We speak from experience when we say "Keeping Everlastingly At It Brings Success."

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

This MICHIGAN drain *isn't lazy any more!*

There's one drain in Michigan whose trouble-causing days are over!

"We live in a hard water town," writes the owner, "and you know what hard water does to soap and grease. I was always careful about what went into the kitchen sink, but in spite of that the drain would cause trouble two or three times every year. Then I tried Drano—and that drain hasn't caused me a bit of trouble since. I now use Drāno regularly every week or two."

DRĀNO is the modern way to keep drains clean, free-flowing, sanitary. It opens clogged drains and when used regularly, it *prevents* drains from getting clogged.

Just pour it down the drain and add water. It bubbles and boils—quickly dissolves grease, hair, lint, soapy refuse, and other accumulations. You can use Drāno freely in every drain in the house *—it positively will not harm porcelain, enamel or plumbing.*

Many other uses

In millions of homes Drāno is now being used regularly to keep refrigerator drain-pipes clean and sanitary—to clean up grease and oil drippings from garage floors—to remove hard-burned fats or food from baking dishes, pots, pans, glass ovenware—anything but aluminum.

Get a can of Drāno today, at your grocery, drug or hardware store. Or send 25c for a full-sized can. Express charges additional outside of the United States and Canada. The Drackett Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Keeps garbage cans sanitary

Sprinkle Drāno in garbage cans—it cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Drāno

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢

(Continued from Page 96)

"Orifice," he announced, "you sho is a fool!"

Orifice gasped

"S-s-s-says which?"

"Says you is a fool—or you anyhow was."

"How come?" Latimer was too dazed to become immediately resentful.

"For signin' up a contrack at twenty thousan' dollars a pitcher."

"Oh!" Orifice commenced to freeze.

"Uh-huh!" continued Hectic blandly. "If you had of had sense enough to let me handle things, I could of got you twenty-five thousan' easy. But no, you never even thought of tryin' anybody 'cept these folks which has been handlin' yo' output fum the first. Tha's what I meant when I said ——"

"That I was a fool. I understan'. You is sholy loose with yo' compliments, Hectic." Mr. Marshall did not notice that his chief was stonily polite. "An' who is these other distributors which would of paid twenty-five thousan' each if I had of had brains enough to think of askin' fo' it?"

Hectic glibly recited the names of all the leading short-subject distributors, then sat back and gazed triumphantly.

"Is that so?" queried Latimer. "Is that entirely so?"

"Absolutely!"

"H'm!" Latimer took a file from the drawer of his desk. From this he selected a letter which he tossed insultingly toward Hectic. "P'ruse that," he commanded.

It was a letter from Midnight's present distributors announcing that while they would stick by their previously made offer of twenty thousand in view of their promise, they preferred to be released, since that price afforded them too small a margin of profit. They suggested earnestly that Midnight dicker elsewhere.

In rapid succession other letters followed, until Hectic had gaspingly inspected a complete and businesslike correspondence between Latimer and each of the country's biggest short-subject distributors. All of them were eager to handle Midnight pictures at the rate of twenty-six a year, but sixteen thousand was the best bid of most and one only offered seventeen thousand.

"And so," summarized Latimer coldly, "we wrote to our regular people that we had decided to stay with them an' was acceptin' their offer of twenty thousan'. An' we announced that we had signed the contrack which they had already executed, an' had forwarded same to our New York representative.

"An' now, Mistuh Hectic Marshall, I guess that explains a few things. And the most thing it explains is that if I hadn't sent that contrack to you an' got it delivered in time, we would have to make a new contrack at a price of four thousan' less per pitcher than the one we has got. So I ask you, is you satisfried?"

Hectic was blinking and thinking. But his thoughts were running around in circles. He suspected that catastrophe was backing up against him, ready to push, and the sensation was not at all pleasant. At first the ghastly potentialities did not strike Mr. Marshall. But gradually, as he reviewed the situation, it became more and more evident that he was facing what might prove to be a decidedly disastrous crisis in his affairs.

In his pocket was the signed contract which should have been formally delivered to the distributors in New York more than a week before. The contract was deliverable not later than Monday morning at ten o'clock in New York—and this was Saturday. Failure to deliver the contract by that time rendered it void, formal delivery of the contract being one of the stipulated terms.

Hectic knew that he was beaten, but even yet he did not comprehend how badly beaten he was. He raised frightened eyes to the angry face of his president. Latimer was leaning forward, beating an even tattoo on the desk with spatulate fingers.

"You ain't been pop'lar around heah, Hectic. You has criticized ev'ybody an' I stood fo' it 'cause you left me alone. But when you come in heah an' calls yo' president a fool ——"

"I 'pologize, Orifice," gasped Hectic, in a panic. "I do, honest. An' fu'thermo', I declares that I is a fool."

"How come you to 'scover that?"

"Just happened so." Hectic moved mournfully toward the window, where he looked down upon the filming of a rattlety-bang low-comedy scene. "Anyway, Orifice, I has meant well, an' I is depahting heahfrom tonight on the midnight train."

"Ain't nobody gwine weep, Hectic, an' tha's a fack. You has succulated aroun' this lot like a disease. Take my advice an' stick to the New York office of this comp'ny. We ain't cravin' yo' sassiety down heah."

"Tha's mutual, Orifice."

President Latimer rose. "Is you gwine be at the poker game tonight?"

Hectic's eyes narrowed. He was beginning to feel as though he had been sadly ill-used. Fate had stacked certain cards against him. After all, they should have appreciated his well-meant efforts and solid advice. He knew well enough what was planned, but Hectic was no less pleased with his own card-playing ability than he was with everything else concerning himself. Here was the chance to wind up his Birmingham sojourn in a blaze of glory; opportunity for a scintillating exit from active participation in Midnight production. He struck an attitude.

"Is I goin'? Listen at me, Orifice, maybe so they is a few things about movin' pitchers that I don't know, but playin' puffeck poker is the one thing I don't do nothin' else but. An' I just nachelly itches to teach them persnickety cullud persons a few things."

Orifice grinned.

"Reckon they is sho gwine be grateful to you, Hectic," he answered in Delphic fashion. "Us'll be at Lawyer Chew's house prompt at eight tonight."

When Latimer and Hectic arrived at two minutes before eight, the other members of the Full House Poker Club were already present. An air of general good cheer pervaded the room, and each man exhibited toward Hectic a manner of sincere cordiality. Here was the chance for which they had been looking; here was something which involved more than a mere ability to overflow with language. Florian Slappey and Cæsar Clump greeted Hectic effusively; it was, they explained, the happiest moment of their lives.

Hectic's self-esteem had not lain long in the dust. Mr. Marshall was quite fond of himself again, and a goodly portion of his old insouciance returned.

"Playin' with me is gwine cost you boys a heap," he postulated, "but you is gwine learn so much about the game that you will decide it was wuth it."

"Tha's real grateful of you, Hectic."

"I aims to learn folks which wants to be learned."

"Tha's the most thing we does. Le's commence."

The window shades in Lawyer Chew's impressive dining room had been drawn. The massive table was covered with green baize. The players donned eye shades, doffed coats and seated themselves. Lawyer Chew sat at the foot of the table. On his left was Hectic Marshall; and then, circling back to Chew again, were Dr. Brutus Herring, Florian Slappey, Orifice Latimer, Opus Randall, J. Cæsar Clump, Welford Potts and Semore Mashby. Mashby, little and shriveled and starkly intent on the game, was selected to bank. He issued chips in twenty-dollar stacks. The whites represented dimes; the reds, quarters; the blues, half dollars; and the yellows called for one dollar each. Chew explained the limit to his guest:

"Ten-cent ante, dollar limit, Hectic. When we gits a roodle hand, we plays one round at double limit. That suit you?"

(Continued on Page 100)

The 90° V-type Eight-69
Seven-Passenger Sedan $3595
[f. o. b. factory]

The Powerful Six~72
Prices $1895 to $2695
[f. o. b. factory]

The Remarkable Six~80
Sedan $1595 [f. o. b. factory]

Your PEERLESS

WHICH will it be? The remarkable Six-80—compact, wonderfully easy to handle? The powerful Six-72—a big, roomy car known as "the best six in the world?" The new 90° V-type Eight-69—a car without peer at any price?

Each is a real Peerless. Each built with all the precision and fineness that have always marked Peerless standards. *Each is vibrationless.* And each is the top value in its price class. Any Peerless owner will confirm all this—and more.

Any Peerless dealer will gladly send any of these great cars to your home or office for you to drive. Just phone.

PEERLESS MOTOR CAR CORP., CLEVELAND, OHIO
Export Dept.: 615 Fuk Bldg., New York City

PEERLESS HAS ALWAYS BEEN A GOOD CAR

WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT NIGHT

The City of Patriotic Shrines and Beautiful Vistas

WASHINGTON

THIS view of the towering, graceful Washington Monument, flooded in silver moonlight as it pierces the sky at night, is a sight long to be remembered. It is one of the rewards of a trip to Washington.

But there are other rewards too—warm, personal impressions that touch the heart and cause the blood to tingle with a patriotic pride.

How much more intimately we come to know the man Abraham Lincoln, for instance, when we gaze upon the heroic statue of the Martyr President in the Lincoln Memorial! How profoundly we feel the tragedy of the Civil War when we see the serried ranks of marble slabs in Arlington Cemetery that mark the graves of the 20,000 heroes of that struggle! How personal becomes our conception of the nation's law makers when we stand under the great dome of the Capitol and listen to the deliberations of Congress!

To know the story of Washington and its attractions more intimately, you should read the illustrated "Book About Washington," issued by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. It deals with the history of the city and describes the principal points and objects of interest. A copy will be mailed to you on receipt of coupon below.

The Baltimore & Ohio is the only route between New York, Chicago and St. Louis passing directly through Washington, where liberal stop-over privilege is accorded.

BALTIMORE & OHIO

The Line of the
CAPITOL *Limited* & NATIONAL *Limited*

W. B. CALLOWAY, Passenger Traffic Manager,
The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md.
Without obligation on my part, please mail me a copy of the 64-page "Book about Washington" issued by your Company.

Name

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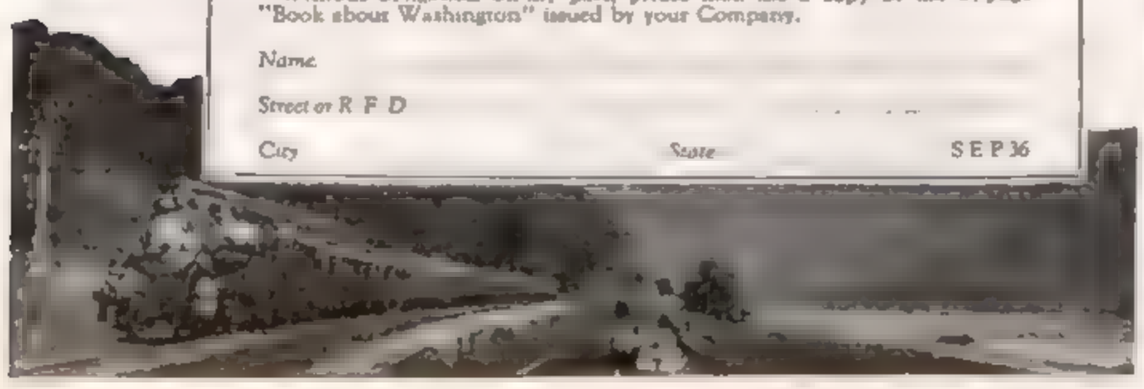
City *State* SEP 36



(Continued from Page 98)

"Pretty cheap game," sneered Hectic. "But I reckon you fellers cain't afford to lose ve'y much."

"Now listen ——"

"Aw, quit talkin' an' let's go. First jack fo' Doc Herring. Doc deals."

At first the play was cautious. Those who had suffered scourging from Hectic's tongue were determined that this golden opportunity for revenge should not be wasted. And in order to win, it was necessary to know something of the stranger's game. But Hectic was doing a bit of studying, too, and it was Hectic who made the first bluffing bid for a pot—and won it. He chuckled tauntingly as he flipped his hand face up on the table and raked in the pot.

Then the game took unto itself a rather wild complexion. Before ten o'clock the hosts had made a startling discovery—Hectic Marshall had not exaggerated his poker-playing ability. Now thoroughly at home, he played his cards with brilliance and dash. When they thought he was bluffing, he held the necessary cards. No sooner did they believe he was holding the winning hand than he exhibited a forlorn pair of deuces and took the pot. The chips moved steadily across the table toward him. By 10:30 he had almost disappeared behind a bulwark of yellows, and his thin, insulting voice cut maddeningly through the haze of cigar smoke.

"Thought you fellers knew somethin' 'bout poker. Ain't you never learned, Florian, that holdin' an ace kicker is silly? An' you, Cæsar, fum the minute you looked at yo' hand, I knowed you didn't have nothin'. Fack that you raised befo' the draw showed me that you was drawin' to a bobtail. Uh-huh, this lesson is costin' you boys a lot, but you also is learnin' somethin'."

The situation was unbearable. Time after time they hooked Hectic, and time after time he would lay down a strong hand before a superior one—without calling. The game took on a tenseness which had been absent at first. It appeared that Mr Marshall was to leave Birmingham in the full glory of perfect triumph. They were all sad, and most miserable were Florian Slappey and J. Cæsar Clump. This had been their final desperate play for revenge. Since Hectic had first accepted the invitation to the poker game, they had smiled under his barrage of insults, knowing that his downfall would be crushing. Instead of that the gentleman from New York rode a tidal wave of triumph. He was proving himself a superb poker player. He was winning their money in vast quantities. He played brilliantly and daringly, luring them to destruction. And never for an instant did his insults cease; they issued from his lips in a constant stream.

At five minutes after eleven Hectic was more than a hundred dollars winner, thereby smashing all records for the Full House Poker Club. He glanced at his wrist watch and announced that he would play twenty minutes longer.

"Ain't you goin' to give us no chance to git even?" queried Clump.

"Boy, ev'y minute I ain't in this game makes money fo' you-all. I got to catch that 11:50 train fo' New York."

"Why don't you go in the mawnin'?"

Hectic's expression grew momentarily serious as he remembered the contract in his pocket—the vitally important contract which must be delivered by ten o'clock Monday morning if he and Midnight were to be saved from disaster.

"Got to leave tonight."

"Hmph! Scared?"

"On'y thing I is scared of is that you fellers ain't got brains enough to understand how good poker player I is."

"Pff! Loathing what you has got fo' yo'se'f!"

Dr. Brutus Herring was dealing. He flipped the cards around the table with the usual warning of "Watch yo' discards! This is gwine be a jack-pot hand."

Florian, seated on his left, was desperate. Luck had been running against him all evening. His hands had been pallid and uninteresting. He picked up his five cards and glanced at them one at a time—nine, seven, nine, nine—he almost ceased to breathe as he thumbed the last card. It was the fourth nine, and Florian grinned broadly as he flipped a blue chip into the pot.

"Opens fo' half a dollar," he announced quiveringly.

Latimer stayed with a small pair. Opus Randall dropped. Herring eyed J. Cæsar. "How 'bout you, Mistuh Clump?"

Cæsar bent earnest eyes upon his cards. The trey of hearts leered up at him; then the seven of hearts. Not so good. Then came the four—also of hearts—and immediately behind that the five. His expression did not change. He glanced at the last card, knowing what it would be. The six of hearts! J. Cæsar Clump sighed ecstatically behind the first straight flush of his life.

"Ride," he commented casually, tossing a blue to the middle of the table

Welford Potts stayed, Semore Mashby dropped and Lawyer Evans Chew did likewise. They gazed inquiringly at Hectic.

Mr. Marshall was staring raptly at his cards. It was apparent that he was exceedingly well pleased—and struggling to conceal that fact. His supercilious glance swept the table as with deft fingers he sent a blue and a yellow spinning into the pot.

"Raises a dollar!"

J. Cæsar Clump's left eyelid flickered. Hectic had a good hand! Mr. Clump knew a moment of profound exaltation. He wished Hectic good luck and lots of it. If only the man would continue to bet against the straight flush

Brutus Herring dropped. Florian hesitated, then played canny poker. He shoved in a dollar with apparent reluctance and announced that he would ride.

The others dropped. Cæsar Clump raised a dollar. Hectic frowned and called. Florian followed suit. The three enemies were left alone in the game and the others sat forward with keen relish. Hectic's raise indicated strength and they understood the play of both Florian and Cæsar well enough to know that they held powerful hands.

"Cards?"

"Gimme one," ordered Florian. Hectic took notice. Two pair, undoubtedly. He saw a slow grin decorate Mr. Slappey's lips, indicating probably that he had filled a full house.

Clump stood pat. A straight, probably, or a flush. Hectic elevated one finger in the air and Chew tossed him a card.

The man from New York glanced at the card, placed his hand face down on the table, smiled and lighted a cigar.

"Yo' bet, Brother Slappey," he said quietly.

Florian bet a dollar on his four nines. Clump made a quick survey of his straight flush and raised a dollar. There was a general gasp and all eyes focused on Hectic Marshall.

Hectic was quite languid. He selected three yellow chips with scrupulous care and pushed them into the middle of the table.

"Raise the limit!"

Florian's heart sang. "Right back at you!"

"Me too," echoed Cæsar.

This time Hectic did not act. His three yellows instantly joined the others. "Up a dollar!"

Around the table there was nothing to be heard but silence, and very little of that. Tense drama was in the air. Here was a rare clash of powerful hands and good players.

Mr. Marshall was unperturbed. A thin, sardonic smile played about his lips and as fast as the bet came up to him, he boosted. Florian and Cæsar seemed no less eager.

"Up a dollar!"

"An' another!"

The pot was growing amazingly fat. It was patent that somebody was on the threshold of great prosperity. Within ten

(Continued on Page 102)

What the American Sugar Refining Company says about *Prest-O-Lite*

RECENTLY the American Sugar Refining Company wrote us as follows:

"We are pleased to advise you that Prest-O-Lite Gas Equipment has always served us well. In fact, we have found it to be the most economical for heavy-truck service.

"Domino Sugars and Syrups are sent all over the world, tremendous quantities are shipped every day and our many trucks must be equipped to work economically and efficiently at all times."

It is not at all surprising that we are continually receiving such letters from large and small fleet operators all over the country, because, after all, there is no light like Prest-O-Lite for truck service.

It is economical to install and to operate. It gives trucks a penetrating, mellow light that makes night driving safe and fast. It is proof against rough roads and bad weather. *It is legal everywhere.*

Prest-O-Lite equipment operates on Prest-O-Lite Gas in convenient tanks. Empty tanks can be exchanged for full ones at any one of the thousands of Prest-O-Lite Service Stations by paying a small amount for the gas only.

As manufacturers of storage batteries for lighting trucks, as well as Prest-O-Lite Gas, we are in a position to tell you the lighting equipment that has proved most satisfactory in various types of service.

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, IND
New York San Francisco
In Canada: Prest-O-Lite Company of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

Prest-O-Lite Gas

TOM-TOM THE OCTAGON

White dial $3.25
Radium $4.25

Tom-Tom helps you hoard the gold of sleep

TOM-TOM rolls the stone of silence up to the deep cave of your sleep, and lets you, undisturbed, count your dream nuggets in the dark. Not the noise of a ticking penetrates to you. Yet at open-sesame time, you'd think all Ali Baba's forty thieves were clamoring at your ears. Tom-Tom's dozen poundings rouse you briskly—and on time!

Tom-Tom's noted for his promptness and precision. For his convex crystal that shunts off light so you can read his cubist numerals at any sane angle. For his handsome, eight-sided, shiny, special-ring case.

Tip-Top the pocket watch shares in Tom-Tom's silent ticking and correct time-keeping. See these *octagon* True Time Tellers at your dealer's.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK COMPANY
New Haven, Conn.

Tip-Top the pocket watch
White Dial $1.75
Radium $2.75

(Continued from Page 100

minutes both Florian and Cæsar were forced to buy more chips. But the raising and reraising did not slacken.

Hectic was in fine fettle. He was laughing at the two others and taunting them, egging them into remaining in the pot. They required little inducement and there was a steady rain of yellow chips, and as yet no one had shown a sign of weakening. Once or twice the eyes of Florian Slappey and J. Cæsar Clump met. Neither attempted to conceal his expectancy of triumph.

Lawyer Evans Chew glanced at his watch

"Better speed this up. It's twenty-five after eleven. Hectic's train leaves pretty soon."

Mr. Marshall checked up on the information. He frowned and shook his head. The game fascinated him, but the most important thing in his life at that particular moment was the catching of the 11:50 train for New York. Hectic shoved back from the table.

"Well, boys," he announced unctuously, "I got you licked, an' licked bad. But Ise got to catch that train, so I'll save you-all some money. I call!"

Florian Slappey grinned into Hectic's face. "You whiches?" he inquired.

"I call."

"Just keep on callin', big boy. I raise a dollar."

"An' me!" Clump didn't hesitate.

"Say, listen," snapped Hectic, "ain't you two got no sense? I got to catch that train."

"What do you do?" queried Florian.

"I call. I got you licked, an' ——"

"Raises a dollar!"

"An' a dollar mo'!" commented Clump.

"Listen at me, Ise lettin' you off cheap. I call."

Florian grinned into Hectic's face. "Ain't you careless with yo' charity? Up a dollar!"

"An' a dollar!" repeated Clump.

Hectic bestowed a harassed glance on his opponents. His voice was raspy.

"What you ain't got is no sense. I guess I got the right to call."

"Guess ain't is. I raise a dollar!"

"An' a dollar!" intoned Cæsar.

The face of Hectic Marshall took on a purplish tinge. Time was flying and there was no salvation for him if he missed that particular train. The contract had to be delivered Monday morning before ten o'clock.

"Boys, listen to me ——"

"Fo' one week we ain't done nothin' else but listen to you. Now you listen to us! I raise a dollar."

"Mistuh Clump! Cæsar! Please don't you raise! Please!"

J. Cæsar Clump shrugged. "Mistuh Hoyle told me pussonal that when I got a hand like this I must bet. Raise a dollar!"

"You don't understand ——"

"Tha's 'cause we ain't got no brains. But we got dollars an' I raise you one."

"I ditto!"

Hectic was desperate. "Tell you what I'se gwine do—I'll split the pot!"

"Ain't you sweet! You ain't gwine split nothin'. I raise!"

A ghastly thought came to Hectic. He was being expertly and scientifically whipsawed. Tempus was fugiting with bewildering rapidity. Twenty-five minutes before midnight. Hectic released a flood of oratory. He apologized for everything he had ever said of or about Florian and Cæsar. He humbled himself and groveled in the dust.

"I ain't aimin' to take yo' money, boys. I has got the winnin' hand. Le's split the pot. There's mo' than a hund'ed dollars of my own money in yonder, plus ev'ything I been winnin' all night."

"You aimed to teach us how to play poker. I boost a dollar!"

"Up a dollar!" grinned Clump.

Train time! The last possible train! In Hectic's pocket the contract which should have been delivered a week before. Failure to deliver meant misfortune for Midnight and disaster for Hectic. Florian and Cæsar were grinning mercilessly through the haze of cigar smoke.

Hectic Marshall knew that he was beaten. It was an agonizing, prostrating experience, but there was nothing to do—and Hectic did it. He posed for a moment in the middle of the room. He opened his lips and gave passionate expression to his opinion of Florian Slappey and J. Cæsar Clump. He spoke much and picturesquely, but his words carried no impression of triumph. Florian and Cæsar merely smiled disdainfully upon him and changed their refrain.

"Raise a dollar!"

"An' one dollar mo'!"

Hectic quivered in helpless fury. Then he grabbed suitcase in one hand and hat in the other. He vanished in a cloud of sulphurous language.

J. Cæsar Clump rose. He was once again the Cæsar of old; dominating, majestic, purposeful, dynamic. Victory had perched upon his shoulders and the corners of his lips twitched humorously.

"Hectic," he announced, "has went'"

"Uh-huh," grinned Florian—"permanent."

Cæsar dropped a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"We ain't seen each other's han's, Florian, an' don't know which is what. Le's split the pot."

Florian hesitated. "I dunno, Cæsar. I kind of think ——" Then his face brightened and his hand shot out. "I'se a good sport. I has you beat, but Ise willin' to split."

"Good! What you got?"

"Four nines!" proclaimed Florian proudly. "An' that was the best hand."

"Hesitate a minute, Brother Slappey You mean you think it was the best hand Now if you craves to inspeck the finest hand ever held in a poker game, feast yo' opticals on this straight flush!"

There was a chorused gasp. Four nines and a straight flush!

The two winners were laughing largely as they set about the task of dividing the prodigious pot.

"Think of that fool Hectic Marshall contemplating that he could play poker with us!"

"Ain't it the truth? Boob what he was It's kind of a pity we didn't let him see these two hands."

"You sholy uttered it." Florian picked up the five cards which the departed Hectic had left on the table. "Le's see what that idjit held, anyway."

They crowded close about Florian and Cæsar. Mr. Slappey took one look and dropped limply into a chair. His countenance bore a queer, bewildered expression and tiny beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead.

"Great wigglin' tripe!" he breathed. "Will you-all look at them cards?"

Slowly and dazedly he placed the hand of the late Hectic Marshall face up on the table

It consisted of the ten, jack, queen, king and ace of diamonds!

"A royal flush!" gasped J. Cæsar Clump

It took Florian exactly eight seconds to recover from the shock. He looped thumbs in the armholes of his vest, exhaled a cloud of fragrant cigarette smoke and beamed fraternally upon J. Cæsar Clump.

"Strikes me," commented Mr. Slappey contentedly, "that it takes two geniuses like us to beat an unbeatable hand!"

One of the Ranges of the Great Smokies Near Knoxville, Tennessee

Whitman's
Sampler
Choc. Ates & Confections.
PUT THE DE
DELIGHT
IN

JOHN HERD'S DAUGHTER

Continued from Page 23

up, knowing how bright colored it had once looked. Leaden, dull as the underside of a fish now, from lying out in the strong light. Glows of pink and blue hung up for a moment or two as the red west darkened; then dusk flowed over the desert almost palpably.

Bethel haunted him, all about it, at the end of this first day; the girl, Ellen Herd, especially. A sun-faded filly of the pastures in the midst of stall-fed young stock—this tanned tired-eyed desert girl, compared to the faces of other girls he knew. "She might have a lot of speed, though," he muttered. She had worn one dress when he came, another at supper—both gingham or calico. No paint job on that tanned face; no white hands, no secret, either, about some hell in her eyes.

There was persistent irritation in his nostrils from the hot wind; tobacco lacked its usual pleasantness. Suddenly out of a sort of nowhere, into his brain, an idea appeared and remained—that this girl would stay where she was put, would be there in a pinch, hold the bridge; something of the sort. . . . No rouge, that was one queer thing; dress up round her neck, only opened a button or two at the throat; stockings very faded—made him think of the tobacco tin—elderly, kind you'd expect to see with high buttoned shoes. A fight in her eyes. Something strange, still, warm ——

There was but one red fume in the west. The rest was dark. The wind fanned him. The way she had spoken the word "water" made him thirsty now. . . . Leafless cottonwoods, wiry network of bare pear branches, the horrified look in her eyes as the cattle came up. . . . Queer the dark here—dark of stars. . . . The boy was coming up with a lantern.

"She said I'd better follow you," he reported. "It fools you out here."

"You mean I might get lost?"

"Yep; it's worse than the ocean. It has currents too. Draws you into them. . . . How long have you had that car?"

Link Herd was an empty tank to fill on this subject. They walked back talking together.

"Is that old trailer that I saw in front of the blacksmith shop any good?" Tom asked.

"Pretty well dried out. Might stand up if it was greased. Thinkin' of hooking it on your car?"

"Just thinking," said Tom.

They neared the light of the store doorway, when the boy said, "We'll be out of here in two or three days, now that you've come. Sis is cracked to go. Been countin' the hours."

The whole desert project suddenly cooled.

Tom found his cot made up among the wooden pillars of the big unfinished assembly hall next to the community store. It was like a dilapidated dance hall inside—an old dried-up phonograph there too. Ellen Herd was not seen again that night, but sound of her movements reached him; sometimes her shadow crossed the lamplight between the buildings. Evidently her living rooms were back of the community store. A three-quarter moon bulged up in the east, weirdly tipping. Romping coyotes over in the foothills woke him after a time. He slept again, but was aroused with a jerk—just a dream this time, the harrowed face of the girl as her eyes held the starving cattle. Two in the morning. He didn't sleep after that, finally got up, dressed, hooked the trailer on the back of the car and drove off toward Leamington.

"He left a note," Link called from the direction of the assembly hall at daybreak. "Says he'll be back between nine and ten."

His sister hadn't missed the departure in the night. Presently she heard a further yell from Link and saw him coming at a run, an open newspaper in his hands—recent Sunday magazine section, full page of photographs, men and horses, polo players.

"Tom Kempis, sensational young No. 2 of the Calibans," they read together, "quitting polo at the hour of keenest triumph to take up a business career with his father."

"I thought I'd seen his face in the paper," the boy said.

It was eleven before the roadster showed up on the long straight road from Leamington, coming slowly, something looming behind.

"It's hay! A lot of hay on the trailer!" Link yelled.

Ellen felt herself slipping. Her eyes smarted and filled with a suddenness that unnerved her. She hadn't wept for weeks; she had felt the very soul of her gone dry, counting the hours, and this—the first man to come along—changing everything.

"Tell Laban to bring up the cattle," she called, running into her room.

They had gone together to the broken reservoir in the foothills; they had followed the ditches to their very source in Painted Rock Springs. Just now they stood near the ruins of the great alfalfa barn.

"In March this happened—tons of alfalfa, hundreds of bushels of grain. The man with the big story about the free lands in the South was here at the time," she said. "My father knew he shouldn't listen, but the temptation worked harder and harder upon him. There were two sides to my father—one a saint, one a pioneer. It was his goodness which held the community together, but he was horribly imposed upon. Any tramp who came along could have a home. 'The same God is in him, Ellen,' he would say. I'd tell him it certainly didn't look to be working."

Tom found himself waiting for her smile again as he listened.

"Oh, I don't believe in being so dear and tolerant!" Ellen Herd went on impulsively. "It's not my way at all! I don't call it being good to be duped by others. I liked the other side of my father better—the pioneer, the gambler with new and lonely lands—always off to some new country."

She told him of her father's last moments after his stroke.

"It was in the street that he fell and they carried him to the blacksmith shop. There was rain like a million hammers on the roof. I bent to hear his words in that awful beat of rain. 'I should have stood firm,' he whispered, meaning about the lure of the South, and then he told me to stay here, 'for this is the promised land, Ellen,' he said."

"This?" Tom repeated after a moment.

"You should have seen it this spring. You may not believe it, but over in our yard, this very spring, a rose bloomed!"

"What I can't see is how you managed to stay on here alone all summer," Tom said later.

"I've told you it was left to me—all that was my father's—when the community pulled out."

"And what is it you think you've got coming?" he asked.

"That's all written down. The Kempis-Alden people have the figures."

"I'm afraid they don't take anyone's figures as final."

"Why, it cost a fortune to get all this lumber and building material here, and it's all good to be used again!"

It appeared to him to belong to the very terms of his new life that there was little or no money to work with. He pushed out the words with a smile, though they hurt: "Not much for salvage when the wreckers get through. Often an abandoned property with buildings is worth less than fresh acreage."

"But you would say that—coming from Kempis-Alden."

"I'm afraid you're right. I might influence my father—that is, the firm—to pay a trifle, but it's a fact I came to get something, not to give."

Then she surprised him.

"I'm not nearly so afraid of you as if you made a lot of promises."

A certain intensity to the days; it may have been because he expected her to leave momentarily. They had been in and out of most of the deserted buildings: spooky, some of them—the things people had left lying around—the hot winds fanning through. He began to understand what Ellen Herd had suffered; he encountered some of her aversions.

"Let's get away," she had said as he started to enter the schoolhouse; and another time she pulled at his arm when he was getting too close to the dying pear orchards. They entered one of the cabins just as the sun was going down. On the wall was a scroll lettered in colored yarns:

And the Desert Shall Rejoice and Blossom as the Rose.

"They thought they didn't need that—in the Southern settlement," she said.

Tom began to get the feel of the Bethel community—something it stood for. He began to know that moment what it had meant to her to say, "Over in our yard, this very spring, a rose bloomed!" . . . Water flowing, young fruit trees coming on, herds of cattle in the foothill ranges. Water, water! The great game of it all dawned. It might be done—a desert comeback—but a lifeless job alone. He moved toward her in the dense shadow.

"I know you meant to go away at once; your brother told me. I've been here six days. What makes you stay?"

"It was your bringing hay for the cattle that first night."

Everything melted away but her tanned face. He had the sense for the first time of looking into something that wouldn't change. It had proved out—come through the frost and the fire, mountain and desert.

"You've had your trick," he said abruptly. "It's my turn to take hold."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean it's your turn to play now."

"Then you know—I've never played?"

"Yes, and I've never done anything else. I can't make Kempis-Alden see it as I do perhaps, but I'll get you something for all this or quit it myself. But the first thing is for you to get away."

Aching tumult of months suddenly subsided; the desert hateful no longer. She didn't know herself at all, only that a great wave was coming, that she was going to be drowned in it, that she could hardly wait for it to come.

"Let's go outside," she whispered.

Another red fume was cooling in the west. The desert floor seemed lifted high in Egyptian twilight.

"My report is all ready to turn in," he told her. "You'll go into town with me tomorrow—you and your brother come along."

Link—of uncouth age and ways.

"I can put you up in our house. It won't hurt the work here for my father to see you; maybe it's our one best bet. Perhaps we can slip off for a day's sail on the ocean."

She let him talk, but her mind was poignantly active in her own room—the pitiful wardrobe. The one possible pink and white dress was yellowed from waiting. It would have to be washed and blued and pressed. She had seen how other girls and women dressed—those coming in their cars to take a look at the deserted village.

"I might go to the city with you, but not to your house"

Next morning she was strained and excitable. To her own eyes, the pink and white made her look like a Mexican. Link had kept mysteriously out of sight since last night—no help whatsoever even with his own things. Her eyes tear-blurred before the glass, but her hands suddenly clenched.

"I won't be ashamed! I am John Herd's daughter! I'm not ashamed! I am not ashamed of Link or myself—not for anyone!"

She had taken her seat beside him in the car; still the boy tarried indoors somewhere. Tom thumped the horn playfully and stepped on the starter. The engine revolved, but a sickening crunch followed his attempt to put the car in gear. They got out, and she knew a sudden sinking.

"Won't it run?"

He didn't answer for quite a time. The floor boards were lifted.

"No," he said. "I'll have to get a tow car from Leamington. Transmission is ripped out."

Tom felt he was bringing a report of failure to the inner office of Kempis-Alden.

"Nothing doing without cash now," he told his father. "I've been over it from every angle; every way will cost and cost big. In the first place, we've got to pay this girl."

Mr. Kempis had a fight on in himself trying to listen as he would to one of his agents. A variety of gusts was surging through him—severe on any cooling system.

"I'd like to tackle it all right," was the burden of Tom's story. "Oh, I'd like to repair the reservoir and get water running on that land. I'd like to put fifty men on for the next thirty days—pipes, not ditches. Too much waste from evaporation in the ditch system; too much water runs into the ground."

Mr. Kempis stared at his ruined play boy, nor did he miss that the young man's fine struggle just now was not to overstate his case, not to trust his own enthusiasm; also that Tom was still laboring under the pressure that Kempis-Alden was on its last legs. It took strength to keep still, but Mr. Kempis was trained that way.

"It isn't that we can save all the pear trees, but some of them. I'd like to open five hundred little farms—forty acres each—water within reach. Not a community, but not a commercial holdup either. The only trouble is the need of money now. I'd rather get off the job than to start in by looting Miss Herd out of land and water rights."

"Is that final?"

"Yes."

"And you want two miles of four-inch pipe to begin with?"

"Yes."

"I'll look into that, but you can tell John Herd's daughter she mustn't expect any such lump sum from us."

"I'm sure she'll be glad for reasonable payments," Tom put in hastily.

"And this mare of yours—she's keeping me awake nights—in your garage—trying to reach back and kick her head off."

"I certainly could use Nursie over in the foothills. I certainly hope ——"

He was given no further chance to express himself.

"I'll see you at dinner," his father broke in.

"It wasn't meant for me to go," Ellen Herd had told him the morning the roadster broke down. Also the fact of part payments instead of cash in full appeared to have something to do with keeping her in the desert. Certainly she had been in on every play since—kitchen, commissary, handling of men, the big irrigation plan itself. Tom found something almost like inspiration at times in the way they pulled together. Even Link had fitted in. No need on his part to wreck gears a second time. He was back and forth between Bethel and Leamington with orders frequently twice a day.

(Continued on Page 109)

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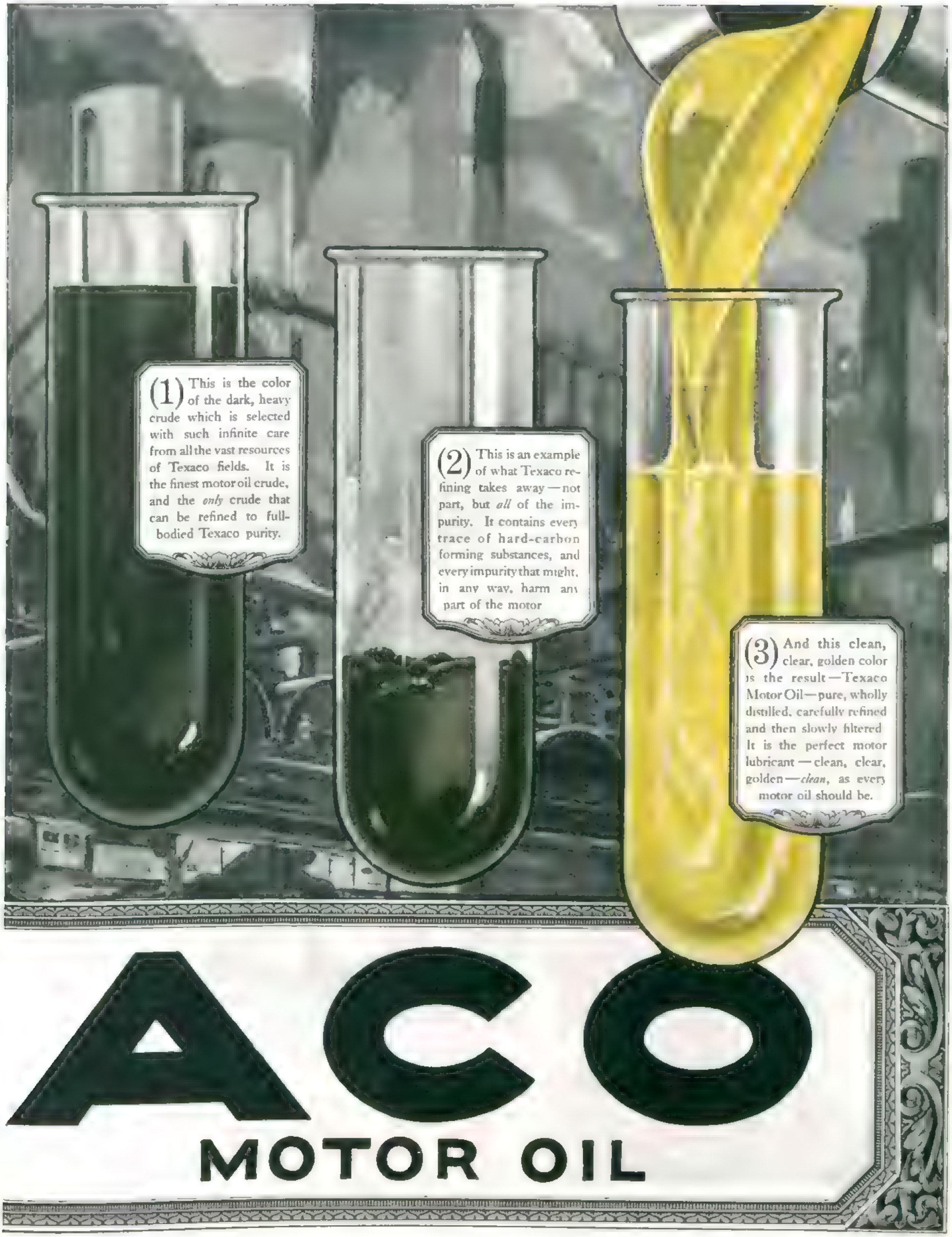
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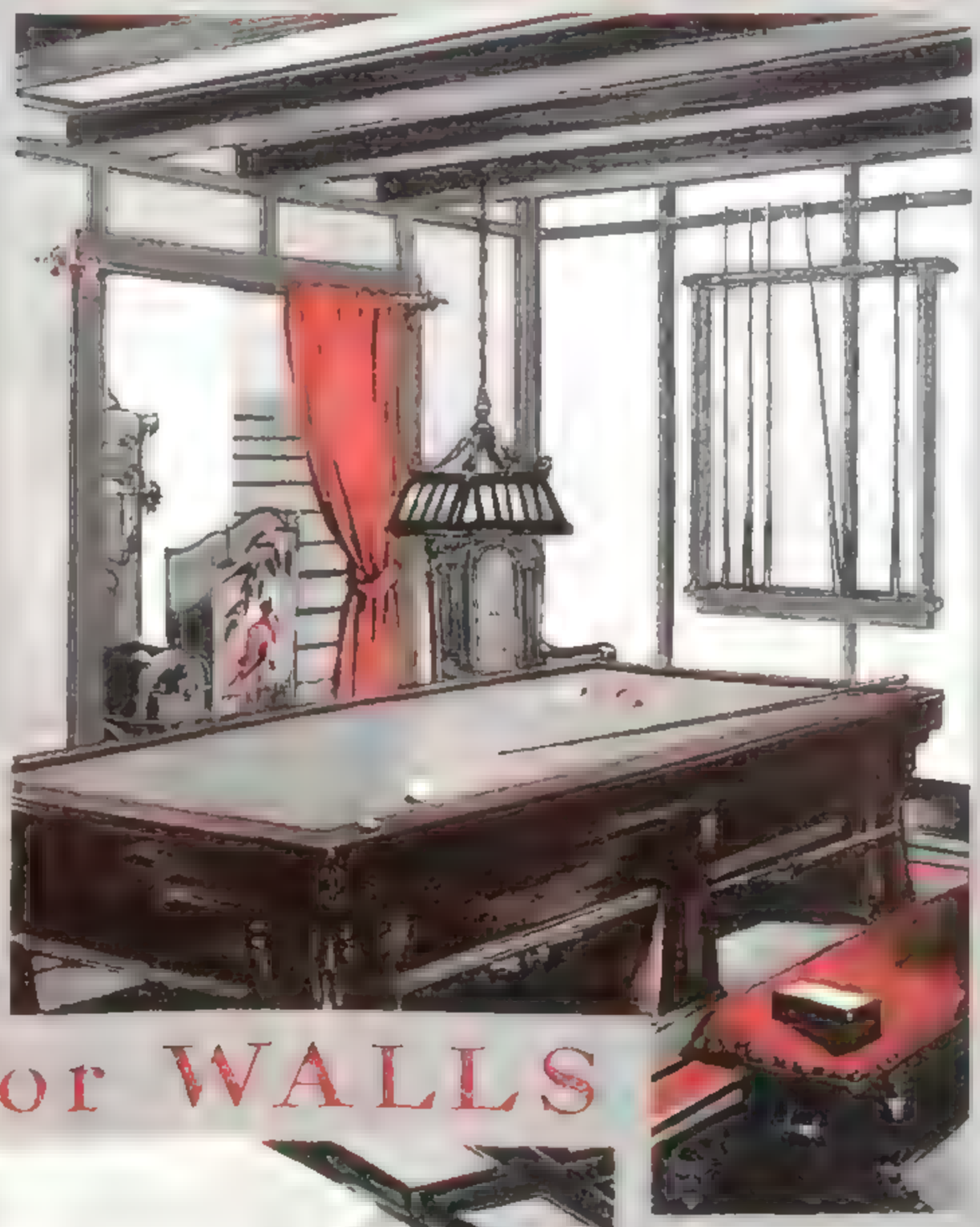

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BEAVER PRODUCTS

PLASTERS - WALL BOARDS - ROOFINGS

(Continued from Page 104

A great thirst had begun in Tom Kempis, the kind the desert pioneer knows, not for drink but for rain. A bit shorter all the time, a trifle redder morning and evening, the days, but just as fierce. Good to get a horse between his knees again, even if the desert did bring out a ripened devil in Gray Nurse. A new view of the situation from horseback—a considerable pay roll on his hands, half a hundred men to lodge and board, a score of mule teams to keep in forage and water. He was being ridden hard himself—the demon of haste. Something to do with the pear orchards, with making good for himself, for Kempis-Alden, for Ellen Herd.

"You're trying to do too much. Get a timekeeper, at least," she warned.

But he was suffering under the pressure that he could afford to pay only for visibly productive labor.

"I've been here less than three months and you more than three years—nearly twelve hundred days," he said.

"All the more, I'm used to it. You're not getting your sleep "

But again that night it was past midnight when she heard him sluicing water over himself to keep awake -struggling over the pay roll—and long afterward still, before she heard the creak of his cot and his monotonous tones of sleep.

"It isn't that they'll grow pears this year; it's only to keep some of 'em alive."

He was full of dull torment, eyes and brain. Unquestionably a large part of his body was identified with the desert, stretched out in anguish for the rain. Dark clouds, swollen with water, made their appearance over the mountains, but turned tail with a flurry of wind, not losing a drop. The main trench stretched down the gradual sloping area from Painted Rock Creek to the Bethel farms—even to the pear trees; the pipes had been teamed alongside; the new concrete rim of the reservoir was hardening, and the inspiring racket of the creek itself had come to a sudden stop, ready to well through a filter of clean gravel into the reservoir.

A dust cloud showed on the long straight road from Leamington. Ellen Herd's eyes hardened to platinum points as she saw that the car was neither truck nor roadster, but apparently a motor party coming for a look at the deserted village. Tom had just ridden in from the foothills. Someone in the strangers' car knew him and began to call. "Tommy! Oh, Tom!" A man's voice. Now they poured out into the sunlight—three young men and three young women. They must have studied their color effects in relation to one another, Ellen Herd thought, for it was like a bouquet of variegated but blending tints. They gathered around the gray mare.

"Look out," Tom laughed. "Nursie's been trying to kick the eye out of a lizard ever since she came, and she's getting good "

Their arms were around him—girls and men alike; certainly one of the girls kissed him. Now Tom was beckoning to her, and Ellen moved out of the shadow of the store door to meet the two Beaudry sisters, also a Miss Lamson and three young men who positively refused to accept the fact that Tom was seriously at work. Within five minutes they had found the old phonograph in the assembly hall, Tom with them, and dancing began. Manifestly this was to be attended to first—not food or drink even, but to get the music started. Voices and laughter—like sleet to her at first; and now they seemed to come into a higher-keyed life than before. Dancing—something new and awful of a new and awful world. It left her far behind, pushed her from them, from him, far as the desert rim.

She looked down at her shoes and stockings, at the weighted edges of her long dress, then to the dancers on the dusty floor of the assembly hall, where her father had spoken words of fire to his people. The dream of her days was swiftly ending—toiling together, two in the harness, two alone to make a desert bloom—and he turned to them now as he had never turned to her. Not a care in his eyes—pear trees or cattle, stubborn irrigation problem, teams pulling afar in the dust, black pipes in rows—all these, as if they were not and never had been for his eyes now. Surely this wasn't the boy she had struggled to know, whom she had tried to meet face to face in the stolen sweetness of a great task together, this playmate of beautiful pagans. . . . And she, too stiff and stodgy and darkened ever to belong ——

Two of the girls would have stayed; it was the men who said no. Anyway they were gone, and across the supper table Tom sat, a drained forlorn face turning often to her. She saw that the strain of weeks, suddenly relaxed, hadn't rested him, but let loose within him the ravages of piled-up fatigue.

"I don't know where to begin," he mumbled later, bowed in the lamplight before his desk of papers. "What do you s'pose is the matter?" His eyes followed her in a way that made her keep to the shadows. She moved through the rooms; he followed, at a distance, with his heart-breaking look. She went into her own room and shut the door.

The great dearth of life such as he had known—the dearth of play—rose like an insanity within her. She had refused the city, and the city had come to her. She must leave now—tomorrow morning. Her soul shrank from his looking at her that way ever again.

Coyotes. . . . A mule brayed in a way that meant daybreak. Tom was coming to after a bad night. He must get up and start the job again; but what for, what about? All incentive mysteriously gone; something heavy like a loneliness on him. She had nothing to say after they left; her door had been shut. He sat up on his cot. Yes, that was clearly the trouble—that shut door. Everything queer; the dawn had a sickish gray, and he couldn't get the right hold to begin anywhere. Where was he needed most—at the desk or in the foothills?

The gray mare's head appeared through the colorless morning light over the pole across the wide door of the blacksmith shop. He crossed to her with a pail of water and moved on to bring hay from the shed behind. As he cut the wire of a fresh bale he heard the mare pawing the empty bucket back of her. He carried the hay to her head, then reached to get the pail from under her hind feet.

"Whoa, little one!"

Just then a pack rat raced across the straw. Gray Nurse let fly, but missed the rat.

Ellen supposed he had ridden out to the reservoir before breakfast. It would be all the easier; she wouldn't have to explain why she was hurrying off to the city alone. She made a plate of pancakes for Link and went to the store door. Her eyes widened at the baldish head of Tom's mare standing queerly at the pole in the entrance to the blacksmith shop. In the garage shed, the roadster was under cover as usual.

She was running across the street. The mare stretched back from her as far as she could, swinging her hind quarters about, tail tight, expectant of the whip. Inside, face down on the straw, Tom lay. She turned him over, the upper part of his face utterly masked. She took him by the shoulders, dragged him beyond the length of the mare's tether and bent again. She couldn't see rightly. It wasn't lack of light.

As she lifted the pole ajar, hurrying out, Gray Nurse jerked it from her hand and darted forth, the big crosspiece whipping behind. Link was making further pancakes for himself when his sister reached the kitchen.

"Go! Go now! Bring a doctor from Leamington—a surgeon! Bring him back with you. Don't mind anything else."

Excuse for unlimited speed at last. Link asked no questions.

Tom breathed and was warm. No thought in her that it was strange, even miraculous for a woman to carry a man's body nearly a hundred yards to her living room. In the depths of the freshly opened consciousness Ellen dwelt in now, women carried their men at such a time as this. She had a sense that he was hers—if never before or never again. He breathed and was warm. Three hours passed as if she were alone in the world and it was hers. He would never look the same -only to her. She left him propped up and went out to scan the road. Yes, a dust cloud—someone coming. She hurried back and met his eyes, partly open.

"You shouldn't shut your door that way," his lips mumbled.

The doctor stayed two hours and Link took him back to Leamington before noon, where a telegram was sent to Mr. Kempis. That evening a long gray ambulance rolled into the deserted village—doctors in white, a stretcher.

"It's clear from the city!" Link whispered. Ellen watched the big elderly man whose face hovered over the bandages; now he was coming toward her almost fiercely, as if she had done it.

"You are John Herd's daughter?"

"Yes."

"I'll get a man here tomorrow to take my son's place."

"No one can take his place. I mean—I don't want anyone else here just as we get the water flowing."

"Someone will have to take hold."

"I'll stay—until he comes back."

"You? It might be some time."

"I've been on the job for some time. I'll keep it going."

"How badly is he hurt? Maybe you know that."

"It isn't only the—the hurt he got today. He'll look different."

"What else?"

"He was knocked out before. It showed yesterday—last night. He's been going too hard for weeks."

"You mean work?"

"Yes, night and day—not enough money to afford proper help. He hasn't been sleeping. He wasn't used to the desert, and now Nature ——"

"Oh, I see. Thanks. Let me know if you need anything."

Mr. Kempis was scanning his first private report from the Bethel work:

"General idea sound -land O. K.—all it needs is water. The idea of forty-acre farms attractive—Leamington already interested and there should be considerable of a rush in the spring ——"

Ellen Herd had not known that one of the laborers she took on after Tom left was an engineer from the Kempis-Alden offices. The head of the firm had no wish to complicate her management, neither did he propose to let the desert project suffer at a critical time, with Tom having his face made over and fighting his way through the fogs of brain fever besides.

The report continued that there had been a shortage of hands from the beginning, and that those on the job were putting up a nasty fight for more money since the young man left. Mr. Kempis smiled grimly to read this note:

"Miss Herd seems to be meeting these pressures with a corresponding force of her own—no tears, either. Yesterday, when things looked at their blackest, she sprung what seems to me a good one—offered the pick of the farms to those willing to stay on and make good at a reasonable wage. . . . She runs the cook house for the teamsters and labor gang, keeps up the men's time and her Leamington orders for the whole works. Fanatic or not, her father must have been a man worth looking into if his daughter is any indication of his class."

The report verified that all the land needed was water.

It had happened again and again. In the first place, there was one darkened face,

(Continued on Page 111)

THE GREATEST GIFT OF MOTION PICTURES

MOTION PICTURES HAVE MADE NO RICHER GIFT TO HUMAN HAPPINESS, *TO YOUR HAPPINESS*, THAN LAUGHTER—THE PURE, INVIGORATING JOY OF A GOOD COMEDY.

ALL GOOD THEATRES SEEK THE FINEST COMEDIES AND OTHER SHORT FEATURES, AS WELL AS THE BEST OF THE LONGER FEATURES, FOR YOUR ENTERTAINMENT. AND YOU CAN SEE THEM WITHOUT GOING FAR, BECAUSE

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FELIX THE CAT CARTOONS

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The NEWS REEL Built Like a Newspaper

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It's 25% Bran

but you would never guess it

It's whole wheat—*but it tastes like nut meats and crunches like fresh toast*

QUAKER PUFFED WHEAT is the most unique grain food known. There is no other like it.

Its flavor is like toasted nut meats. It's as alluring as a confection. Yet its food value is that of whole wheat.

And thus it meets, in a delightful way, the modern idea in diet. It starts by *tempting* the appetite—and that's judged essential to digestion.

The needed elements of whole wheat are embodied. 25% is bran. When served with milk it supplies almost a perfectly balanced dish . . . the minerals of the grain, the bran, plus all three vitamines.

Try it, taste its richness, its unique flavor. Note its brittle crunchiness. You will love it.

Each grain is steam puffed to 8 times its natural size. And every food cell thus is broken. Digestion is made easy. It turns quickly to strength and energy.

Served with milk and cream, or with half and half. Try with cooked or fresh fruit. Serve as a breakfast adventure, a luncheon change, a bedtime snack that leaves nights free for sleep.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 109)

and a group of tinted girlish faces clustering around it. Fire came, and all were melted down like wax but that darkened one. Frost came; that one alone stood the test. Then there was a kind of desperate running game—following that face over frigid mountains and burning sands—always to the same bitter end—a shut door.

One night at last Tom awoke in different coolness. Coyotes—no, he finally figured it out; not coyotes, but the distant sirens of city traffic. He was back in town, his own room. A single eye squinted through the bandages at a lamp at the far end. He called. It wasn't she who came, but a strange woman, who tried to put him to sleep—old stuff. Tom demanded action. His father appeared. Gradually it came out that three weeks had been rubbed out entire.

"And she's there—alone in the desert—nobody to help?"

"She didn't want anybody till you came back, Tom. Everything's all right though. I've taken pains to find out."

They spoke of keeping him a week longer, even three days, but Tom's pick-up was not to be accelerated that way. In fact, his most marked improvement of all showed the second afternoon thereafter—while the chauffeur kept the car at sustained high speed toward the desert. Early darkness had fallen when Leamington was reached. Mr. Kempis remained there.

"I'll send the car back tonight. You can come on tomorrow—sometime," Tom said.

Twenty-two slow dusty miles, with no light, land or sky, but the headlight of the car, until the distant doorway of the community store. It couldn't have been a mistake that she had stood there a moment before. Tom sent his father's driver back.

"Hello!" he called.

"Come in."

A bit breathless and wabbly, he moved through the store toward her part of the house. No shut door. Her hands pressed him into a chair. She seemed lost in strangest concentration; her face bent over him; she seemed trying to peer through the lint that still wrapped his head. He drew the bandage back. Her face was nearer, her lip trembled.

"The other eye ——"

"It's quite fine," he smiled. "It was the nose that got socked the hardest."

"Why, it isn't going to be spoiled at all!"

"No, not more than you see now."

She straightened, a trace of anguish still in her tone.

"You know—you know, I saw it first!"

Now they began to remember themselves; strained silences between their words.

"I don't know why I had to get knocked out and leave it all to you."

"They wanted to send another man. I wouldn't have him."

"Where's the mare?"

"Over at the teamsters' camp."

Stilted words—like a rehearsal.

"Where's Link?"

"He's there too. He's learning to play cards."

She could talk about the work only; about the rains still holding off; about some of the men getting interested and taking up pieces of land, their talk of moving the old cabins to their new farms.

"Why was it you had to stay when I ——"

"It doesn't matter. Hadn't you better lie down? Or do you want some tea first? You haven't had ——"

"Don't go!"

"I must fix your cot too."

"Not now."

She waited, but came no nearer. He forced the words, but she didn't seem to be listening.

"My father always keeps his mouth shut, but I feel him back of us—in an altogether new way. Things must be a lot better with the firm. We ought to make all this go big in the spring. I've come out to stay now."

Ellen was almost furtively watching from the shadows. His face wasn't spoiled forever—the same spirit of youth she saw, the same spirit of play that so hopelessly had charmed and tormented from the very beginning. She must not let him see her closely again—how stretched and burned she was from the last terrible month in the desert.

"If you're ready to stay and take charge now, I'll go—I'll go tomorrow. I need——"

"Yes, I know. I want you to, but I want you to know now, tonight, how great you are to me—to my father; more than anybody I ever saw or heard of. You've got me stopped—the way you do all these things I've never done! But I mean to do them—I mean to stay with 'em this time!"

She wished he would stop—something almost bursting within her at his boyish fervor. It tugged at her heart, drew her toward him like a hand. But the memory of the six who came from the city was the somber strength that held her back.

"You've got something, Miss Herd! I knew it that day in the far cabin, where that sign was about the desert blooming as a rose. Something you've done here makes you different from others I've known."

"Yes, different," she repeated.

"Something about you I never could take for granted, run any chances with."

"I noticed that," she said in the same bitter tone.

"Don't you see—it's because you mean so much more?"

The perfect answer—words she hadn't dared to hope for, but had wanted almost as fiercely as she had wanted ——

Her back straightened suddenly, her face turned to the door. "What's that? It can't be——" Then she almost ran to him, took his hand, drew him out of the room through the store. An intolerable sweetness filled his lungs at the threshold.

Drops! Rain upon the sand!

A sound of far-off shouting reached them from the teamsters' camp—the men roaring a welcome to the rain. On through the unbroken dark he followed her, the perfume of a lifetime from the magic union of moisture and sand.

"Come!" she called. "Oh, come away!"

They were sweeping forward through the great drops, as if she knew the dark that was utter darkness to him. Her steps ceased. He was groping for her; it was her face upturned to the rain he touched with outstretched hands. He moved into her arms, held open to the rain.

Then for a second only he saw her features in the reflection of distant silent lightning. It was a sort of perfecting—the desert apotheosis of John Herd's daughter. She was laughing, crying—the ecstasy in her that the desert knew—standing among the stunted pear trees.

"It isn't that we can save these, but don't you see—it was because of these that the pipes are laid!"

Her drenched arm touched his lips.

"Yes, I love you, Tommy Kempis. . . . But not now. Sometime—when I learn the rest, as I have learned the desert. Sometime. . . . Oh, don't keep me now! It will be much better when I come again."

"And I'll be on the job till you do," he said.

THE PROPHETS OF BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 39)

All the best-organized industries in the United States engage their prophets. To some of them future prospects are so vitally important that they have chart rooms where these prophecies and the facts upon which they are based adorn the walls and are piled high in great cabinets. To cite a specific example, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has such a room in its big office building on lower Broadway, New York City. This is probably one of the most complete chart rooms in the world. It looks twenty years ahead and aims at absolute accuracy for five years ahead, nor does it miss that mark very far.

The necessity for this work can be explained by citing just one fact that constantly confronts telephone companies—two years are required, as a minimum, to construct and install a large switchboard. One year is consumed in construction and the second in installation. That represents fast, accurate, skilled work. As a rule there must be a new building to house a large and new switchboard. That will usually involve the purchase of ground and the laying of new cables. Elaborate preparations must be made. A telephone company that had not plotted its course for five years ahead would be proceeding rudderless toward disaster; this is the general opinion of the industry.

The estimates which look twenty years ahead are supposed to be fairly accurate and are constantly revised, but the five-year estimates must be as definite as a chef's plans for the next meal. Two per cent is considered a generously wide margin for error. Under such conditions prophecy is reduced to a science and becomes the special task of trained men.

The telephone industry has its census figures for the next ten years for every city and town in the United States. For obvious reasons these are never made public. They are compiled for only one purpose—namely, to assure adequate service, and are not used for any other. Approximately 800,000 new telephones were installed in this country during 1925. Naturally, orders of such proportions must be booked well in advance; and since no subscriber gives notice of his desire for a telephone five years hence, the companies have to evolve a system of their own by which economic laws and the laws of percentage may be brought to their aid. Without such a system they could not possibly meet the demands upon them. Scientific prophecy governs even their financing, for new construction does not come out of earnings; the industry must have hundreds of millions of dollars annually, all new capital. It must know well in advance how much it will need, otherwise it would be paying for idle capital, or, worse, seeking enormous sums on very short notice in desperate efforts to provide service and save threatened franchises.

There is also constantly in progress a study of the world supplies of the raw materials used. Is some rare mineral growing scarce? Might new supplies be found in China? Then there are men in China estimating the situation with regard to that mineral. It may not be scarce this year, but if it is going to be scarce ten years hence they want to know that fact right now, because time is already pressing forward the need for a substitute. Technical men in the laboratories will tackle the job of making that particular item unnecessary. Such matters are watched constantly.

Even the twenty-year estimates are not considered hazy or vague guesses. Recently a change of considerable importance involving an enormous investment was made in New York City, based upon a twenty-year estimate. To be specific, in new exchanges in New York City automatic switchboards are being installed, although all the switchboards operated by women will be retained. This change of policy was brought about by a very interesting set of figures. They show that fifteen or twenty years hence there will not be enough switchboard operators to meet the requirements in New York City. That sounds ominous, doesn't it? Visions of race suicide arise. However, the birth rate plays a very small part in these estimates compared with the broadening demand for women in other fields. (Continued on Page 114)

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Distinctive
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Good Taste
Save Money, Too!

LIGHT dresses and dainty frocks soil readily from imbedded grime in the upholstery. Gates Distinctive Seat Covers will prevent this and protect your car investment at the same time. It is not unusual for them to earn twice their original cost when the car finally is traded in.

Then, too, you will be content to drive your car much longer if the upholstery is protected. Whether your upholstery is new or already worn, it will save you money in many ways to invest in Gates Distinctive Seat Covers.

Gates Distinctive Seat Covers are tailored from fine fabrics by the oldest maker of seat covers in the country. You will like their fit and beauty. And you will be surprised to learn that they are not expensive. Where only seats and backs are to be covered they may be had for as low as $9 to $15 for most cars—only slightly higher for side and door panels also.

To get Gates style, fit and beauty you must insist on seeing the name Gates on the buttons and neat silk label. Gates Distinctive Seat Covers are sold almost everywhere. Any dealer can get them for you through a nearby jobber. If you have any trouble obtaining them, mail the coupon below.

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Send me full information about Gates Distinctive Seat Covers and have your jobber in this territory advise me of the nearest dealer.

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SERVEL is as indispensable in the modern home as running water and electric illumination.

SERVEL assures wholesome food—sweet, pure milk—sparkling ice cubes—numberless chilled salads and frozen desserts made possible by the *new* Electric Cold Cuisine.

SERVEL provides all these things without attention—without bother—silently—surely—day and night—summer and winter—at an operating expense lower than the less satisfactory, inconvenient, burdensome, and not always adequate or dependable methods of the past.

Send for illustrated booklet descriptive of complete line of Domestic Models—sold on exceptionally liberal terms by SERVEL representatives everywhere.

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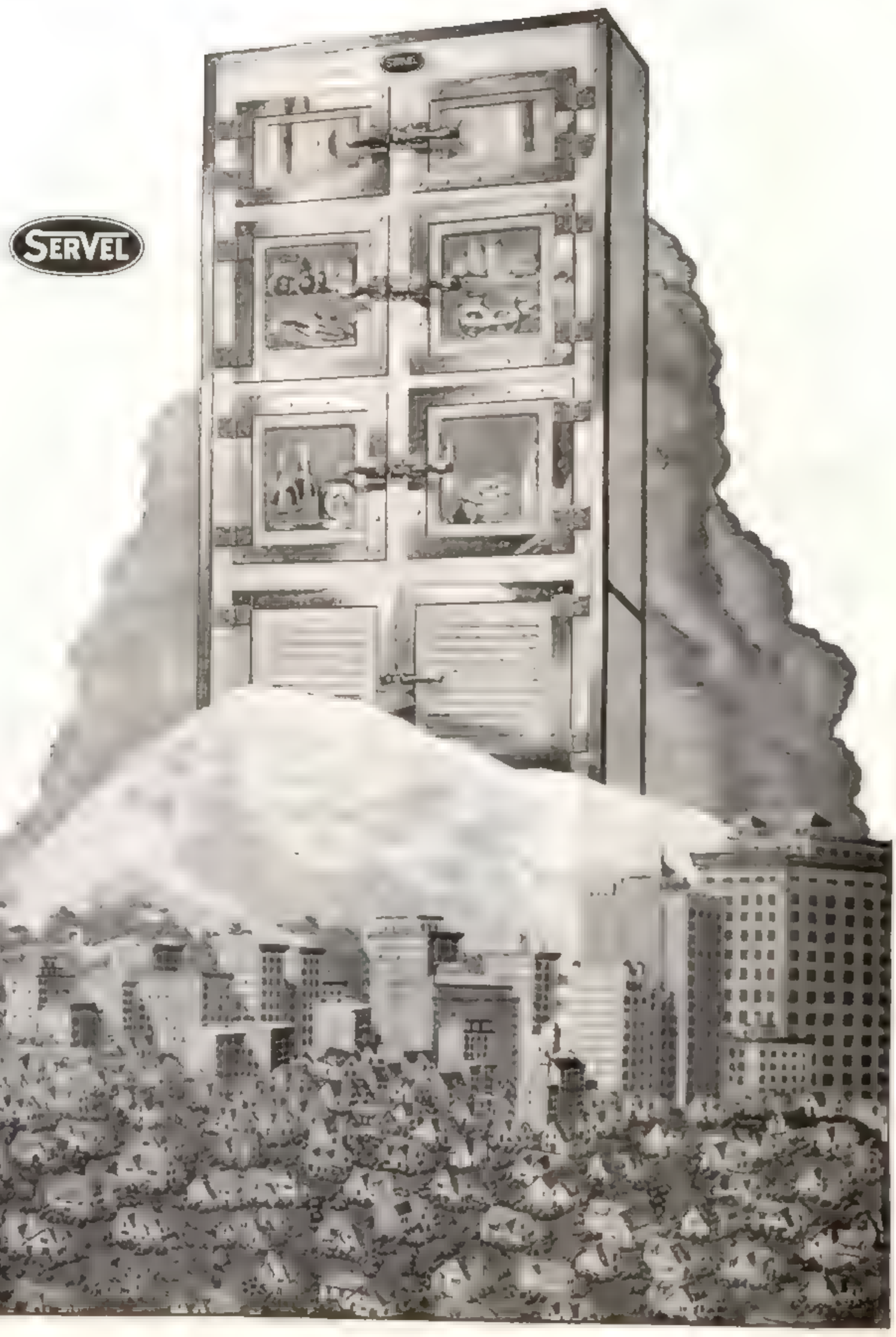

If you haven't a heat regulator-

do this for one day

Every hour, just for one day, make a record of the room temperature in your home. Also note the number of times you find it necessary to open drafts and check the fire. One day of this, especially in the Spring, will convince you of the need of the Minneapolis Heat Regulator.

In mild weather, if the draft is open a few minutes too long the temperature shoots beyond the 70 mark. Next time you think of the fire it may be out. It's almost impossible to avoid the two extremes when the heating plant is manually controlled.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
for COAL—GAS—OIL

puts an end to these common heating troubles. You fire up the plant and completely forget about regulation. The room thermostat is sensitive to the slightest heat variation and operates dampers, drafts, valves to keep the temperature uniform. In the Spring it keeps drafts open for short periods only; keeps the fire alive without letting it go out.

The Minneapolis is a dependable product with a 40-year record. Any branch office or dealer can sell it to you on convenient terms.

Phone today, have your Minneapolis installed tomorrow.

Mail this Coupon

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Established 1885
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Please send me your free booklet, "The Proper Operation of the Home Heating Plant", and full information on the subject of automatic heat control. I have checked the kind of fuel I am now using or have under consideration.

Coal ☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐ District Steam ☐

Name.....

Address

(Continued from Page 111)

The telephone user may sometimes think that Central wears her hat on a solid ivory knob, but the personnel department would inform him that telephone companies simply can't use dumb-bells at all. A switchboard operator has to be a woman of very respectable intelligence. She is far, far removed from common labor. There never was an enormous surplus of the class of women desired for this work, and the supply dwindles year by year, owing to the competition of other employers. Meanwhile the number of telephones per capita grows steadily.

Taking such specific figures as experience has made available, and matching them against the obvious trend of the times, the telephone company decided that twenty years from now it would require the services of so many young women of a certain grade of intelligence in New York that, if it succeeded in employing them, there wouldn't be any left to serve as clerks in stores or stenographers and secretaries in offices. Hence the automatic switchboard will be installed in most if not all the exchanges established in the future. However, the present number of women operators will not be reduced. They have given eminent satisfaction.

Power Needs Fifty Years Ahead

This change of policy is one of the most tangible proofs to be found that women are really making notable strides in business and industry. But let's get back to the science of prophecy.

The petroleum industry decided, a few years ago, that it would like to know if possible where it is going. Demand for its products has been increasing at an amazing rate for a long time, and the necessity to forecast the future becomes plainer year by year. To cite only the most ordinary superficial phase of this problem, it is necessary to store millions of barrels of petroleum as a reserve supply. Production bounces around over the map like a flea, now here, now there; sometimes there is a depressing excess of supply and not many months later famine threatens. The big refining companies try to equalize these conditions.

Dealing in oil is not a job for a sleepy fellow; it more nearly resembles the work of the snare drummer in a small orchestra. He, if I recall correctly, uses both feet as well as both hands. But even beyond the buzzing demands of this season and the next, the petroleum industry had reached that state of development where it was concerned about the distant future, so a group of scientists employed by the industry as a whole was asked to estimate the country's primary horse-power requirements for the next fifty years. The job is now completed and from time to time it will be revised as new facts warrant

No industry expects a prophecy to remain accurate for a decade or more without being tinkered with now and then. This is not the place to delve into the details of such an intricate prophecy, but the reader may be interested in a few of the facts bearing upon how the oil job was done, facts indicating whether any such feat can be performed with a measure of accuracy adequate to give it value. In order to estimate the primary horse-power requirements of the whole country, these prophets had to make a guess about railroad development, because a great deal of power is generated in locomotives. After they had done that part of the job, working independently, they found that their figures checked almost exactly with those compiled by J. B. Blood, valuation analyst of the Interstate Commerce Commission, who had made such a forecast up to the year 1945. The petroleum industry's forecast includes the year 1975. At several other points also they found that their results checked with the findings of statisticians employed by other industries. Such coincidences tend to indicate that prophecy can be reduced to a science

This job was one of the most stupendous ever undertaken in the field of prophecy, for it does not deal with oil alone; it deals with horse power, regardless of how produced. In order to check the figures on the relation of horse-power requirements to population and the growth of industry, charts were made out for the great industrial nations of Europe as well as the United States. A forecast as to the size of the average family fifty years hence becomes part of this job. Another part of it is an estimate of the amount of electricity that will be used in a completely electrified house; also what proportion of the total population will live in such houses.

Preparing for the Radio Rush

To the layman such guesses as these may seem to require little short of black art, but there are already a great many figures available that clearly plot themselves into curves indicating tendencies that remain dominant year after year. A very interesting curve of this kind has already been plotted for the electrical industry; it shows what the average requirements due to new inventions will probably be over a period of ten years. That, by the way, is a very amazing discovery, and to some extent it accounts for the fact that there was sufficient material available to manufacture the radio sets now in use. So far as the man on the outside could see, the radio came rushing into use and startled everyone. Well, it didn't.

The prophets of the electrical industry could not, of course, place a dot on their chart to say that in such and such a year the radio would be made commercially available, but they had noticed that new inventions seemed to come along at a certain average rate. In other words, they plotted a curve for these innovations without having very definite ideas as to the nature of them. The result was that when the American public went into the market several million strong, demanding radio sets, the materials for constructing them were available. They didn't use up all the copper or glass or anything else. Prophets had forecast their needs. There are many countries in the world that simply couldn't have handled proportionate orders for radio equipment, because they lack the necessary organization.

Amazing Accuracy

The electrical industry, like the telephone companies, tries to plot its course twenty years ahead. Its figures for ten years must be fairly accurate, and for one or two years ahead they are almost perfect. In gathering the data for this article I went to the executives of one company which does an annual business of about $300,000,000. Its representatives make annual estimates of their sales for the coming year. To assist them in performing this task they are supplied with certain forms and information. The figures they supply are then analyzed by experts. An official of the company informed me that over a long period of years these annual estimates remain almost exactly 2 per cent under actual sales. The reader will at once see that it would not make a great deal of difference if these estimates were 10 per cent off if they remained 10 per cent off year after year. But being only 2 per cent off, they are extremely valuable.

In the field of prophecy the electrical industry has an intangible factor to deal with that very much resembles the intangible factor in the telephone business; to be specific, both products go deeper into the mass of the population every year. If these two industries took their 1915 figures on the saturation point as a permanent guide, they would, by this time, have arrived at chaos. The saturation point continually rises.

Continued on Page 116

The Rim of Death Canyon, Jackson's Hole, Wyoming

Assistant and Secretary gasped when Harkness said—*"Bring this up in 1946!"*

More and more, modern executives think and plan years ahead instead of months ahead. But even the most farsighted executive gets a thrill when he can say, "File a memo: February 15, *1946*. Inspect Barrett Specification Roof on Plant No. 1, laid in 1926."

But why 1946—why a jump of exactly 20 years?

Because when a building is covered with a Barrett Specification Roof the owner receives a genuine Surety Bond issued by a great nationally known Surety Company, which guarantees him against any expense for roof repairs or maintenance for 20 years.

Add this: Service records on file tell of great numbers of Barrett Roofs of this type laid 35 to 45 years ago which are still soundly weather-tight—and never a cent for repairs or maintenance. Finally—Barrett Specification Roofs take the base rate of fire insurance.

Sounds interesting? You want the facts about Barrett Specification Bonded Roofs in detail? Then address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City. We'll reply promptly.

Note: For some sound reason you may want a built-up roof constructed to your own specification.

If that's the case, remember that the experience of building construction experts during the last half-century has clearly shown that it pays to construct a built-up roof of pitch and felt—that it pays to make sure that both pitch and felt are Barrett—that a wearing surface of slag or gravel is essential to the lasting weather-tightness and fire-resistance of a built-up roof.

Barrett

SPECIFICATION ROOFS

This column is addressed—

to men concerned with School, Factory, or Apartment building maintenance

FOR several years The Barrett Company has performed a rather unique service for building owners.

From time to time, at the request of men interested in the maintenance of large buildings, highly trained Barrett Inspectors have made careful surveys of the roofs of all these buildings and rendered detailed reports.

In many instances such examinations have resulted in large savings in building maintenance; and in the case of factories have undoubtedly prevented the loss of operating time and the damage to stock which often result from roof leaks.

Today Barrett is organized to offer this service to a wider list of owners. (The chances are it would prove valuable to you.) *Any recommendations will be impartial and based entirely on the actual conditions found.*

Ask yourself these questions:

"Have I any definite knowledge of the condition of the roofs for which I am responsible?"

"Are repairs or replacements necessary now? Do I know when any repairs will be necessary?"

"Is there danger of unforeseen interruptions caused by roof troubles?"

"Are all our roofs absolutely fire-safe?"

To answer these and any other questions, The Barrett Company with its 68 years of experience in the built-up roofing field offers you the benefits of its Roof Examination Service, free of charge or obligation.

Note: This service is available for big buildings, structures with roof areas of 5,000 square feet or more that are located east of the Rocky Mountains.

For detailed information regarding Barrett Roof Examination Service, address a brief note to The Barrett Company, 40 Rector Street, New York City, or—

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE BARRETT COMPANY
40 Rector St., New York

Please send me full information about your Roof Examination Service. I am mailing this coupon with the understanding that there is no charge or obligation involved.

Name of Firm.....

Your Name.....

City State

Size of roof area

1-6-26

IN CANADA: **The Barrett Company, Limited**
2021 St. Hubert Street, Montreal, Quebec

Continued from Page 114

At one time an electric-light company, for instance, could draw a circle on its map of the city and say, "No use bothering about those blocks, because the rents there indicate no chance to wire those houses." Similarly the telephone company, in making its estimates, would blot out certain blocks and say the same thing—"No chance." Later, however, conditions change and those blocks have both telephones and electric light. Thus these two industries have to plot some curves indicating the rate of change. The amazing thing is that they do this and the figures stand up. Neither industry is very old. The fiftieth anniversary of the telephone will be celebrated during 1926 and the inventor of electric lights will probably attend the celebration.

Detroit offered the telephone industry's expert guessers about as severe a test as they have ever encountered. As everyone knows, Detroit plunged forward within a few years to become one of the foremost cities of the world. A great many foreign-born workmen were employed there. Now some nationalities take to the telephone like ducks to water, while others do not. Charts on Detroit had to be turned out rapidly and revised almost daily in order to assure future telephone service and avoid waste. The development that took place in Detroit fell easily within the purposes of these forecasts, but it was almost unprecedented in size and rapidity. Making a guess that the growth will be 10 per cent over a certain period is one thing and staring at figures indicating 50 per cent is quite another. It was a severe test. The verdict of the telephone officials on the accuracy of their Detroit forecasts is that the figures remained 98 per cent accurate throughout.

Forecasts in the electrical industry are extremely local, because conditions show astounding variations. For instance, Buffalo, New York, uses more kilowatt hours of electrical energy per person than any other city in the country. Its consumption per person is three times that of Boston. Thus statistics for the entire nation are not very valuable in this field. What the companies must have is statistics showing the developments in each territory, usually in each community, and separate forecasts for every one.

In all developing industries the technical staffs engaged in laboratory work endeavor to forecast invention as well as to participate in it. For example, as soon as such a useful tool as the vacuum tube appears, no matter where, scores of technical staffs undertake to estimate its possible effects upon their various industries. The course of invention—that is to say, in the field of applied science—is fairly well charted right now. The various industries know just about what they may except from the laboratories during the next few years, because they know approximately what problems have been referred to the technical men.

Forecasting Inventions

To cite a specific case, the motor industry has known for a long time that it is eventually going to solve the problem of preventing radiators in automobiles from freezing. The industry felt confident, because this is not an insuperable difficulty. Even though the right mixture had not been found, it seemed obvious that the necessary elements exist in Nature. The job didn't require a revolutionary discovery in the realm of pure science. It was merely a job. Recently, I am informed, the job has been done. But whether that news turns out to be true or not, the job will be done; its completion is forecast. Therefore no confusion will result from success.

Something resembling the mercury engine was forecast long before one went into operation. It was obvious to scientists that there are numerous elements in nature with lower boiling points than water, consequently their vapor could be produced more cheaply than steam. The final outcome was the mercury engine; but if it had not been mercury, it would probably have been something else. That job was forecast.

The rising cost of coal, and sometimes the lack of it, has greatly stimulated invention along lines that were forecast long ago. All that was necessary to bring these inventions to perfection was an active demand. Coal went up and the demand came in. Railroad locomotives, for example, have been revolutionized largely because of the higher price for coal, but the fundamental nature of them remains unchanged. Nearly all the improvements were forecast years before they went into operation, and some of them grew out of jobs assigned to the technical staffs by executives who were not scientists at all.

Forecasting invention becomes more and more important every year, especially since the science of chemistry is making such rapid strides. Basic industries cannot afford to be taken completely by surprise. If they are on the way toward revolutionary changes in their methods of production, and know it, invariably certain preparatory steps can be taken. If they don't know what is coming, there is grave danger of landing on the scrap heap.

If an individual company can gain preeminence in the scientific knowledge destined to affect its future operations, a great advantage is gained; but whether it achieves that result or not, it strives to keep abreast of the times. This means that it must at least know what to expect, what improvements are feasible; and that calls for prophecy. Here again, however, the basic elements are not nearly so difficult as they might appear to the layman.

In the field of politics and public affairs, big business, or at least part of it, also maintains its prophets; although, so far as I have observed, their batting averages drop far, far below the astounding records achieved along the lines previously mentioned. Some particular industry very often has a major interest in national policies that are not even minor issues in the campaign. For the sake of brevity as well as clarity, this can be explained to better advantage with an imaginary rather than a real case.

Let us suppose that you are at the head of a firm which imports an article that we shall call gewgaws from a thriving principality in Africa that shall have the name of Goof. Continuing this supposition, you are having considerable difficulty in Goof because several European nations are each trying to place that principality in a leather bag and brand the bag. They aren't fighting your firm, but they are incidentally making trouble for you. It is your impression that the problem presented can be handled fairly easily by anyone who understands it; but if it isn't handled, you are going to be forced to seek your gewgaws in Java or Patagonia or some other place.

The Prophet Without Honor

Now your major interest is to know just what you are going to do; that is even more important than trying to negotiate successfully in Goof, because, if necessary, you can get out of there. Primarily you want to know what course is going to become necessary; the knowledge is important to you to the extent of some hundreds of thousands of dollars. There are two candidates for President. One, you happen to know, understands the situation in Goof just as well as you do. The other doesn't. He may in time come to understand it, but you haven't got the time to spare. Time means money to you. The big question is who is going to be elected. You've got to chart your course, and the sooner the cheaper.

Well, if your gewgaw industry is big enough it probably has a man who looks after such things. He is a cool-headed, philosophical person who generates less emotion over a political campaign than you do over a haircut. If he could change the results of the forthcoming election by spending five cents he'd save the nickel for chewing gum. He doesn't care half a whoop who wins. The show is interesting while the campaign is on and he looks at it in the light of long experience. I have never found any young men in this business. Under forty, they haven't seen a sufficient number of campaigns. They're at their best along about the age of sixty. Are their guesses correct? On the whole, yes. Nearly all of them went wrong on the 1916 election, however. They had picked Mr. Hughes to win. But they were not the only wise men who missed their guesses that time.

The principal difficulty these prophets encounter is the partisanism of the men to whom they report. Very often their forecasts are disregarded.

"How's it going?" the chief executive asks.

"Democratic," replies the prophet casually.

"Democratic my eye!" roars the chief executive. "Ha-ha and a couple more ha-ha's! Democratic! What's the matter with you, Bill? Lost your wits? Where do you put Indiana? Don't tell me Indiana's going Democratic!"

"Well, sir, it just is, whether you like it or not."

"Bill, you've gone plumb crazy. I'll bet you three to one on the election and five to one on Indiana."

So a lot of scientific political prophecy goes to waste.

In the foreign field, however, it receives much more respectful attention, and quite a number of first-rate prophets have been

Continued on Page 121

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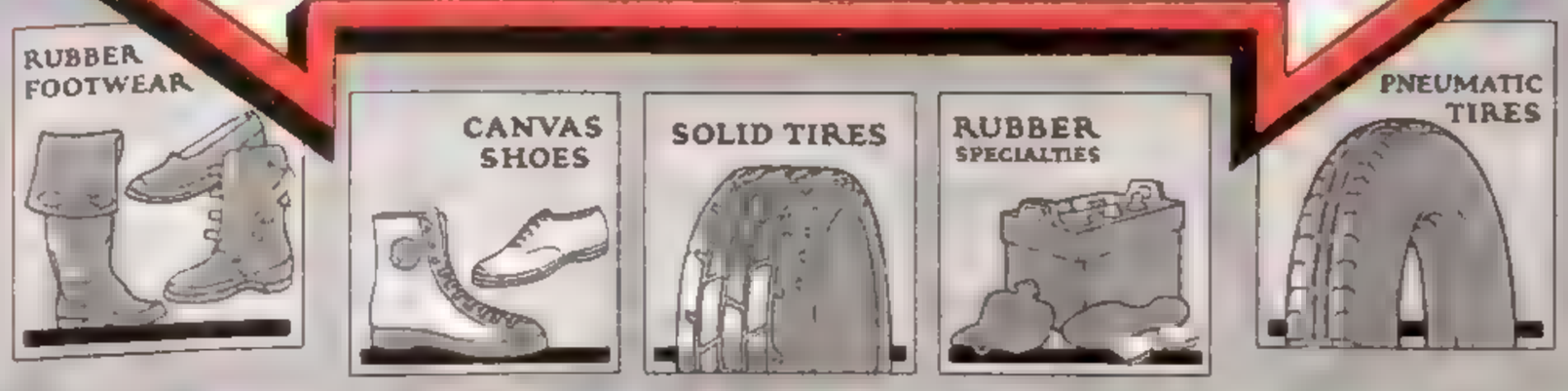

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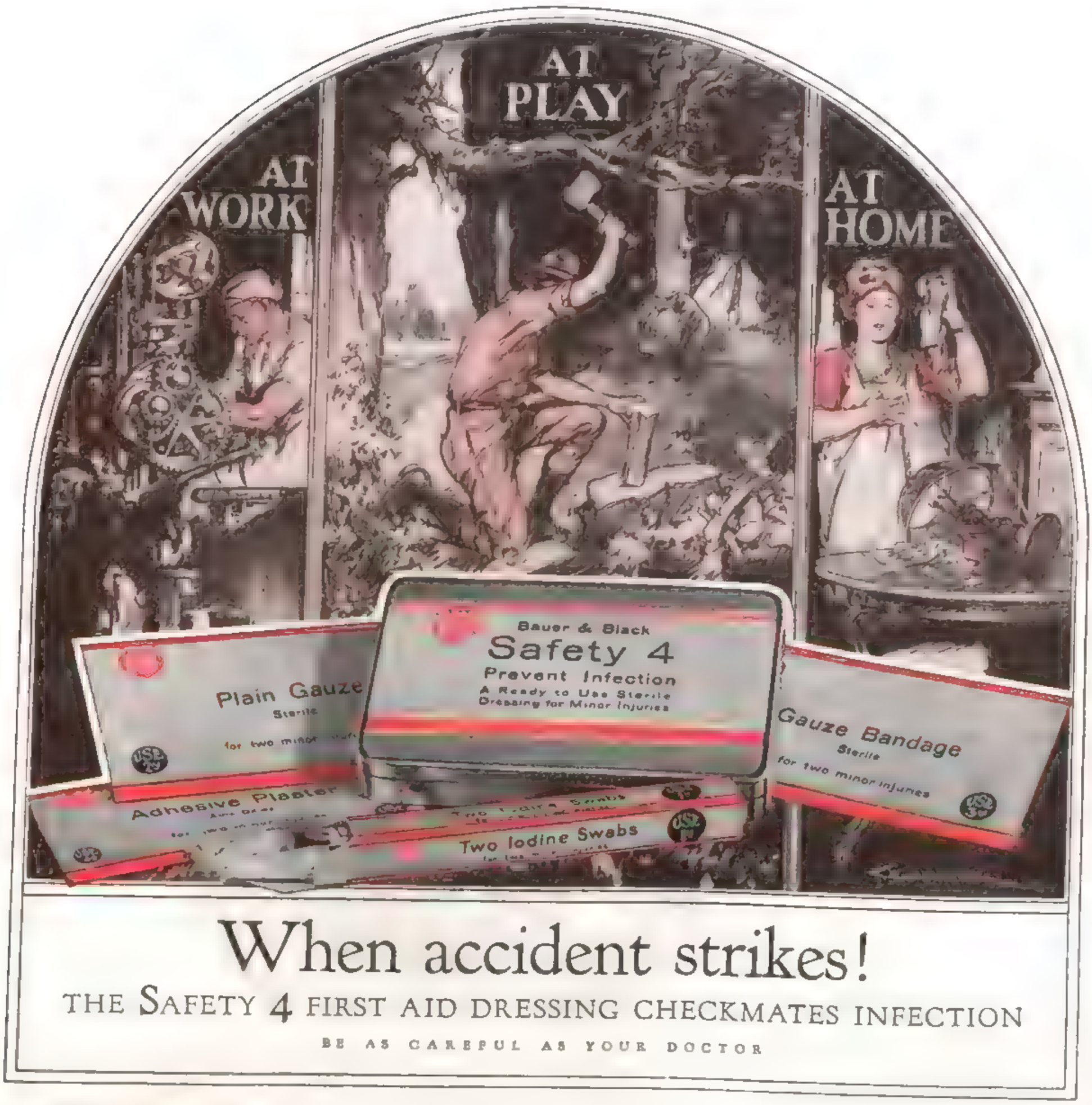

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OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 116)

developed in this country since the World War. Our business grows increasingly international, especially our banking business, and the services of reliable prophets are important. The earliest forays into the foreign field brought numerous connections with law firms and politicians of the countries in question that were supposed to yield unprejudiced, objective observation, but quite a number of them didn't. The tendency now is toward using the same bases of prophecy abroad that give the best results at home.

To be specific, there are certain of our states that can be relied upon to change their political affiliation when the prices of certain of their products go below figures that have all been charted and pasted in the book. Neither the national nor state governments may have much to do with fixing these prices, but one or both are due for a kick on the shins when the prices are unsatisfactory. Without emotion, the prophets note these facts and paste them in their books. These facts are charted as reliable. In France or Italy or Mexico there are also basic facts that can be charted, and Americans have been busy with these little jobs for several years.

With reference to the poorer countries, nearly every prophet charts what might be called the subsistence line; quite a number of countries are only four or five jumps ahead of hunger. A man doesn't have to be a prophet to know that political trouble may ensue when people suffer hunger; and since there has been such trouble in the world more than once, subsistence lines can be worked out with a fair degree of accuracy. They form a useful guide to political activity in a much disturbed world.

Some years ago, however, I was much entertained by the confessions of a prophet who had hopelessly entangled himself in his theoretical subsistence line. He deals with a Latin-American country where poverty is the common lot, but for more than a quarter of a century there had been very little starvation, and he had plotted his subsistence line on observations made during what those people would call roaring prosperity. The natural consequence was that he put the line too high. Hard times, in that country just as elsewhere, would lead on to political turmoil and it was his job to forecast these situations. Presently he was ready to report that a revolution was inevitable and the industry with which he is connected took a few precautionary measures, mainly to get their employes out as rapidly as possible. After weeks of nervous waiting, nothing developed.

"It will come," he said. "It's bound to come. They are 18 per cent below their subsistence line."

To make a long story as short as possible, the waiting continued for two and a half years. The populace in question was finally 62 per cent below what he had fixed as their subsistence line, and still patient.

"I've learned something," the prophet remarked to me in concluding his tale. "About the trickiest job an American can tackle is the plotting of a subsistence line for another race of people. We just simply can't imagine the degrees of poverty they can endure. Our minds refuse to digest the facts even when we have them before us. In short, that is our blind spot.

"Now I have been dealing with a country in which pure native Indian blood represents about half the population. Such people have qualities that an American simply can't guess until he sees them demonstrated. What do you suppose would happen in this country if some master stroke of ill fortune robbed all of us of our automobiles within three years? We'd be running around in circles having fits. But those fellows remained fairly calm while their customary foods went out of reach. They took in a few more notches in their belts, ate what they could get and accepted the situation with grim stoicism.

"I don't believe they have any subsistence line. There is something pathetic about them, and I wonder at times if there isn't something rather noble too. I'd like to be able to face life with such impenetrable calm; that is, as far as material fortunes are concerned. I wish we could have that spirit and prosperity too. But you can't have everything. Most assuredly my job would never exist among them. What they can't have they get on without. Prophecy would be a waste product there. We're a queer lot, we Americans; whatever we get hold of that contributes to our comfort we'll keep, even though we have to drag the bottoms of the seven seas for raw materials."

THE GIRL WHO FORGOT

(Continued from Page 35)

This was from the mother of a lost girl, and she had inclosed a snapshot. It was a bright, eager face which looked up at the marquis from the picture in his hand, but most obviously it wasn't Sibyl.

"Nothing in that," said the marquis, passing it on to the colonel.

The next also was from the mother of a missing girl.

This one had pinned to it a half-tone print which had evidently been clipped from a newspaper—the print of a girl who seemed full of life and promise—much too nice a girl to think that "she left for school one morning, the fifth of last month, and was never seen again." But again it was certainly not Sibyl.

"A second blank," said the marquis, passing that one on after the first.

The third letter contained no picture, but the girl described had bobbed hair. Whereupon the marquis drew a breath which certainly sounded like relief, and cleared his throat with a proud "Ha-hum!" which was not without significance to the listening Barker, who was quietly rubbing the paneling in the dining room.

"I'll have my solicitors return these photographs and answer the letters," said the marquis to the colonel. "In that way, you see, by keeping in the background, I avoid any possible notoriety."

"Clever, that!" said the colonel, with an approving nod.

"Don't you want to dance again, Sibyl?" asked the marquis, raising his voice. "Play something, Augustus. I would like to see what the child can really do."

It was at this moment that the curate came in—it might be said that he came bursting in—with a copy of the London Evening Chat in his hand.

"I ah one of my parishioners ——" he began. "I—of course, I'd never buy the thing myself! But one of my parishioners—a Mrs. Spicer—a really excellent soul, you know, but frightfully fond of gossip—she, knowing, of course, the friendly relations which I am fortunate enough to enjoy up here—she, having seen the story as soon as the paper appeared, and having read it, of course, or at least I presume as much, herself—she, seeing me passing by —— But here, I thought I would bring it up, so you could see for yourselves. I have only given it a hasty glance, but—well, I thought you would like to see it first, you know."

The marquis, who had a particular aversion to the Evening Chat, gave it a dreadful glare and wouldn't touch it; but the colonel, not so squeamish, took it almost eagerly and—yes, there it was in the most prominent place in the paper, on the page directly opposite the On Dits.

"Well, I'll be damned!" muttered the colonel.

Even the headlines would have been enough to do this -fat capitals about the romantic rescue of a beautiful young castaway—the Marquis of Meldon finding unconscious child on shore of Sussex estate—"Stricken With Amnesia!"

"What is it?" asked Lady Mowbray, seeing how deeply the colonel was affected.

The curate went over and tried to tell her, and by this time the colonel had caught his breath and was reading the headlines to the marquis.

"'What is Her Name and Whence Did She Come?'" he continued. "'Five Hundred Pounds Reward for First Evening Chat Reader Who Can Reveal the Child's Identity.'"

At that the colonel interrupted his reading.

"I don't like that," he said, seeming to creak all over. "Very unfortunate, that. The papers will be mad to get her photo. We'll have to watch her, you know. Press photographers and snapshotters behind every bush, especially with the Meldon races starting tomorrow and twenty or thirty thousand people up from town."

"Coh!" exclaimed the marquis. This may not look like much when reduced to writing, but it expresses a strangling sound, deep in the throat, which only needs to be heard once to be remembered.

The colonel began reading the story aloud then, the others in the room gathering around, their faces solemn—especially the curate's—and Barker missing nothing in the next room. It would take too long to repeat the whole thing, but these are a few choice flowers, culled from the garden of the Evening Chat and portentously delivered by the colonel:

"'Unconscious of her past, she flits around the Towers like a fairy sprite, the joy of everyone who sees her, and a particular favorite of the austere marquis, who has already found a warm spot in his heart for this charming little mermaid of the sea——'"

"Coh!"

Of course you know who that was.

"'It has been said by the marquis' critics in the House of Lords that his temperament is cold and reserved, but they would be happily confounded if they could see him playing with his adoring little charge, encouraging her to childish games and echoing her silvery laughter with an occasional mirthful rumble all his own ——'"

"Coh!"

"'To see him making faces at her ——'"

At that the marquis arose, making quite another kind of face.

"Stop!" he cried. "One more word ——" He made a frightful gesture then—the gesture, say, of an outraged monarch who had suddenly learned who had smothered the prince. "I know!" he exclaimed. "That damned detective—that damned detective for a shilling!"

Hearing this—and seeing it, too—the colonel thought it better to drop the paper; but perhaps because she hadn't been able to hear his reading, Lady Mowbray promptly picked it up.

"But how interesting!" she said as she read the headlines. And looking over the top of the paper—"Did you send this in, Francis?"

The marquis nearly passed out then, but caught himself up with a dreadful effort.

"Coh!" he said. "Coh!" And then with a terrible distinctness into his sister's ear, "Your detective! That precious detective of yours! He must have put it in!"

Lady Mowbray calmly thought it over.

"Why do you select Captain Pierce from among so many?" she asked then.

"Because he's the only one who knew."

"But how ridiculous, Francis! We who are here—we have all known, for instance. And the servants! And you know, dear, as well as I do, you can never stop servants from talking."

She turned to the paper again.

"Really," she said, "I think this is quite lovely," and was presently reading aloud: "'The great hall of the Towers resounds again to the patter of childish feet, and the marquis is said by those who know him to be renewing his youth as though at some

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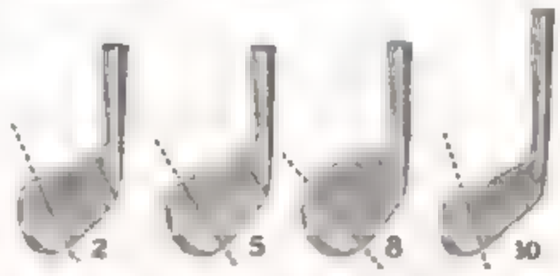

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fabled spring. In fact, it would surprise none of the household to catch him playing hide and seek with the little castaway, or blindman's buff, or even an occasional romp at pickaback——'"

The marquis suddenly threw up his arms—threw them up, indeed, as though he would throw them away—and hastily left the room. The colonel paused for a moment, and then with a hurriedly whispered "Save the paper!" he followed the marquis, realizing perhaps that the latter had reached one of those crises of life where it's advisable for one to have a friend with him. But perhaps because she knew him better, Lady Mowbray continued her reading, and while the others listened with greedy ears—especially Barker in the dining room—the Honorable Augie seemed to be listening with a certain pride as well; though if you had been there you might have noticed that he was always careful not to look at the little castaway, who was sitting on the hearthrug with eyes like two blue saucers and listening just as hard as anyone.

XI

"THERE'S 'ardly any living with the marquis this morning," reported the butler to his wife when they met for breakfast in the housekeeper's room. "A fair tarter! I did think once he was going to sack poor Barker. I had to wait on him myself at last, and it was all I could do to manage him."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Wilkens, with a tight-lipped nod. "He gets that way—he always gets that way when he's crossed or put out. Lady Mowbray wouldn't be an old maid today if the marquis hadn't raised that fuss about the young officer who wanted to marry her—you remember—Lieutenant Rolleston, who later made such a name for himself in the navy."

This time it was the butler's turn to nod.

"And Jack Harris, the gamekeeper," he said. "That 'appened, too, when the marquis was feeling liverish. Jack served six months, you remember, and all for a couple of rabbits that weren't worth sixpence."

"Ah! And how about our poor little Lucy, who had to go to the nursing home just because His Majesty was in one of his moods that day?"

They were both quiet then for a minute.

"The trouble is," said Mrs. Wilkens at last, "he's had his own road too long; it's a pity that nobody ever broke him of it."

At that Wilkens first looked cautiously around to make sure the door was closed, and then he leaned over the table.

"You know," he said, "I ve 'ad hopes at times that Marster Augie might be able to handle him."

"What makes you think that?" she asked with one of her keen looks.

"Oh, nothing," replied Wilkens mysteriously.

"Then I'd say nothing," she coldly cautioned him.

She arose then, her breakfast finished, and somewhat abruptly left the room. And, indeed, she had plenty to do that morning without sitting there gossiping with her husband. A houseful of company was expected the next day, coming for the Meldon races, an annual three-day event which always packed the town above, to say nothing of the historic Towers below. The Dowager Duchess of Leamington was coming, for instance—a strong-minded old lady who was once said to have had her eye upon the marquis. And the Oxhills were coming, and the Kinetons and the Shipstons—all good old families, with not a brewery or a bottle to be found on their escutcheons. And Lord Radway, who might be called upon within the next few weeks to form a new ministry—he, too, was coming; and Rear Admiral Chisholm, who had sat in two cabinets; and Sir Percy Kegworth, the Conservative whip, who knew more gossip than any other man in England. So Mrs. Wilkens, you see, had her work cut out for her; and Wilkens, too, hurrying back to his pantry, didn't expect to be particularly idle for the next few days. He had hardly got back when one of the bells rang over the sink.

"Number Six," he said; "the marquis' study. Never mind, Barker, I'll answer that. With the humor the old boy's in this morning, it's no place for you." The butler, you see, not wishing to lose his second man just as all that company was piling in.

The marquis was answering the telephone when Wilkens knocked and entered.

"No!" the master of Meldon was exclaiming. "Under no circumstances! I say, under no circumstances will I see a newspaperman! And this is the third time that this damned nuisance has happened this morning, and I've had enough of it—quite!"

He fairly threw the receiver back upon its rack and turned a glowering eye to see who had just come in.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "I thought for a moment it might have been that other fool. Er—Wilkens!"

"Yes, M'Lord?"

"I wish the lodge gates to be closed against everyone but our expected visitors tomorrow. Not a newspaper person—not a photographer is to be allowed to enter. You understand?"

"Yes, M'Lord."

"And the gamekeeper and his boy are to watch the house and the grounds around the house. And under no circumstances is Sibyl to go outside unless one of the family is with her. You understand all this?"

"Perfectly, M'Lord."

"Then see that my instructions are carried out—that's all!"

In this way the Towers was guarded against its natural enemies; but the telephone presented a problem which wasn't so easily to be solved. It couldn't be disconnected, for instance, because much of the business of the house was transacted over it, to say nothing of the possibility of a message from Lord Radway, who had been asked to phone the exact hour of his arrival in order that the marquis himself might meet him at the station. So by the time night came the master of Meldon looked as though he had had quite a day of it, newspaper persons being more or less ingenious and full, it seemed, of quaint devices for bringing marquises to phones.

"I had a letter from Captain Pierce this afternoon," said Lady Mowbray at the dinner table. "The detective, you know."

The marquis only gave her a look. "You dare to mention his name?" it seemed to say.

"He said he had nothing new to report yet," continued his sister, artlessly unheeding. "So I answered that I would give him a week, and then I should report my loss to the police."

The marquis started to speak, but at the last moment he seemed to change his mind. Perhaps the last few days were beginning to tell on him, and this possibility of a police inquiry following the castaway story was a bit too much. Perhaps he even felt a bit old, or it might have been nothing deeper than a cold which was coming on. In any event, the marquis coughed.

"You are catching cold, Francis," said Lady Mowbray anxiously.

"No, no; it's nothing—nothing," he said with one of those martyred looks.

Whereupon he gave her another—one might almost say a richer—sample.

"You haven't changed to your thinner flannels yet, I hope?"

The marquis nearly said "Coh!" but not quite. "It's nothing but this confounded worry!" he exclaimed in a bit of a pet.

Sibyl livened them up after dinner, playing ball with Augustus and the marquis and pretending to be a bear under the piano, and finally dancing her gypsy dance, this time with the aid of a little tambourine which Augie had found for her. Mrs. Wilkens came and led her away at half-past eight, and such a silence fell upon the drawing-room.

"How different it seems now she's gone!" said the marquis, sighing a little as he looked around.

Lady Mowbray was getting the cards ready to play patience, and whether or not she heard what her brother said, she gave him an even look—a look which might have been taken to mean "I might have had children, even grandchildren, like that—if it hadn't been for you."

Augie was on the piano bench, where he had been playing for Sibyl's dance, and Lady Nellie was sitting by his side, sorting the music. She was in a dinner dress of red ribbed silk, with coquettish little trimmings of black net; and from time to time she looked smilingly down at her dress and then she glanced at Augie, and didn't exactly frown when she glanced at him, either.

"I think I'll retire early tonight," said the marquis, rising. "A heavy day tomorrow, you know. But, of course, you young people—I know you're not going yet."

At that he first archly shook his finger at Lady Nellie and then gave his nephew a glance that said, "Court her, you fool! Don't you see she's waiting for it?"

At least it's safe to say that if the Old Nooker had been in his great-grandson's place, he wouldn't have missed the chance, he wouldn't have neglected the golden opportunity by his side. But whether or not you wish to put it down to Augustus' credit, he presently arose and went to Lady Mowbray and put his head down close to her ear.

"What do you say to a game of bridge, aunty?" he said. "There are three of us, you know."

"I'd love it!" exclaimed Lady Mowbray, eagerly gathering up her cards.

But the Honorable Nellie wasn't so keen to play. She even seemed to frown a little as she took her seat at the table.

XII

THE guests began to arrive the following forenoon. They were to have lunch at one and leave for the course an hour later. The Dowager Duchess of Leamington came in her car, a priceless scarf of sables around her neck.

"Where's the child?" she asked, almost before the car had stopped.

And, indeed, they were all eager to have a look at Sibyl; and although, of course, there wasn't one of them who would even have glanced at the Evening Chat with its naughty page of On Dits, in some strange manner, it soon appeared, they all seemed to know the details of the story.

"I think she's upstairs somewhere, playing," said the marquis rather stiffly.

"Fetch her down," said the duchess. And to some of the others who had arrived before her, "You know, I'm dying to see the little castaway."

The marquis didn't see it, but something told him the duchess was winking; and with great dignity he rang for the butler.

"Er—Wilkens," he said.

"Yes, M'Lord."

"I wish you would find Miss Sibyl, please, and bring her here to me."

"Miss Sibyl!" echoed the duchess. "Now isn't that a pretty name!"

But the name wasn't half so pretty as the girl who presently came shyly downstairs, her hand in Wilkens'. In honor of the occasion, she was wearing one of the new dresses which the marquis had bought for her—one which she hadn't worn before—a smart little affair of Dresden colored silk which might have reminded you of the dresses which are sometimes seen upon dainty bisque figures of fairies—its diminutive skirt standing away from her like those circular waves of chiffon in which thistledown ballet dancers sometimes seem to float. Her hair ribbon and socks were of white silk, her feet in low shoes fastened with single straps. But, as always with Sibyl, it wasn't her dress so much as it was herself which first attracted and then held the eye. Her hair floating over her shoulders, for instance, in a golden waterfall—it was hard to look away from the hair, until one realized that this was only the frame of the picture—a picture still unmarred by the hand of time—a picture of wistful tenderness, of the charm of youth—a picture which might perhaps have been better set in a garden than in the noble drawing-room of Meldon Towers—a garden, say, where all the flowers were opening buds, growing by the

(Continued on Page 124)

Sound Reasons for ELCAR *Amazing Performances*

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The sensitive, powerful, instantaneous motor response that gives mastery in traffic, leadership on the road, a fine disregard of distance—such characteristics are no accidental achievement.

They are the fruit of the vast composite experience which the Elcar and the Lycoming organizations have pooled to create the Elcar-Lycoming Motor.

To a knowledge accumulated through 17 years of building sound value into cars, was added the seventeen years of motor-building experience, the facilities for precise and accurate manufacturing on a large scale and the engineering and technical equipment of the great Lycoming plants and organization.

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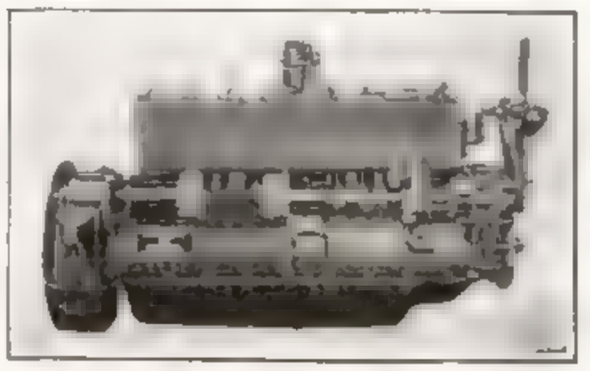

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ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

(Continued from Page 122)

side of a rippling brook which still must ripple for many a mile before it reaches the river.

"Oh-ho!" said the duchess. "So this is the girl!" And they all stared curiously at her. "Don't you think you're dressing her rather young?" asked the duchess in her large voice, turning to the marquis.

"Young? Not at all!" said the marquis sharply. "Would you have me make an old woman of her?"

"A pretty child," said Sir Percy—he, you may remember, who knew more gossip than any other man in England. "The daughter of Venus, one might imagine, who arose, like her mother, from the sea."

Perhaps because she didn't understand this, Sibyl looked as though she was about to cry.

"Please don't frighten her!" said the marquis, sharply again. And then to the butler, "That will do, Wilkens. I wish you would take her upstairs again."

He himself led her to the hallway; and watching the two of them cross the room together, the duchess looked at the other ladies present and then said, "Mph!" The marquis went to the phone next to see if he could locate Lord Radway, who had not yet arrived, and as soon as he left the room, the duchess turned to Lady Mowbray and said in her large voice, "I understand she remembers nothing of her past."

"No, nothing," said Lady Mowbray, almost pathetically pleased because she had heard the question. "Amnesia, you know—something like shell shock. She had a large bruise here when they found her."

"What do the doctors say?"

"Francis' doctor is away, but he's expected back tomorrow. He has no confidence in any of the others. Of course you've known Francis a good many years," she added in a low voice, watching the doorway against the marquis' return. "He can be very stubborn."

"Mph! So can I!" said the duchess at once. And then more grimly, "I'd make her remember!"

Lady Mowbray, still rejoicing in a confidante whom she could hear, said, "We've had a lot of excitement here lately."

At this Sir Percy drew forward—Sir Percy, you must always remember, who was one of the rarest old gossips in England.

"What? More excitement?" demanded the duchess. "What else has happened?"

Whereupon Lady Mowbray told about the loss of her bracelet.

"What do the police say?" asked the duchess.

"It hasn't been reported yet. Francis, you know, is very averse to any kind of notoriety. Of course you mustn't say anything ——"

"Hoity-toity!" exclaimed the duchess. "You mustn't let him frighten you like this, my dear. You have to be strong-minded—very strong-minded where men are concerned—or it's frightful what fools they can make of themselves!"

The marquis, returning, heard that, and began to wish with all his heart that the martial old Dowager of Leamington hadn't come to his party.

Sibyl didn't appear at lunch, and when the cars rolled up to the door to take the guests to the races she was still invisible.

"Where's the child?" demanded the duchess.

"She had lunch upstairs," replied the marquis, speaking with formal dignity.

"Don't you let her run around outside?"

"We are trying to keep her away from the photographers."

"Hoity-toity! That wouldn't hurt her! I expect to be photographed half a dozen times this afternoon and come back without a scratch on me." The others were in the hall, putting on their wraps. "Aren't you coming with us?" demanded the duchess next, putting on her hat but noticing that the marquis was making no move toward his.

"A little later," said the marquis. "Radway is coming down on the 3:10, and I wish very much to meet him at the station."

"Is he going to make you Secretary of Foreign Affairs?"

For a penny, then—almost for a halfpenny—the marquis could cheerfully have strangled her for dragging thus his most sacred ambition to the light of day where any ribald spectator could either wink his eye or give it a careless kick. The dowager, however, suddenly seemed to lose interest in her question, a more personal subject occupying her mind.

"Where on earth is my sable scarf?" she cried.

"Isn't it here?" asked the marquis, offended now in a new direction by the loudness of her shout.

"Here? Save the man! If it were here I wouldn't be looking for it, would I?"

They all started hunting then, but when they were through they hadn't found the scarf.

"My sable scarf! My beautiful sable scarf!" The Towers quite rang with it.

"You put it on the table here," said Sir Percy. "I saw you."

"Of course I did! Directly under my hat!"

They hunted again then, Wilkens and Barker assisting, but still they couldn't find it.

"And yet it's here, you know," said the Honorable Augie, who had been helping too. "They—aw—aw—they can't walk off, you know! One of the maids possibly recognized its value and placed it somewhere for safety."

"I should think she would—after the way Elizabeth's bracelet disappeared."

The others began leaving then, not wishing to miss the first event, car after car rolling down the driveway toward the gate.

"Well," said the duchess, shrugging her shoulders at last, "I'm not going to stay here and miss the racing. And after all, it's very simple. You can either find my scarf, Frank, or buy me another. So why should I worry about it?"

The last car rolled away, the duchess in it, and such a comfortable silence seemed to fall on Meldon Towers.

"All gone!" the Honorable Augie cheerfully reported, returning to the hall.

The marquis stared at him—and truth to tell, the marquis looked a bit dazed.

"Didn't you go with them?" he asked.

"Oh, no! Rawther not! The old girl raised such a cry about her scarf, you know, I thought I'd stay behind and help look for it." The marquis nodded, but not quite so masterfully as he usually did. "So suppose I find Mrs. Wilkens first," continued Augie, "and have her call the maids."

"Very well," said the marquis, and even his voice seemed weak after the dowager's.

So the Honorable Augie went upstairs blithely enough, but soon came running down as though he had seen the ghost of Meldon Towers.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, aghast, to the marquis, who was still somewhat feebly looking through the rooms downstairs. "Oh, I say! Aw—aw—aw—Sibyl—Sibyl has the scarf!"

"What?" gasped the marquis.

"Ab-so-lute-ly! I just passed her room a few moments ago, and she was sneaking it out from under her bed, and didn't see me!"

It might have been imagination, but it seemed to Augie that his uncle paled a little—paled a little and seemed to lose a little more of his bounce.

"Let's go and see," he said at last, and they started for the stairs together. As they approached Sibyl's room in the east wing, they walked more quietly and were presently looking through her doorway without having been heard. Sibyl was dancing in front of her mirror—dancing with elfish grace—and draped around her—oh, most unmistakably!—was the duchess' sable scarf!

XIII

"SIBYL!" exclaimed the marquis, in sorrow, this, and with none of the dark tones of anger.

At the unexpected sound of his voice Sibyl stopped—stopped as a young deer sometimes seems to stop in the middle of a bound—and seeing the two in the doorway, she sank in a chair and covered her face in her hands.

"Sibyl, my child," continued the marquis, entering the room, "what is the meaning of this? Why did you take the scarf from downstairs?"

Her hands only partly covered her face, and a moment later there was no mistaking the burst of sobs which began to shake her. Then, moving one hand, she fidgeted with her skirt and made sure it covered her knees.

"What's the matter?" asked the marquis. "Are you ill? Are you cold?"

"N-no," she sobbed. "But my dress—my dress is so short."

"Short?" he said. "I hadn't noticed it. All children wear dresses that length."

"Y-yes," she sobbed. "But—but I've just remembered." She came out with it then in a gust of tears—"I'm not a child!"

"What?" demanded the marquis, stepping back and quite as aghast as Augie had been a minute before. "You say you're not a child?"

"No. I—I'm nineteen."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the marquis, retreating another step. "And your name—do you remember that?"

"Louise Alden," she replied.

"And your people?"

"They—they're in America. I—I'd just come over—I remember now—to see if I could get an engagement over here."

"An engagement?"

"Yes. But—but London seemed so stuffy. I came down one day—I remember it all now—for a day at the shore. And I thought I'd take a dip, but there were so many people on the sands at Meldon that I walked through the woods and climbed a wall till I came to a nice rocky place by the side of the water where nobody could see me. I—I'd brought my bathing suit, and I hid my bag in a nice little cave where nobody could find it; and then—and then I must have slipped or something—I'm not at all sure about this part, but I suppose I must have hit my head against a stone."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed the marquis again. "And you say you're nineteen?"

"Yes; I shall be twenty next month."

By that time, still retreating, with Augie accompanying him, the marquis had reached a place near the door where he could only see the little castaway's head over the top of her dresser.

"You speak of an engagement in London," said he, beginning to look slightly dazed again. "What—er—what sort of an engagement, may I ask, were you seeking?"

"A theatrical engagement," she answered. "You see, I'm trying to get started in musical comedy."

"Coh!" choked the marquis, and abruptly fled from the room.

XIV

THE marquis didn't check his flight until he reached the drawing-room, and there he stopped in front of one of the windows and stared out across the lawns to the distant Channel—stared out with dreadful dejection, as though wondering whether it would be worth the effort to find the Little Porpoise Rocks himself and with one great splash end all. The Honorable Augie had followed him into the drawing-room and was now standing behind him, another study in expression—the expression of one who is sympathetic and yet resolute, like a benign young surgeon, say, who has started an operation and knows that he must continue to the end. But soon this look departed and in its place came the more usual appearance of the marquis' nephew—that appearance which had so often earned for him the disapproving glance of his uncle—that eloquent glance which always said, "You fool!"

"Pretty rotten mess, this, I'm afraid, uncle," said Augie, speaking in a mournful voice and sadly shaking his head. The marquis said nothing, but still stared out of the window. "The doll's house, you know, and things like that. Always a lot of silly donkeys waiting to kick up their heels, you know. And the way she's been dressed and

(Continued on Page 126)

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"What's the catch?" asked Carter.

"No catch at all," replied Jones. "A keen blade will shave in half the time and it only takes a few seconds to strop a blade keen on Twinplex."

"Very good, old chap, but my blades are keen too. I use a new blade every few days," responded Carter.

"The laugh is on you, my dear fellow. There are millions like you," said Jones. "You go on shaving, day after day, thinking a new blade, just as it comes from the package, will give you the best shave."

"Well! won't it?" asked Carter.

"Not by a long shot. If you'll get a Twinplex, and strop your blade just before you use it, you'll get a new idea about shaving comfort and speed," rejoined Jones.

Carter did get a Twinplex and now he gets glorious shaves every day. And he doesn't often have to bother to get new blades, for one blade lasts for weeks of velvety shaves. He just loves his Twinplex.

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Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES

(Continued from Page 124)

run around, you know. Always a lot of uncharitable ones to—aw—aw—to kick up a snigger."

Still the marquis said nothing, but a weary movement of his shoulders might have been taken to mean "Don't I know it?"

"And then the penny press, you know, with their beastly cartoons. Nuts for them. To say nothing of the papers that are against you politically, and would dearly love—aw—aw—to squash your chances of getting into the cabinet."

The marquis drew a deep sigh—the sigh of one who suffers and if the young officer who had once loved Lady Mowbray could have heard it, or if Mrs. Wilkens could have heard it, or even if Jack the gamekeeper could have heard it—they might have felt that time was beginning to revenge them.

"Couldn't have come at a worse time, either," continued Augie, resolutely working away at the knife again, but always speaking in his sadly sympathetic voice. "The dowager duchess you know what she is. And Sir Percy Kegworth—I can hear him already smacking his lips over it. And didn't you say Lord Radway was expected on the 3:10?"

The marquis dully looked at his watch and drew a hopeless sigh—the sigh of a condemned man who looks at the clock at the end of the corridor and sees that he has only half an hour more to live. Hearing this, Augie reflected for a few moments and then he gently laid down the knife and drew a deep, full breath.

"Uncle ——" he said, allowing the note of inspiration to have part place in his voice. The marquis half turned and looked at his nephew with the glance which is generally associated with the tragic muse. "Of course, it's only a chance, you know; but suppose I go and see—aw—aw—Miss Alden," continued Augie. "As Sibyl, the child, it strikes me that she was really quite fond of you, and there may be some way out, after all, that will save your name from all this frightful gossip."

The marquis' reply was mumbled rather than spoken, but Augie understood him to say, "I doubt it—you heard her—on the stage."

"Well, at least there's no harm trying," said Augie, already hopefully moving away. "The old bulldog spirit, you know—never give up the ship."

His metaphor might have been mixed, but at least there was nothing mixed in Augie's long legs as he skimmed up the stairs, two at a time, and was presently knocking on the late Sibyl's door.

"Come in," said an anxious little voice inside.

The Honorable Augustus entered and the door closed behind him; but if you had been in the corridor just before it closed, you might have seen Augie opening his arms and not exactly closing them around nothing.

XV

IT WAS five minutes later when Augustus returned to the drawing-room and drew up his priceless trousers and seated himself not without a certain air of importance.

"Well?" almost fearfully asked the marquis, evidently finding some measure of hope in his nephew's manner.

"Not altogether roses, I'm afraid," began Augie, none too cheerfully. "As a matter of fact—aw—she thinks the whole story ought to come out in justice to herself—because of the way she's been dressed, and all that, you know. She feels her situation very keenly."

"Yes, yes; but what about my situation?" protested the marquis with a touch of bitterness. "Does she give no thought to that?"

Whereupon the Honorable Augie laid down the scalpel—laid it down, it might be said, regretfully—and picked up the needle and silk.

"The very point I laid before her, and she saw it at once," he began. "Indeed, I found that the poor little thing has grown much attached to us—especially to you, sir—and in a different degree, of course, I might even say to myself. The kindness which she has experienced here, I suppose—I doubt if she has ever known anything like it before. And I have an idea—mind you, it's only an idea—but I have an idea that if she could continue to be a friend of the family, she would be as anxious as anyone to—aw—aw—to keep the whole thing quiet, to save us all in fact and you in particular, sir—from the least breath of gossip or distress."

At that the marquis began to have a more hopeful look.

"You think so?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the Honorable Augie, still industriously stitching away. "She is, of course, extremely well-bred. One only has to glance at her to see that. In fact she happened to mention that her father was something-or-other in the Navy and her mother some relation to one of the American ambassadors, I believe. However, suppose I put it to her like this: That if she'll nip out now while everybody's away—amnesia, you know—and not another word comes out—aw—aw—about the little castaway in any shape or form, that you'll invite her down again next month—say, to spend a week or two, as an honored and—er—very agreeable friend of the family. You know yourself, sir, how lonely the house is going to be without her."

Which particular point it was that decided him it would be hard to tell; whether it was the approaching arrival of Lord Radway, already composing his first rough draft of the coming cabinet, or the way the dowager duchess would laugh if the story came out while she was still at the Towers, or the way Sir Percy would smack his lips over it, or whether it was his own inborn dread of scandal, or an affection which he had already formed for the wistful-eyed young Sibyl of the fairy feet, or possibly some combination of any or all these considerations. In any event, the marquis suddenly walked over to his nephew and placed an earnest hand upon his shoulder.

"Try it, Augie," he said. "Try it, my boy, and may good luck attend you."

Augustus arose—a precious figure in his black-braided cutaway and striped trousers.

"Just one thing more, sir. As I told you, she is much attached to us; but most distinctly she is not attached to Nellie. In fact, she won't have Nellie at any price. Indeed, I wouldn't be surprised that if she suspected that Nellie was even being considered as—aw—a coming member of our family ——"

"Very well then," said the marquis, though frowning a little, "we'll leave Nellie out for the present."

"You mean we'll leave her out as far as I'm concerned?" said the Honorable Augustus distinctly.

"Yes, yes; but for heaven's sake, hurry! I only have fourteen minutes to get to the station to meet the 3:10!"

Again the marquis' nephew skimmed up the stairs, and this time when he came down he had the little castaway with him. She had changed to a pair of long black stockings and her hair had been done up at the back of her head in a charming roll. She was wearing a long coat—that is to say, it came below her knees—a coat of simple lines which had been bought for Sibyl, but which became Miss Alden equally well; and on her head was one of those chic little hats shaped something like a snuffer, but which was quite unable to extinguish the beauty below it. And presently she was standing in front of the marquis, hardly up to Augie's shoulder, as perfect a little queen as you would find in all the kingdoms, even if her eyes were not quite dry of tears.

"Good-by," she said, holding out her hand to the master of Meldon.

"Good-by." There was just the least pause, and then a faintly delivered but unmistakable "my dear." At that the marquis coughed "Ha-hum! Ha-hum!" as though something had tickled his throat. "You are going now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Augie, answering for her. "We're going to nip over the fields and along the shore to the station."

"Good-by again then," repeated the marquis. "You'll let us know your address, of course, and—ah—we shall look forward to seeing you soon."

The old boy meant it, too, and the little castaway knew he did.

"Good-by," she said once more, and as if forgetting for the moment that she was no longer Sibyl, she lifted her face with the innocence of a child.

There were tears in both their eyes a few moments later; and as the marquis hurried out to his waiting car it seemed as though he would never get his throat clear again.

XVI

ON THEIR way along the shore toward the station Augie and the late Sibyl stopped for a few minutes at the Little Porpoise Rocks.

"A nasty bruise you gave yourself that day," said Augie. "At first, you know, I thought you'd overdone it."

"I nearly did," she nodded. "I got cold waiting for the gardeners; and when I saw them coming, I was tiptoeing down into the water and I guess the cold had made me clumsy, because I slipped and nearly knocked my head off."

She began looking around for her bag then, and soon found it where she had hidden it.

"You know," she said, "I feel awfully guilty somehow."

"But there was no other way, dear," he quickly assured her. "You see that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said in a faint little voice, "but perhaps we can tell him—some day."

"It's a lot to tell," said Augie thoughtfully. "What I mean is, we might have to bring Mrs. Wilkens in, and that wouldn't be cricket, you know. And anyhow, I can always tell myself that the old boy brought it on himself. He shouldn't have been so unreasonable all his life, and especially he shouldn't have been so unreasonable about Nellie."

She snuggled up under his arm then.

"Do you remember how I used to play bear," she asked, "and used to push myself in between you and Nellie?"

That naturally led to other reminiscences, delightful enough in themselves, but much too long to be set down here. So Wilkens and Barker shall have the last word, while dinner was being served that night at Meldon Towers.

"Funny about young Sibyl—the way she's wandered off again," said Barker, while Wilkens was getting the coffee ready in the pantry.

"Ah," said Wilkens, "and you can look for funny things now that Marster Augustus is back from America. The living image of the Old Nooker—I've always told you."

There was a great burst of excitement in the dining room then.

"Go and see what's up, will you?" said Wilkens. "I can't leave this coffee."

Barker entered the dining room and soon came hurrying back.

"They've found Lady Mowbray's bracelet," he breathlessly reported. "In the fruit barsket, it was, right under the blooming pineapple, and they're all beginning to wonder if she didn't drop it there herself."

"Who found it?" asked Wilkens, after a thoughtful pause.

"Marster Augustus," replied Barker.

You should have seen the pride of old Wilkens—a pride not only in the last of the family but one which seemed to embrace the whole history of the Towers as well.

"Didn't I tell you to watch him?" he asked in significant accents. And then with a start as though inspiration had seized him, he dropped his voice and almost hoarsely whispered, "Did he take all the fruit out of the basket?"

"No sir; it was pretty well filled," said Barker, looking mystified.

"Then you'd better go and watch him," said Wilkens darkly. "Me—I wouldn't be greatly surprised if 'e was to lift the pineapple again and find Miss Sibyl next!"

(THE END)

KRAFT CHEESE

Science, skill and invention can go only so far in cheese-making, then Nature must do the rest, and Nature cannot be hurried.

For only time can mellow cheese.

If we sold Kraft Cheese sooner, we could sell it cheaper, but, it then wouldn't be Kraft quality.

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NEW YORK—CHICAGO—POCATELLO, IDAHO
KRAFT-WALKER CHEESE CO., LIMITED
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Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese

KRAFT CHEESE STRAWS

Roll pie paste one-fourth inch thick, sprinkle with Kraft American Cheese, salt, and paprika. Fold over several times, roll again and sprinkle with Kraft Cheese which has been rubbed through fine grater, salt, and paprika. Repeat the process three or four times, then roll again and cut into strips about one-third inch wide. Bake in a moderate oven, and serve with salad, soup or chocolate.

Send 10c in coin or stamps for the new and enlarged Recipe Book B3—"Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Address, 406 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

Pasteurized
KRAFT K CHEESE
ONE-HALF-POUND

KRAFT CHEESE

¼ lb., ½ lb. and 1 lb. cartons and 5 lb. loaves

—DECIDEDLY BETTER—

THIS WAY MADNESS

Continued from Page 46

letters, and the like. The judgment is rather apt to be poor at these times. And many of the business ventures come to grief—though not necessarily so. Certain types of cases are meddlesome and troublesome, tending to engage in disputes and altercations, and to bring lawsuits, while exaggerated criticisms and alcoholic predilections oftentimes very considerably color the picture.'"

"Ain't that wonderful?" said the fat one, bobbing his head up and down like an idol, in his big fat leather chair. "Everything, positively. Down to bringing lawsuits. Not to say a word about those alcohol predictions, eh, Happy?"

The other one stopped his tramping up and down. "No!"

"No, what?"

"It won't do, that's all. It ain't strong enough. It's too easy—that's what's the matter. Do you think that Cemetery Ed would let us get away with any kind of mild, easy, half-hearted, jerk-water insanity, with a hundred thousand dollars at stake? You know what he is!"

"There's something in that," said the fat one, thinking.

"He's a bloodhound. He's a shark. A man-eating tiger. He'd stop at nothing—you know that. From his past history you know it!"

"Yes. Yes. You're right there!"

"And I won't be trimmed in this—not by him especially. Nor take any chances of it. Where would that leave me—if I tried this and failed? And went out, starting life all over again? Busted, smeared, with a label on me for life—'Half cracked!' No, sir. If we're going into this thing we're going in right, and no half measures! We're going to have something here to sell them. And sell them certain—sure-fire!"

"There might be something in that," said Fliederbaum, looking over at the Doc. "He might be right. What have you got there? Is there anything along that same line, only a little stronger and more violent?"

"Well, yes, there is," said Doc Myers. "Here's the manic phase."

"Now there! That sounds more like it!" said the auctioneer, standing before him with his long gaunt legs apart.

"'Manic phase,'" said Doc Myers, reading it. "'The cardinal symptoms of the manic phase of a manic-depressive psychosis are three in number: (1) Flight of ideas. (2) Psychomotor hyperactivity. (3) Emotional exaltations.'"

"There!" said the tall nervous one. "That sounds more as if we were getting down to something we could take hold of and sell to them. Now, then, just what do these doctors' terms mean—those symptoms?"

"Sure. That's what we're after—sure," said the other one, agreeing with him now. "Symptoms!"

So Doc Myers sat and explained them to them—these different symptoms of excitement that they would want to know about—the crazy hopping from one thing to another—both mentally and physically—in that disease.

"And there's another one," he said, looking at the book and going on, "another symptom that you don't want to neglect, and that's clang—clang associations—of words and ideas, you understand."

"What's that?" they asked, looking at him.

And he explained it the best he could—the way these particular lunatics, with just that disease, take up any word that comes to them.

"For example, if you were in that balloon this afternoon," he said, looking out—happening to—and seeing it sailing out in front there, "and I should say 'Real estate's going up sky high!'—why, then you'd begin talking about the balloon going up, maybe, all excited! Or you might even cut her loose and go up—if you could—and you were crazy enough!"

And at that the long-legged auctioneer gave a sudden start. "Look!" he said. "Isn't the wind from the west today?"

"I don't know," said the doctor, surprised a little. "Why? Why do you ask?"

But the tall real-estate man, instead of answering, just stepped over to the window and looked out. "It is!" he said, answering himself.

"Well, what of it?" said the fat one when the tall one stood there silent again, thinking evidently.

"Will you come up?" he said then, turning not to him, but the doctor.

"Up where?"

"In the balloon—with Cemetery Ed. If I can coax him in!"

"I dunno. What are you after?" said the doctor, holding back.

"To go up and sail over and sell the cemetery!" he said, still absent-minded, looking over east where that cemetery lay. "Selling these last insanity symptoms of yours to them." And then he explained his idea. "The time is short on this thing. We've only got a few days before next week, when these papers pass," he said. "And when you've got to put over anything, quick and sharp, you advertise."

"You're right, positively," said the other one.

"And especially if we should take the bride and groom along with him! Think of the free space you'd get in all the papers: 'Off to the Clouds. Mad Real-Estate Dealer Snatches Bride!'" said Happyhome Howe, walking up and down again.

"Sure. Sure. Positively!" said the fat one. "That would sell it fine—all over. You'd be crazy then without a doubt—declared so! But wouldn't it show you up too crazy? So you couldn't get out good again?"

"Why would it? Certainly not!" said the other one in a loud voice. "You got this thing all upside down. The risk here is not getting out of this thing. It's getting in—and starting it. I ain't insane, am I? Well then, the working up the insanity is the hard thing, ain't it—just as it is in these big murder trials we've been going over together?"

"You may be right," said Fliederbaum.

"Look—would these big high-priced lawyers, and these big insanity scientists in these big murder trials use that defense—all over today—unless they knew they could get them out all right afterwards—when the excitement's all over—and the thing's died out of the papers?"

"You may be right."

"Right? I know I'm right," said the tall one. "That's settled."

"Wait just a minute," said Doc Myers. "Who's handling that balloon in all this?"

"That balloon!" he said, staring back. "I can run her like a flivver, backwards and forwards in the dark. Why wouldn't I? I've been working balloons for twenty years now. Come on. Let's go!"

"Go where?" Doc Myers asked him, more and more nervous all the time.

"To the symptoms—to what I've got to learn here—so we'll have it all rehearsed right. And we've got no time to lose. For we've got to be up in that balloon and the ceremony started by 2:30 sharp."

So they started, and the doctor coached him up good and careful on the symptoms—especially the flight of ideas and that clang association that comes in that kind of insanity—that manic-depressive psychosis he'd been reading them about and they'd decided finally to take up.

And before they knew it, it was lunch-time and after, and his wife was calling up Happyhome Howe to come home.

"Will you tell her about it?" the doctor asked him.

"Yes. But not Nonita. Not my little girl'" said Happyhome, putting on his big black sombrero hat to go. "I never bring her into my inside business. I want to keep her young and innocent as long as I can."

"Will she be there at the ceremony this afternoon?"

"No. No. This is the day she's taking her dancing lesson in the city."

III

"ALL set!" said this Happyhome Howe to the Doc, in a low whisper, giving him the signal.

They stood, all six of them, in the nuptial balloon—up, say, twenty feet or so above the crowd of prospects and homeseekers staring up at them. There were the bride and groom—a good big fleshy girl and a smallish man; and the minister, another smallish man; and Happyhome Howe, who gave the bride away, looming up over the rest in his black Western slouch hat and his black wedding coat. And then Doc Myers and this Ed Watrous, this Cemetery Ed they were out to defend themselves against with this new real-estate scheme—all dressed up fit to kill, like a cherub in the latest tie and creased clothes and spats. They had roped him in to stand up with the Doc as a witness. And he would come, naturally, or do anything else they asked him to until that deal he was trimming them with was consummated.

The wedding ceremony was over, and the minister was just going to kiss the bride and make the joke or allusion that the most of them made, at Happyhome's request, in these balloon weddings—about marriages' being made in heaven—over the various properties they were out to sell.

"Is it too much to say that this is a bond especially made in heaven?" said the little minister, smiling and looking upward. And then starting to kiss the bride—and standing back, seeing the frozen look which came into her face!

"Hooray! Hooray! Let's go!" Happyhome Howe was hollering.

And they all started back, as far as they could, on the other edge of the balloon basket. For he had drawn out his big nine-inch sheath knife from under his coat tails, and was sawing at the rope that held down the balloon, where he'd fixed it at the edge of the basket earlier in the afternoon, cut partly away already, so it would go easy.

"What's this, Happy? What's the idea?" said Cemetery Ed, thinking naturally it was another one of his stunts—and yet not so sure either. For he looked bad, especially with that big bare nine-inch knife.

"Don't. Don't cross him," said Doc Myers to the others, in a low hurried voice—according to agreement.

"What is it?" said Cemetery Ed, looking over at him sharp.

And the Doc said nothing—but just tapped his head and shook it.

"Don't," he said, whispering, after a minute. "It's come finally. Don't cross him. Let me manage him."

And they all shrank back—including Cemetery Ed—while he turned toward him, starting to stop him. But just as he did he'd cut the last of the rope—and up they went. Not so very fast, though, because the balloon, with those six in it, was pretty well loaded.

And the crowd underneath gave a kind of low long murmur, like they do when something exciting and unexpected happens.

"Folks," said Happyhome Howe, looking down over the edge of the basket at their upturned faces, "follow us. Big sale. Big sale! Follow us—over to Dreamslopes. Dreamslopes! Follow. Big sale!" he said, hollering louder and louder, and pointing, as they blew away toward the east out of earshot. And then he took and shook out over the edge a cotton advertising banner he had fixed up earlier along the lines of one they used on Happyhome Heights:

COME TO DREAMSLOPES
YOUR FUTURE HOME!

"What's this?" said Cemetery Ed again, trying him out once more, in spite of the Doc's warning.

"Don't you see yet?" said Happyhome Howe back, quick and ugly—and still standing with that big bare knife.

"See what?" said the other, still studying him from his angel face.

"Are you a fool? A fool or what?" said Happyhome Howe, leaning down over the other little fat dressy real-estate man, talking faster and crosser and more threatening, and pointing at him, close up, with the long, bright, sharp-looking knife. "And you a realty salesman! We're on our way over there—to Dreamslopes—to my cemetery! This wind's just about right—to land us almost there. And they'll follow us—naturally—especially those in automobiles and in the company's busses. And when we land them there we'll sell them—sell them—sell them! At auction!" he said, talking louder and louder, and flourishing that big knife of his, more and more regardless of the people around him.

"Don't. Don't. Don't excite him!" the doctor said, motioning to them, under cover. And after a second Happyhome shut up and stopped.

There was a kind of silence after this, and looking down they saw, in a general way, the man was right. They had a west wind, and they were drifting up over toward the cemetery, not so high, being loaded so; yet high enough—a hundred feet or so—out of the trees anyway. And if they didn't hit the cemetery they'd come not far from it. And looking down, they saw the crowd was starting following them—both in the automobiles and on foot.

It was the bride who spoke up first, recovering from her first shock. "You let us down! You let us down! We didn't agree to help sell any old cemetery!" she started calling.

And Doc Myers grabbed her and her husband. "Hush!" he said to him. "Keep her still. Don't get him any more excited!" he told him in a loud warning whisper, tapping his forehead again. "Especially the way we're crowded in here in this basket."

So she fainted away—with the groom holding onto her and reviving her at one edge of the basket. And that put them out of the way—as Happyhome Howe had calculated.

"What is this? What is going on here?" said the minister, whispering back over his shoulder to Doc Myers.

"Mad. Crazy!" said the Doc, whispering to the two others. "Business troubles."

"Is that the truth?" said the little minister, whiter than his white tie.

"How long since?" said Cemetery Ed, looking at him sharp, with a hard-boiled blue eye out of that angel boy-soprano face.

"I don't know," said Doc Myers. "I've only had him under observation for these last few weeks. But there seems to be a long history back of the case—of odd acts, and so forth—as there's apt to be. But it's been aggravated lately—a good deal worse since he got wild drunk here this week—that time he bought this cemetery from you or whoever it was. That was a kind of finishing touch that started in these last outbreaks like you see here now—when he is bound and determined to go over and sell that cemetery."

"The ruling passion—strong even in death," said the minister, nodding his head up and down.

"Yes. Exactly. That's the way their minds operate," said the Doc—and worked in a few words on his symptoms—that flight of ideas and especially that clang association.

"And I blame myself," he said. "I shouldn't have let him up in this balloon this afternoon, even if it was advertised. I might have known he'd try to work in a trip to this crazy cemetery thing—this thing his mind's gone on the loose over. And don't talk," he said, for he saw Happyhome Howe straightening up now. "Let me handle him. That'll be best."

(Continued on Page 133)

For every FORD driver

¶ *The secret of operating a Ford smoothly lies in your ability to start, stop and reverse the car without causing the transmission bands to chatter. For chatter destroys ease of operation and makes your Ford uncomfortable to drive or ride in.*

velvety smoothness of control *plus eight definite economies in operation*

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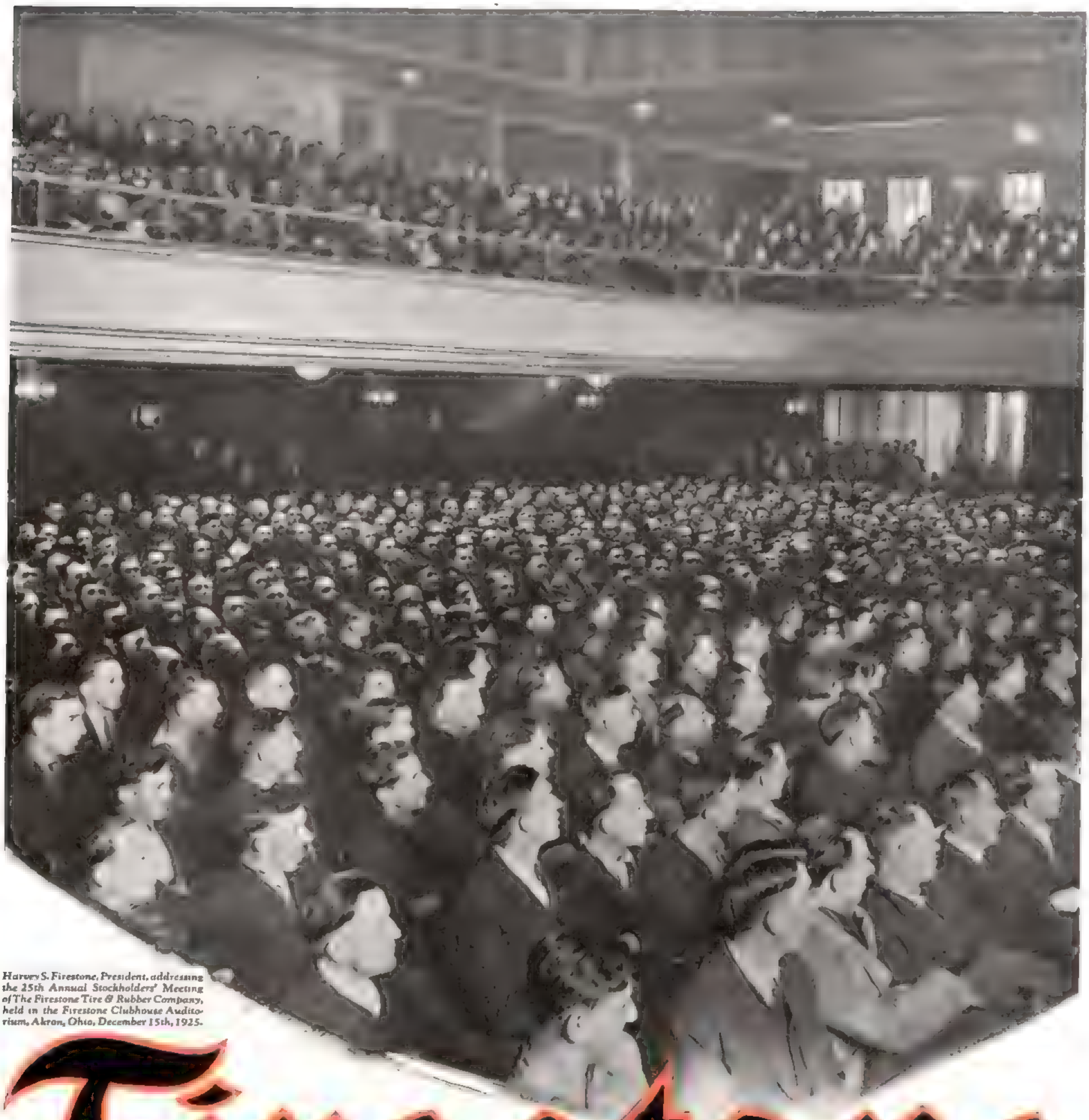

Harvey S. Firestone, President, addressing the 25th Annual Stockholders' Meeting of The Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, held in the Firestone Clubhouse Auditorium, Akron, Ohio, December 15th, 1925.

Firestone

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One of the Reasons Why Firestone Tires Are Better

HERE are the designers and builders of Firestone Tires, over 14,000 strong. Every one is a stockholder, sharing responsibility and rewards with the active head of the Company.

The annual Stockholders' meeting, shown above, is a tribute to the spirit behind Firestone's success. To these men and women the figures relating to sales and profits mean more than mere material gain. The tremendous increase in public demand for Firestone products gives each one that satisfaction which is life's richest accomplishment—the knowledge of a job well done and the tangible demonstration of public appreciation.

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This is the Observation Sedan

THIS is the new Jordan Observation Sedan. Every experienced driver is demanding this new type of all steel, all vision body. No heavy, old fashioned front pillars to hide the other fellow two seconds away.

Safety and vision mean delight in driving. Three dominant features have made the new Jordan the best selling car in its class—the Line Eight motor, the all steel, all vision body—and the first quality eight sedan to sell at $1845.

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Price f. o. b. Cleveland.

I'm tired of four walls and a ceiling—I have business in the great outdoors—I'm sick of bridge and teas and I don't get much of a thrill doing the Charleston—So here I am.

(Continued from Page 128

The auctioneer was standing up now, staring straight ahead. The crowd underneath was following to some extent, and those that had automobiles had started off on a road in their general direction. But he paid no attention to them any more, but stood on the front end of the basket, looking off straight ahead, under his big broad hat.

"He thinks he's Admiral Dewey, that's one of his ideas," said Doc Myers, throwing in the thoughts as they came to him, and stopping now, interrupted. For the bride had come to again.

"I knew it. I knew it!" she said. "I broke a mirror this morning—all to pieces."

Then she passed away again apparently; and the others, after a brief glance in her direction, turned and looked forward in silence, watching where they were going.

There were two ridges—the one where Happyhome Heights was located, then this small valley just to the east of it, and then this second ridge, where Dreamslopes lay, just over the top. They were passing out over the valley now, blowing toward the second ridge. Underneath them, to the north a ways, was a small village, with little buildings looking like scattered dice and the smoke from a locomotive that looked like a black ant crawling.

"You wait. Let me talk to him," said Doc Myers, making a motion to the others with his head, and moving over to the other rim of the basket and putting his mouth close up to this Happyhome's ear. For he had got an idea now, from his actions, that something might be going wrong.

"Cemetery. Cemetery. Over there!" he said loud, using that hint—that clang association of words and ideas that was supposed to influence the actions of the lunatics like he was supposed to be. "What is it? Anything wrong?" he whispered then, private.

He just stood, perfectly still and rigid, staring off apparently—but whispering, on the side, just audibly: "This thing ain't going right, Doc. We're overloaded."

And just then the bride started up, seeing the same thing. "We're going to hit! We're going to hit that hill!" she said, screaming.

And now they all saw it. They were blowing gradually along, in that slow wind, up toward that second ridge. There were woods on it, all along the near edge; and they must have sagged down into the valley, with all that overweight. Anyhow it looked as if they wouldn't make it.

"We'll fetch it, I guess, someway, by the skin of our teeth!" said Happyhome to Doc. "If you'll stand them off, and let me run it. But if not ——" he said, and stopped, interrupted.

"We're sinking! We're lost!" screamed the bride, covering her eyes up against the bridegroom's coat. For it certainly did look that way as they blew on toward that ridge.

"We can't stand this!" said Cemetery Ed, making a motion to step forward.

"Don't! Don't! Not now!" said Doc, holding him back with a hand that was covered with cold sweat. "Don't interfere with him—not now. After all, he's the only one here that can run a balloon!"

"True. True," said the minister, helping him hold the other one still. And then they started all together pitching out everything they could get their hands on—following Happyhome Howe's first example in doing so. But it didn't seem quite enough.

And then they all three gave a jump, for the big auctioneer had turned to them, straightening up and yelling in a loud voice, "Off with them!"

And when they stood watching he brought out that big sheath knife again.

"Off with them!" he said, pointing it at them—their clothes. "Everything that's heavy. And hurry up! Hurry up!" he said, in a savage voice, his eyes gleaming; not acting now—for they needed every ounce they had to throw overboard. "Off with them. Your shoes first!" he said, and he prodded Cemetery Ed, who was hanging back still, with the sharp end of the knife.

And he started, like the rest, taking off his shoes—convinced now, if he wasn't before, that the other man meant business. For the point of the thing was red, the Doc saw, when the auctioneer drew it back—and started now himself taking off his own shoes. And in thirty seconds they were all showering down into the woods—all six pairs, the bride's slippers and the costly pearl-colored spats and patent leathers of this Cemetery Ed last. And after that the coats and vests of the men went; and even the bride's veil, where she'd tossed it over—not thinking in her excitement how little it weighed—went floating down after them into the trees.

They stood there grouped together then, looking over. It was a warm, muggy day, like they have so many of around New York in August. They were so near the tops of the trees now they could hear the light wind in the top leaves from where they leaned over, looking, silent. And then there was a scratching noise along the bottom of the basket.

"She's sinking. She's aground!" the bride yelled.

But she pulled off that time, and gave a little lurch, and started on; and the Doc saw now what had happened. A draft had caught her—the draft that blows up over all the hills, it seems, when there is any breeze at all.

And when he saw that, and that they were by the worst and highest trees, all at once he heard Happyhome Howe working in another new wrinkle, hollering in that loud auctioneer's voice of his, singing one of those old-time Swiss yodling songs that used to be so popular years and years ago:

See the moon she climbs
Up the mountain high
La la la-i-oo.
La la la-i-oo.

He was hollering that—carrying out, every chance he got, those symptoms they had agreed on—of catching up and making something out of everything he was reminded of, on the spur of the moment—that crazy clang association and flight of ideas.

"Look," said Doc Myers, keeping on along the same lines, pulling at his sleeve. For she was up over the slope, and the cemetery would soon be in sight. He could see the top of that little run-down mortuary chapel that was on it. "Look. Look, Happy," he said, pointing. "Cemetery. We're almost there. Down. Down," he said, pointing down.

"Down. Down!" said Cemetery Ed and the minister, getting the idea more and more now, that suggestion of acts by words that he was working on.

"One at a time. Cut that out," said Doc Myers, in a loud whisper. "Cut that out—or he'll cut loose on you!" he said, playing on that word "cut," as they had agreed he would, shooting one last scare into them.

And in a minute the long knife was out again, and he was starting slashing at one of the ropes that held the basket. "Cut. Yes. Cut. Cut!" he was yelling.

"Stop! Wait! Hold on!" said Doc Myers to the rest of them. "Don't try and mix it up with him yet. Not with that knife in his hands. He's got the strength of three men when he's like this. Let me try him first—on his mental side. He's got his ideas crossed again," he whispered to them.

"Look, Happy!" said the Doc, pulling easy at his arm and pointing down, while the rest waited, staring over on the other rim. "Down there. Dreamslopes. Cemetery. Dreamslopes! They're waiting for you there—for you to sell them! Sell. Sell. Prospects for your sale. Holler. Tell them you're coming. Or you'll lose them!"

"Coming. Coming!" yelled Happyhome out over the edge. "Sale! Sale!"

"Attract their attention. Holler louder. Tell them we're coming down. Throw something at them. Here—this will do. This will do!" he said, taking the knife from him quietly, while the big man hollered.

"Tell them we're coming down, down!" the Doc said, talking soft and friendly to him when he stopped; and put the rope that works the valve that lets the gas out, into his hands, very softly and easily.

"We're sinking. We're sinking again," said the bride, clasping her husband again, and passed away once more.

"And get ready with that anchor rope," said the doctor, turning whispering to those behind him, pointing there where the thing was fastened up; and then turned back, talking and soothing Happyhome Howe where he stood hollering down, telling the crowd to wait for the sale. There was a big flat open kind of plain all around the place—one of those high, open sandy lots, where low-bush blackberries grow. A perfect place to land—just as Happyhome Howe had promised them. And they were coming almost next to the cemetery—just across the road from it—easing down, easing down. And the crowd was all there out of their autos, waiting and watching; and now they started to grab at that anchor as it swung slowly along. And Fliederbaum, Happyhome's side partner, was there, as they had planned, more or less directing things, and passing out in advance the ideas about the man's crazy fits lately.

So they finally grabbed the anchor, half a dozen of them in the crowd underneath, for the balloon was just barely moving.

"Fasten it. Hitch it around that telephone pole, folks," said Happyhome Howe, taking charge like the captain of an ocean liner, talking and acting big as they came down and down. "That's right. That'll do. Leave her there," he said, when they were still about twenty feet up. "Leave her there, folks," he said; and started in, auctioneer fashion, selling them cemetery lots.

"Pull her down. Pull her down!" yelled the rest of the party all together.

And they all piled on Happyhome Howe and held him. But he didn't move now, or make any protests. Just stood there, still and dignified while they held him. And the others outside pulled the basket down and held it.

"What's happened here?" said a motorcycle cop, stepping in. "What's up?"

"I am!" said Happyhome Howe, making that last crack, and standing perfectly still.

"Crazy. Crazy as a Bolshevik schoolteacher," said Cemetery Ed Watrous, stepping around gingerly in his stocking feet where they'd helped him out.

And just then Fliederbaum stepped up to the policeman, according to their schedule. "Listen, officer," he said, "do me this favor—to step aside here just one minute."

And then Fliederbaum told him what he wanted him to do—help them to take him over to that private sanitarium in the town, where he'd already made arrangements earlier in the day to take him—if worse came to worst!

IV

AT FIRST the plan couldn't have gone better in any possible way. They had Howe declared insane legally right off; and shut up in this fine high-class sanitarium, right there in the same town; and Doc Myers was put on the committee to manage his affairs, together with Fliederbaum and Howe's wife. And being right inside the family that way, and seeing Nonita, the daughter, all the time, it wasn't three weeks before the doctor was engaged to her.

She was a big, fine, breezy Western kind of girl, with all kinds of pep and courage; and when Cemetery Ed and the bunch of real-estate sharks behind him started in right away to sue to compel them to take over that worthless cemetery, according to her father's agreement, she was chock-full of fight—the more so because she wasn't in on the game, and really thought that her father was crazy.

"I'll be fair with you," she told Doc Myers from the first. "I had no intention of marrying you until the day my father was taken crazy, and you saved him and the rest in that hand-to-hand battle with him in the sky. I'm East now, and I'm going in strong for all sorts of Eastern things—Eastern clothes and Eastern manners—and my art of dancing. But I'm a

(Continued on Page 135)

John Bagley wrought a *smoke miracle*

IN the blending of tobaccos, this Virginian of the age of the "clays" was a veritable magician. By mixtures, he could give to tobacco the most intriguing odors—flavors—scents; delights without end. But as every genius creates one outstanding masterpiece, John Bagley developed a super-blend —BUCKINGHAM!

Here is a blend as fragrant as a breath off Dixie's fields in June. Never has the smoke cloud from the pipe bowl possessed so incomparable an aroma. Sun-sweetened Virginia leaf seasoned to the right tempo.

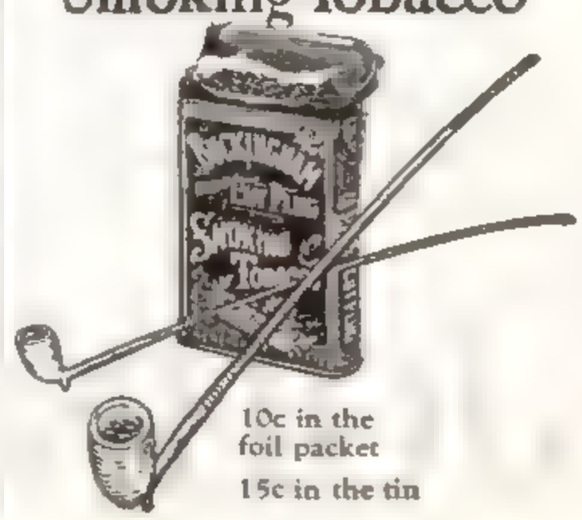
Eager to try this famous BUCKINGHAM? To sweeten your pipe . . . your taste . . . your sense of smell with this golden down-in-Dixie leaf? Simply step into your favorite dealer's and ask for a tin of BUCKINGHAM!

Smoke a Pipeful Tonight . . . in your wife's presence!

If you are unable to obtain Buckingham from your tobacco dealer, just send us his name and 15c—back will come a full-size package.

Guaranteed by The American Tobacco Co. New York City

Buckingham
Smoking Tobacco



10c in the foil packet
15c in the tin

The New, Easy, Electric Way to have Beautiful Waxed Floors

Quickly, *without Stooping, Kneeling or even soiling your hands*

WHY go to the expense and trouble of refinishing your floors every year or two? It isn't necessary—if you use the Johnson Wax treatment. This takes only a few minutes—there is no hard work—no messy rags and pails. And *afterwards* your floors will require but *half* the care and practically *no* expense.

Waxed floors are so beautiful and distinctive. They sparkle and gleam. They reflect sunshine and light. They accentuate beauty in rugs and furnishings. But waxed floors are also practical. They are easy to care for and their upkeep is less than with any other finish. Then, waxed floors are convenient—your rooms aren't upset for days at a time. Because you don't have to wait for WAX to dry—it hardens ready to polish in five minutes.

Just try the Johnson Wax treatment! All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop and the Electric Floor Polisher will *quickly* do the rest.

Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher

This wonderful new machine polishes floors instantly and without the slightest effort. It actually runs itself—you just guide it with the finger tips. It gives a higher, evener and more beautiful polish than can be obtained by hand. It is simple—nothing to get out of order. Light—only 9 lbs. Runs from any lamp socket. It polishes under davenports, buffets, desks and other low pieces without moving them.

The price of the Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher is only $42.50 (in Canada $48.50) and with each Polisher is given Free a $1.50 Lamb's-wool Mop and a pint of Johnson's Liquid Wax. Your dealer can supply you or we will send one express prepaid.

You Can Rent It for $2.00 a Day

At your neighborhood store you can rent a Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher and in just a few hours beautify all your floors and linoleum. Telephone your dealer and make an appointment to rent one for a day.

MERCHANTS who have not this Johnson's Wax Electric Floor Polisher for rent should write us for our business-building plan.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
"The Floor Finishing Authorities"
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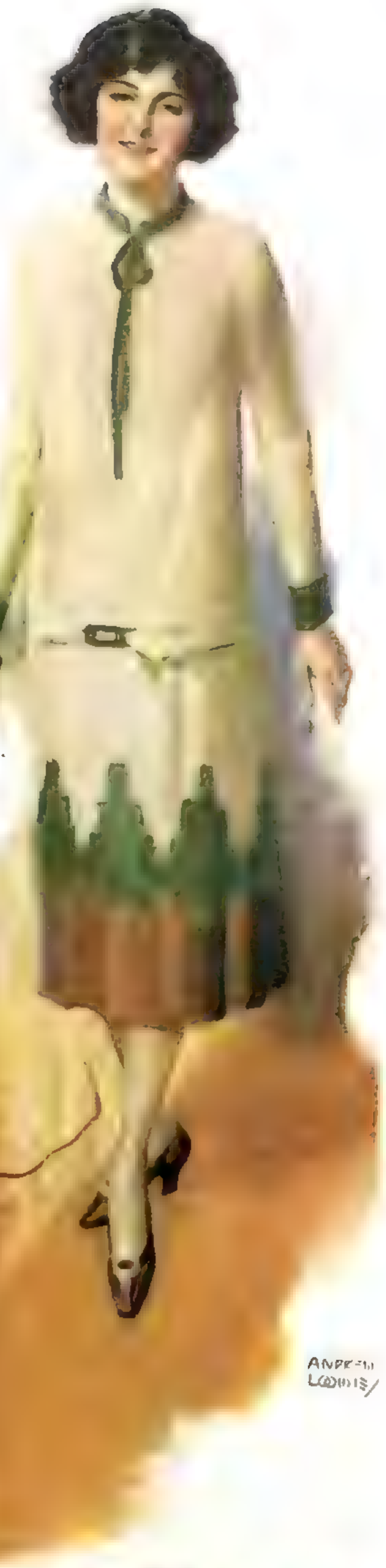


JOHNSON'S LIQUID WAX

(Continued from Page 133)

Western girl at heart. And where we come from we like good red-blooded men that we know can take care of us when we marry them. And you and I, before we get through, are going to show these cemetery robbers some tricks!"

She also told him then, more in detail, what it was that had set her against marrying so—the hardships that she and her mother had gone through with those realty stunts of Happyhome Howe on his home-making properties.

"For what's the meanest work in all the world?" she asked him, looking up and speaking in the clear, sensible voice that she had naturally—plus that dramatic way of emphasizing what she said that she had got now from the dancing lessons she had been taking lately.

"I don't know. What is?"

"Housecleaning and moving—especially moving, isn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"You suppose so! But you don't know. Nor any other man. But you ask any woman! All right then—what would you say if you had to move five thousand times—like my mother has?" she said, alluding to that stunt that they called her mother Ma Howe for of moving into all the new houses and fixing them up to make them look homelike—which sold them twice as fast as empty ones.

"But not five thousand, probably," said the doctor.

"Why not?"

"Well, she probably didn't move in and out of them all—not all the houses he's built!"

"Well, say, twenty-five hundred then. Cut it down half for good measure. How'd you like to move twenty-five hundred—or even fifteen hundred times in twenty-five years? Move in, clean up—all the floors and windows and woodwork; get the curtains up and the rugs down. And then up and sell, and move out, in about a week's time, maybe! And start and do it all over again! How'd you like that?"

"I wouldn't!" said the Doc.

"Well, neither did my mother; nor I! And that's why we were both trying to work out of it, when father went suddenly crazy. That's why I wasn't going to marry you or any other man on earth, but had set my heart on going abroad to study dancing with Shushkin, in Moscow. And my mother was going abroad, too—to Paris—to get as far as possible from this home-making business!"

"Your mother! To Paris!" said Doc Myers, surprised. For she was the last person he would have thought of having that ambition; that quiet little tired-eyed woman, all worn down by work and worry.

"Why not?" said the daughter. "Why wouldn't she want some life and excitement outside the home, after these twenty-five years of moving and housecleaning?" And he had to admit that probably she would.

"Well anyhow," she told him, "that's what we were both all ready to do—we were going abroad—while this Happyhome Heights was making good, and we had the money in our hands—before father took it and blew it all in, and lost it in some other new crazy realty promotion. But that's all over now. What we've got to do is to fight for our lives now—to escape getting reduced to this worthless cemetery and hopeless poverty by these realty sharks. And, believe me, we're going to do it too!"

"We'll take a good try anyhow!" said Doc Myers, more or less inspired by just hearing her.

The first thing for him to do, of course, was to get the right lawyer for their lawsuit. For the other side was spending big money for counsel. But finally the Doc got a clew to just the right one apparently—the best in the country, they claimed, along this line of getting big high-class criminals off in court by insanity. He heard of him through this Dr. J. Fairleigh Frothingham, the high-priced insanity expert at the head of this sanitarium which they had put Howe into, and the man who was going to be their expert witness in the coming trial. A tall, thin-legged, long-faced man, with long fingers and goatee.

They got to talking together, as doctors, about their patient and his lawsuit, and about the responsibility of people for their acts generally; and the insane expert got to going on the changes that were bound to come everywhere in a few years now, as a result of the new medical discoveries. For it seemed that was his specialty—and especially what he called the new justice.

"The new justice?" said the Doc.

"I mean, of course," said the expert, talking in that high-voiced, highbrow way he had, "the revolution in law jurisprudence that you and I are specially interested in, as physicians, doctor. The change that is going on all over the country today, now that it is realized that practically every criminal is a sick man—and should be treated as such. And the absurdity is seen of punishment or penalties for those without mental responsibility. Why should a man with either a very definite psychosis, or the I. Q. of an eight-year-old child be treated as a criminal?"

"He shouldn't," said Doc Myers, familiar, of course, in a way, with those initials; and yet not able to place them at the time.

"No. Someone, we can see now, must come in here—if there is any such thing as justice at all; must protect the irresponsible from the responsibility for their acts. Must step in between the man with faulty inhibition and defective I. Q., and the cruel, senseless clamor of the public for punishment—must protect the criminal from the criminal law, you might say, with perfect truth. And so the new era is on, in justice and in jurisprudence—with the physicians and scientists to the fore. And I'm willing to predict that in ten years practically all the prisons, if not the police forces of the country, will be in charge of skilled physicians and psychiatrists. And crime and irresponsibility will be dealt with rationally on an expert scale of psychic reaction and intelligence quotient test."

"Oh, yes," said Doc Myers, sinking back relieved now—remembering finally what those letters stand for, all over now in the modern writings on the subject.

"And that is where, of course, such a man as Hogue comes in," said the expert, and began praising him up—that big lawyer, who had such a reputation all over the country for the insanity defenses in these big murder trials.

"Do you know him personally?" Doc Myers asked him, interested.

"Oh, yes. Very well indeed. In fact, I am practically under retainer for him all the time—for use in future cases."

"As an alienist, you mean?"

"As a psychiatrist," he said, stiffening up a little. "The other term is slightly out of date, if you don't mind my saying so, doctor. Or at least we prefer the more modern term." And then he went on and explained to him how they worked it—how these big lawyers on murders and wills keep in touch with these big insanity experts, holding them on what amounts to a retainer—on their staff, you might say.

"But isn't Hogue pretty expensive?" asked Doc Myers. For he had heard so.

"Not for the work he does. Not if you want to win your case."

"I wonder if he would take up this case against this Happyhome Howe's family—these two women they're suing on this cemetery contract they claim against your patient?"

"Oh, without a question," said the expert. "It would be just the type that would appeal to him—protecting the interests of two women who are being wronged and defrauded. And I'll take pleasure in putting you in touch with him."

So the result was that when the trial came finally they had on their side probably the best lawyer on mental irresponsibility in the country.

v

SO THEN that much was settled—and in the best possible way apparently. But on the other hand, of course, Doc Myers could see that getting this high-priced lawyer in, and running up the expenses of that trial every way made it absolutely necessary now that they win. For if they lost and were left with that practically worthless cemetery as the only thing they owned in the world, the Howe family would be gone absolutely. They'd be without a dollar, and their bread winner shut up in an insane asylum. So he worried day and night over the thing now.

One thing that bothered him especially was his own part in it—their bringing him up on the stand to go over again his testimony when he had Happyhome Howe declared legally insane. For the lawyer on the other side, a man named Runkle, had the reputation of being a devil on cross-examinations. And the Doc—like most ordinary doctors—wasn't much up on insanity; and it kept coming back to him and keeping him awake nights, wondering what if this lawyer and the experts he'd have behind him mightn't be likely just to break him down on the witness stand, and get him for perjury.

And one of the worst things that came up along that line was that this Doctor Frothingham, their expert, wasn't giving his patient the same kind of insanity as Doc Myers had when he had got him sent away.

"I fear I can't agree with you, doctor, about your diagnosis," he said when Doc Myers had brought the matter up. "I can't see a cyclothymia or even a manic-depressive psychosis here at all. It is much more serious than that."

"Oh, do you think so?" said Doc Myers, giving a start.

"Yes. Though I can understand your view too. You hold, I imagine, to the Bleuler hypothesis—to his ambivalency of ideas?"

"Well, yes, I suppose I do," said the Doc, fighting for time and trying to look intelligent.

"Yes. That would come into it, of course," said the insanity expert. "And, of course, too, you bring in the flight from reality?"

"Well, yes," said the Doc, taking a chance on that too. "That was a part of my idea."

"And that is true—perfectly true. Up to that we agree. But from that point on we diverge radically—you to extroversion and I to introversion."

"Just—just what," said Doc Myers, stammering finally, "is your diagnosis?"

"I should say—though not too definitely—that we have here an old long-standing dementia præcox, of the hebephrenic type—with at least the beginnings of schizophrenia," he said, looking at him through his gold-bowed glasses, with their black ribbon.

"Is it as bad as that?"

"I'm afraid so."

"You may be right. You may be right," said the Doc; going back home afterward, worried more and more, and dragging out his blue insanity book, and reading up on those diseases he claimed Howe had—from the symptoms he had been displaying over in his sanitarium. Half sick from worrying over this thing.

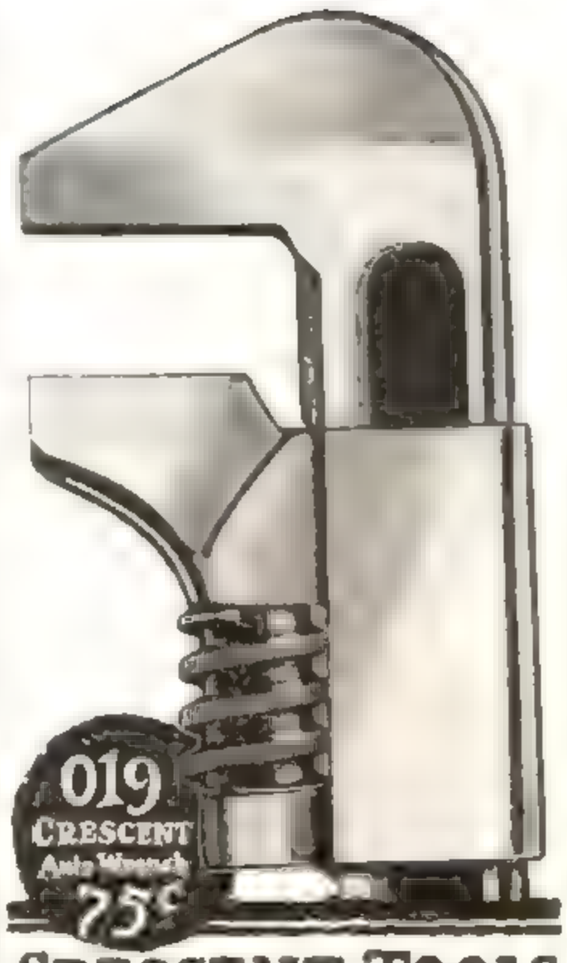
For, after all, what did he know about it? And how would he testify differently from this man, Frothingham, on the disease that Howe had? Yet, on the other hand, how was he going to testify as Frothingham did, without contradicting the records of what he had said the patient had at the time he was declared legally insane?

He told his troubles to their lawyer, this celebrated Hogue, when he came in. And he told him to go ahead and tell a plain straight story, and he'd protect him.

"For what we've got here is not a matter for splitting hairs," he said. "It's just a case of rank injustice and wrong, where the sympathy of all honest men will go out to these two poor women here, and this poor insane irresponsible man, whom these unscrupulous rascals are trying to defraud."

Then he quoted more or less from the New Testament, and went on to train up

(Continued on Page 137)



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ON TOAST

"WHAT this country needs," says a man who knows, "is a good toast definition." When there are set before you slices of a scorified substance having the molecular affinity of an Akron product, be not deceived. This is not toast.

When you contemplate within a napkin a few charred vestiges of kiln-dried bread, face the truth frankly. Your toast credulity has been imposed upon.

Toast is not singed bread, nor seared bread, nor scorched bread. It is not dried bread, nor desiccated bread, nor dehydrated bread.

Toast that IS Toast

Toast that is toast has a crust that is "caramelized," browned to a turn, crisp, but concealing a center of moist, tender goodness. Taken into the lingual orifice it produces a beatific sensation that permeates the entire anatomy, and lets the sun shine through the darkest humours.

The Toast of the Toast Masters

Toast comes from honored ancestry and the finest culinary associations.

What, since the days of Napoleon, has been elected as fit to enhance filet mignon, a quail, roe, sweetbreads, mushrooms, or a rarebit? The French would answer "rôtie"—toast.

What delicacy does the dainty eater often fancy when every other food is scorned? Toast

What is equally acceptable at breakfast, luncheon, or (when well made) to finish a dinner? Toast.

What is as correct for the baby's menu as for the dyspeptic's dietary? Toast.

What can you make at a pinch when a friend drops in unexpectedly, and the larder is bare? Toast.

Toast is at home in sumptuousness or simplicity. It is susceptible of elaborate treatment or plain treatment. The only treatment it rebels against is mistreatment in the making

READ in a cookbook of Dickens time the elaborate formularies for making good toast There are precepts about clear fires, and red coals, and spits, and grids, and racks, and forks, and salamanders Servants are exhorted to brown the toast evenly, to make it quickly, to serve it promptly.

For you to make good toast, however, all that's necessary is to turn on a Westinghouse Turnover Toaster. If you haven't one, you can put $2 in the baby's bank right now. You'll save that because of the new price for which the Turnover sells.

Same toaster — same high quality — merely more volume — and a new price tag.

Fingers never are burned on a Westinghouse toaster — literally or figuratively. When the toast should be turned, open the rack, and the toast is turned for you. Open it again, a minute later, and your nostrils are assailed by all the evidential savorniess of complete toast mastery

Westinghouse introduced the Turnover Toaster to a world of toastdom. Westinghouse now follows up the advantage by introducing a $6.00 price.

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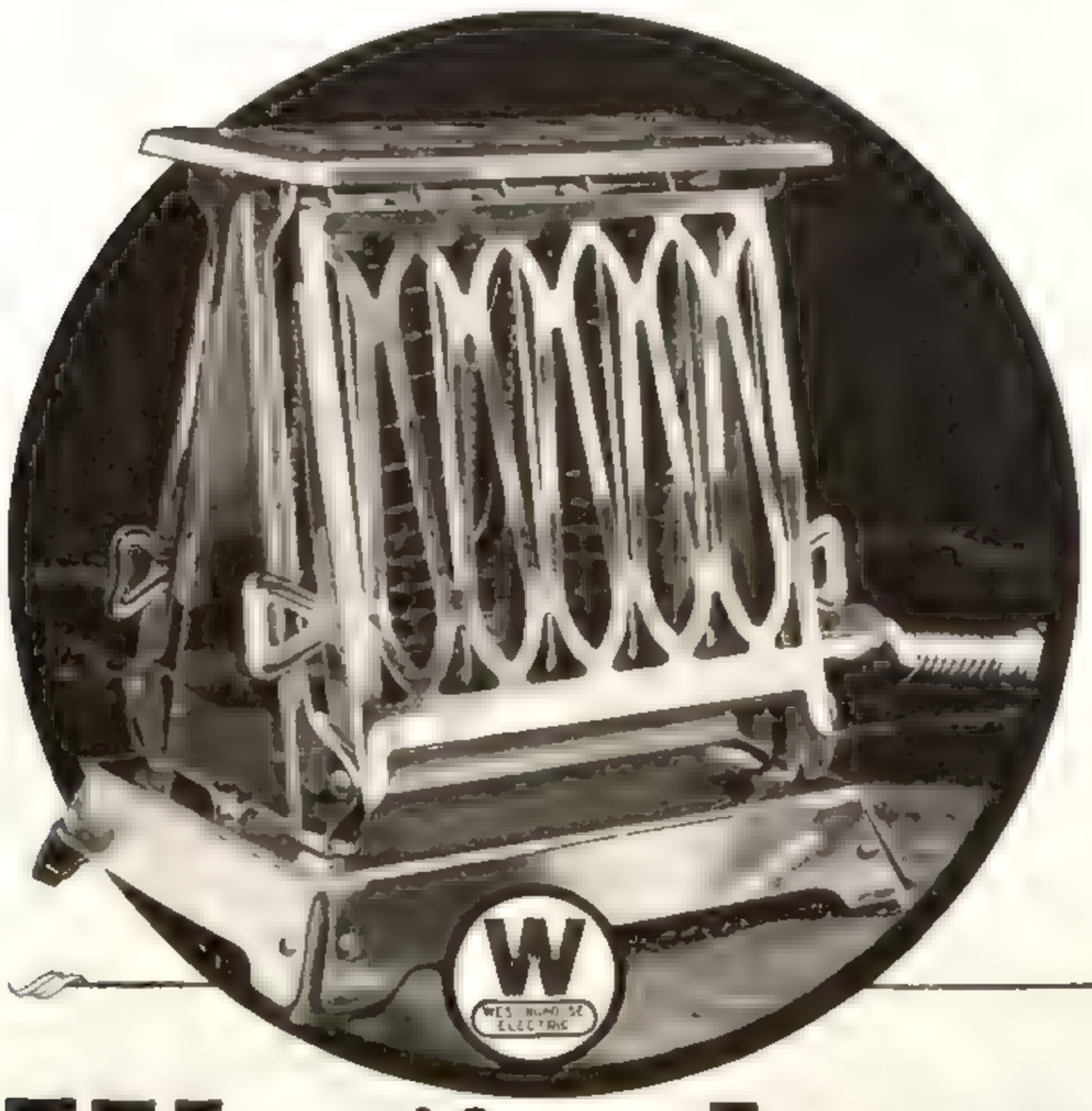

Westinghouse

The Original
Turnover Toaster

now $6

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Continued from Page 135

the witnesses and stage up the trial, showing the women how to talk and what clothes and hats to wear, so as to work on the pity of the jury. For that, of course, was his specialty—working on the sympathy of the jury for the weak and unfortunate. And he looked and acted the part himself, all the time. A slack, despondent-looking man, with sad, melancholy, kind of pitiful eyes, and soiled cuffs.

"Don't worry," he said to the Doc on the day before the trial. "You'll come out all right."

But just the same, that wasn't so easy for a man in Doc Myers' position. It was one thing to step to the front and help out the father of a girl you're crazy over, keeping him from getting trimmed by this real-estate shark with his crooked cemetery. But it was another thing to get up and swear your life away in open court—and especially on a thing you didn't know any too much about anyhow. And there was mighty little sleep came to Doc Myers that night before that trial—thinking what that red-headed lawyer they talked so much about might do to him on the witness stand—and wondering what the penalty for perjury was anyhow.

But the next day, there they were in court—a big, depressing, kind of soiled-looking place, like court rooms always are; a soiled room and soiled corridors, full of stale air, and soiled floors and woodwork; and dingy men in dingy clothes, who looked soiled morally and mentally, inside and out, like the place they were in. And Doc Myers felt it, naturally, more than ever—that something about a court room that always makes you want to go out and wash up. And with it all that sense of fear and trickery and danger of getting trimmed that comes over you there—with the lawyers and the bald-headed court attendants. And up over everything, on the bench, a fat-faced judge in a black gown sat looking bored and more or less disgusted at what he had to see day after day.

Over at the plaintiff's table Doc could see this Cemetery Ed, all slicked up, smoother and more innocent, and more like an oversized boy-soprano in spats and expensive clothes than ever. And the others behind him in this cemetery deal were with him at the opening. And then their psychiatry expert, and this red-headed lawyer that had the reputation of tearing up the witnesses and feeding them to the jury raw—with their heads together, talking.

Doc Myers sat and watched the opposing lawyers to see which got over best with the jury. And sometimes he thought it was the brass-lunged one that stunned them and beat them down; and sometimes that it was the one with the sad, soothing, sneering smile that had the last word with them. And before he knew it they were in the heart of the trial, and Doctor Frothingham, their insanity expert, was on the stand, and they were asking him those questions on insanity—those hypothetical questions that, it seemed, the whole case hinged on. And the two lawyers and the judge and this psychiatrist, looking wise and still behind his ribboned eyeglass and goatee, were all rolling over and over in a general mix-up, and his head whirled to hear it. For it seemed that Doc Myers' side was trying to prove that this insanity was on Howe for months back. And the other side was claiming they couldn't prove it—and if they did they'd have to show it was regular and steady all the way back—and not something with lucid intervals, like that light kind of cyclothymia that Doc Myers had first picked out for him—where they are sane and insane by spells.

"Doctor," their man Hogue was saying, framing up this hypothetical question that so much depended upon—"doctor, you realize, of course, from long experience, the first necessity in testimony of this kind—of making it clear and intelligible to the jury."

"I do," he said, very stiff and straight, with that wise, more or less commanding look a goatee gives you.

"I know you do, doctor. I know you do," said Hogue, with his sad, low, kind of truthful voice. "Doctor," he said then, starting on again after a minute—"doctor, if and when this patient of yours had signed a document of this kind, and admitting this for the purpose of your answer—though not necessarily as a fact conceded in this case; and if then, this being assumed, he should clearly have exhibited at the time of your examination this tendency you have attributed to Bleuler's ambivalency, would the patient then be considered to be suffering from a dementia præcox or a manic psychosis?"

"I object," said this Runkle, the red-headed lawyer on the other side.

"On what grounds?" said the judge, apparently waking up out of his sleep.

"On the ground that it is incompetent and irrelevant."

"Objection not sustained," said the judge.

"Will you please read that again?" said the insanity expert, Doctor Frothingham, from the stand. And the court stenographer did so.

"My answer is, either—as the case may be!" said the expert.

"I object!" said the red-headed lawyer, springing up, every hair bristling.

And Doc Myers moved around in his chair, hearing that disagreeable threatening voice, thinking about its being his turn next to testify.

"You may proceed," said the sleepy judge to Hogue, bowing, after hearing the other man's objection.

And Hogue bowed back to him. "As the case may be," he said, with another sad look at the expert. "What is your meaning in that?"

"Your Honor! Your Honor!" said the brass-lunged one, on his feet again, more excited and ugly than ever.

"You may answer," said the judge, opening his eyes again, hearing him, and motioning for the witness to go on.

"My answer is, that depends upon the various mannerisms, stereotypes and neologisms indicated—and more particularly upon the direction of the flight of ideas—whether in extroversion or introversion," said the expert, rubbing his goatee.

"As you have already testified."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes. But if then, as you have already shown," Hogue said, going on with his hypothetical question, "and notwithstanding conflicting claims to the contrary, it appears, as you have already stated, that the flight of ideas, as predicated in this case, was introversive, as opposed to extroversive; then, this being established, and further, as you have already testified, close accurate day-by-day observation had established emotional dilapidation, and progress even to the point of schizophrenia ——"

"Oh, Your Honor! Your Honor!" yelled Runkle, louder yet. "I object! I object!"

"On what grounds?" said the judge, partly waking up again.

"Gosh!" said Doc Myers, listening.

"What is this, Your Honor?" yelled the red-headed one. "When and where has schizophrenia been established in this case?"

"Your Honor, are we not, at this moment laying our foundation for schizophrenia?" asked Hogue, looking over at the other lawyer, with his sad, sneering smile.

And the judge rolled in his seat. "Could you phrase your question so as to avoid all doubt and ambiguity?" he said, looking down at Hogue.

"Certainly, Your Honor, with pleasure," said Hogue, more and more polite.

"Gosh! What'll they do to me! When they get me up there!" said Doc Myers, sitting on the edge of his chair, listening with all his ears. "Perjury. Perjury!" his lips kept forming unconsciously. "A state's-prison offense."

And just then he gave a jump, in spite of himself. For somebody had him by the shoulder. But looking around, with his heart leaping like a scared rabbit, he saw it was just Fliederbaum, who had gone out of

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Yet, notice how moist it is. What's the idea of this moisture? Why do we call Williams the "saturated" lather? Because, it's the extra moisture held by Williams lather that actually does the work of softening the beard.

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☐ I enclose 15¢ for the "12 Most Popular Pens in the World"

WRITE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS IN SPACE BELOW

the court room about fifteen minutes before, on a call from some stranger who wanted to see him outside. And he was whispering in his ear, more excited, more like an astonished fish than ever.

"Come on. Come on outside. Right away—quick!"

"What is it?" said the Doc.

"It's the cemetery. The cemetery. Hurry!"

"Well, what about it?"

"We got to keep it! We got to grab it!" whispered Fliederbaum, stuttering.

"Grab it! What for?"

"It's a gold mine! A gold mine!"

"A gold mine!" said the Doc to himself, stupefied, and got up and tiptoed out of the court room after him.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 40)

Character Analysis, in ten volumes, by Lucy Louise Lilliput; he had spent many months with Etiquette for Every Occasion, and he knew more about Psychology of Character than the author. Any situation that wasn't covered by these courses he handled from his study of the Personal Equation in Selling Yourself and How to Meet and Create Complexes. Poor Floretta was a puppet in his hands. She didn't love him, but she couldn't do anything about it.

"Florimel started for the Smith domicile with a look of determination in his eyes. He arrived just as the verdict was about to be read.

"'Stop, Desmond!' yelled Florimel; and Desmond, seeing that his evil ways were about to overtake him, caught up the fair Floretta, rushed out of the house with her and jumped into his high-powered speedster, which was parked in the driveway."

"Some guy, that Florimel," observed Pete, the critical.

"The boy wizard acted with dispatch," grandma continued. "'I will get him!' he shouted, and in a very short time he had cranked up his magic flivver, which he had left at the curb. Desmond, going about eighty miles an hour, had disappeared from view, but Florimel gave his flivver the gas and in a very few minutes saw the tail light of the fleeing car. He knew he could catch it easily."

"Well, my gosh," asked Mike, who had remained quiet thus far, "how could a flivver ——"

"This flivver had all the latest accessories on it, and there was no limit to its speed and endurance. The Dufunny Carburetor increased its speed 40 per cent, the Little Marvel Manifold added 15 per cent more, the Triple Action Timer gave 50 per cent increased efficiency, and the Pink Pills for Puny Gasoline which he used made him afraid to open her wide open, as she would probably leave the ground altogether.

"Florimel caught the car at the crossroads and forced it into the ditch. He and Desmond met in the middle of the highway and prepared to fight it out. 'I warn you, Desmond,' said Florimel, 'I possess the strength of ten men. I will tear you in two.'"

Mike laughed outright.

"You see," went on grandma, "he had spent his spare time taking Modern Physical Culture, and he hardly knew his own strength. He also had taken Self-Defense for Everyday Use and Know Thyself in ten volumes and five weeks. Desmond, however, would not be warned, and with a few swift movements Florimel left him lying helpless by the roadside.

"A low moan then attracted his attention and threw him into despair for the moment, for it came from Floretta, who had been thrown against the windshield when the car stopped. She was about to gasp her last. Was he to lose her after all this? he asked himself.

"'No,' he said as he thought of the bottle of Marvelous Elixir which he had found on his travels and always carried with him."

"And what did that do?" asked Sally Ann.

"At the first application Floretta revived slightly and the color came back into her cheeks; at the second application she sat up; and the third left her completely cured and never feeling better. I do not know exactly what was the matter with her, but that doesn't make any difference, as the Elixir was guaranteed to cure anything. Good night."

—David B. Park.

Psyche in the Bookshop

AN ELFIN being of a classic mold
Among the first editions, new and old,
With Attic grace and antique face
Her beauty glorified the place.

I leaned against the counter in a trance;
Immortal Psyche looked at me—a glance
That found its goal, a poet's soul,
And coolly, cruelly took its toll.

Ecstatic moment that—it left me weak;
The nymph approached; she seemed about to speak!
Her lips were red; her lovely head—
"Say, you, lay off them books!" she said.

—Charles Nichols Webb.

Miss Europe: "Quick, Hold My Baby Till I Can Come Back."

Why more people choose the GULBRANSEN *than any other piano in the world*

THE Gulbransen Registering Piano is today the largest selling piano in the world

People who are tired of being listeners, people who want the lasting satisfaction of playing music *themselves*, find in this wonderful instrument all the pleasures they have longed for

Those who love singing have discovered it to be a perfect accompaniment for themselves and others

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You need no musical training to play it; it plays by roll. Yet *you* control its playing. You can hush it to a whisper, or release its clear, sweet tones in brilliant volume You can play fast or slow, accent melody and harmony notes, accompany voices or other instruments It is simple and easy

You can, in a word, do anything that you could do if *you* played by hand. This is true of the Gulbransen alone—the only piano of its kind in the world

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That is why the Gulbransen is the largest selling piano in America today Thousands of pianists, recognizing its superb quality, own it and play it both by hand and by roll.

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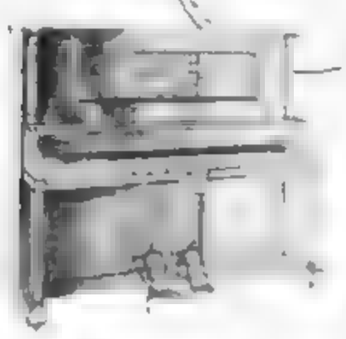

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The Gulbransen Registering Grand, $1275. The Gulbransen Grand, $785 Both models are full-sized, full-toned instruments

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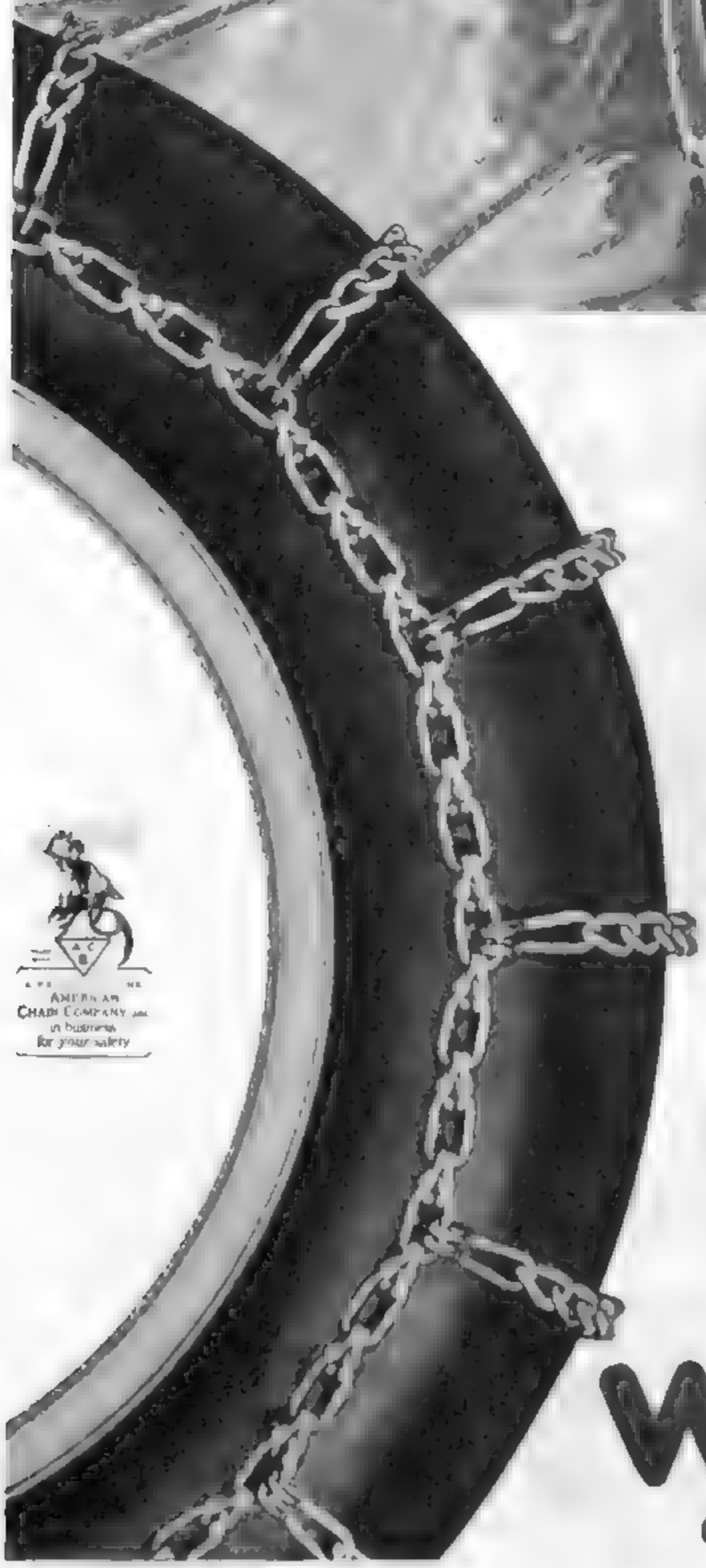

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SHAPES IN LIGHT

Continued from Page 4

base my conduct on the approval of a valet and pin my obligations to a boutonnière.

At the Goldwyns' I met Albert Lasker for the first time, and we had a very cheerful contact. I knew nothing about the Shipping Board, little more of Mr. Lasker's evident wide activities, but I did see at once that he had an admirable light and civilized sense of humor. His manner was nicely detached; he was totally without the necessity of magnifying the importance of what was important to him. Together in the car, with Mrs. Goldwyn's cloak like a gigantic orchid, a California orchid, in the gloom of somber dress coats, we laughed a great deal at nothing and reached Marion Davies' house at exactly the hour I had chosen.

Chaplin Finds a New Hat

There were already a great many people there; it was, I discovered, to be a dinner of twenty-four. I saw Mrs. Glyn, whom I had never met, on a sofa; I spoke to Miss Davies, who was herself as fresh as a flower; and then came squarely into Chaplin. At first I thought he hadn't changed in the three years since I had last talked to him, but I corrected that impression—he had. Yes, he was older, and his hair was notably gray. He was older, but he wasn't old. His spirit, his vitality hadn't diminished. We stood for a little, talking seriously, in an eddy of bright scented skirts; and, no matter what he said, his face instantly took the form, the emotion, of his words. He had, I thought, the most sensitive face in the world; or rather, its amazing mobility perfectly expressed his most delicate apprehensions. And it was his subconscious, his creative being, never his words, that held me. Intellectually, he was no more interesting than a thousand other vivid inquiring minds, but as himself, as Charlie Chaplin, he had a unique value.

That value had been very widely written about, highly praised, but it hadn't been described with exactitude, perhaps because the medium of its expression was still so new, so experimental. The moving picture had even been called a new art; but that was nonsense, since if it were an art, it couldn't be new; for all art, at bottom, was no more than a record. The newness of a medium or a very old difficulty—the definition of beauty. For what, at best, Chaplin did was brushed and dignified by beauty. He could make apparent to almost everyone the absurdity of human aspirations; he made tragically and ridiculously clear the unclosable difference between the actuality and the pretense; a grotesque figure in rags, with the ironical emphasis of a cane, impotent, weak, sly, a coward, there yet haunted him dreams and fragments of loveliness and courage. He was always the victim of mishaps that attack not only his pride but the entire self-esteem of civilization; and in the simplest, what well might be called the most vulgar, of ways—he is about to lose his senseless pants in Alaska and he ties them on with a rope—to the other end of which is fastened a dog. And like that, insulted in turn by everyone present, he dances with a girl for whom he has conceived a passionate admiration. An impossible situation; yet, watching it, knowing quite well that, in a moving picture, his pants wouldn't be allowed off, I still felt that they might, in some wretched accident, slip to the floor, to everybody's eternal shame.

Dressed extremely correctly, with emotions passing swift over his face like the shadows of clouds on water, Chaplin was drawn away, and I found myself beside a girl so absolutely pretty that it was humorous. She was the perfection of the American masculine taste; as blond as it was possible to be, her skin was like cream faintly stained with pink rose leaves, and above eyes widely opened and azure, her eyelashes swept out and up in an unbelievable curve. I felt that I should have recognized her at once. I didn't; and when she told me that she had never acted for the camera, I felt relieved. I heard her name and—a habit that had lately fastened on me—forgot it at once. She was seated. I was on the arm of her chair; and looking up at me, wholly innocent of the effect of such an uncalculated glance, she said in a carefully modulated voice that she loved what I had written.

If she had mentioned abstract relativity, I couldn't have been more amazed, and I was assailed by an idiotic desire to ask her which of my books she preferred. I did, naturally, no such unwise thing; instead I thanked her. In addition she told me that she considered it an honor to be talking to me. I gazed at her in an inexcusable silence. Those dark books of vain memories and unfulfilled desire! Her sheer prettiness made it impossible that she should have read them; there wasn't the faintest trace of such a preoccupation about her. And I began to wonder if she were merely polite, feminine, adaptable; or if, hidden in her vitalized cream and roses and pale gilt, there was a feeling for paragraphs at least supported by the iron of irremedial loss

What, I thought, could be more fascinating than the discovery of the latter under such an exterior; and I determined to spend the rest of the evening, all my stay in California, if necessary, toward that end. But dinner was announced. I sat far from her at the table, and I didn't see her again. I was between Mrs. Moreno, with whom conversation needed to be very nicely weighed, and Mrs. Charles Chaplin, with the bright cheeks of America and the black hair of Spain. She said very little to me, but she offered me her champagne, since, she explained, in that sense she didn't drink. Two empty places across from me were filled late by King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman; and Vidor I was specially glad to see. He had made a very effective picture from Wild Oranges, a story of mine; he had directed The Big Parade; and he was finishing La Bohême, with Lillian Gish, all accomplishments of the greatest interest to me. We talked across the table; Miss Boardman kept a smile for what we said; and dancing began.

It began, but ended abruptly for Chaplin in a Spanish pantomime of a bullfighter who, at an injudicious moment in the ring, turned to speak to a girl among the spectators. After that he was Napoleon in a dialogue with Josephine; and I enjoyed this enormously until something familiar in the hat he wore attracted my attention. It was my hat, the best felt hat I had found in years, pulled sideways, and forever, I was convinced, out of shape. When he had finished I followed him into the hall, and after repairing as much damage as possible, I sat on the steps with Eleanor Boardman and again grew serious. That was a defect I had never been able to cure—the temptation to grow serious at the smallest excuse and the most inappropriate times and places. Whenever I really liked anyone I didn't grow sentimental, but I became grave, filled with melancholy and fine but somber words. I managed to get Miss Boardman and myself, I remember, thoroughly unhappy, and then, after some charades, the party was over

The Goldwyns were left at their house, I was dropped by the Ambassador and Albert Lasker carried on into Los Angeles, to the Alexandria. Although it was past midnight, the air was warm, all my windows were up, and, utterly comfortable and with no desire for sleep, I lay thinking about all I had seen in the few hours I had been in—was it Hollywood or Los Angeles?—the Ambassador was situated squarely between. A number of people I knew, men and women who were my intimates, had no interest at all in either moving pictures or the people who made them; they regarded my attraction as either purely frivolous or a misguided effort to make, some day, a great deal of money. They denied that the moving picture ever could be an art and smiled at the actions of the profession, the professions built around it. They were very explicit:

Passed by the Censors

The accomplishment of a dignified and precise form was impossible for people without background. No form could exist without entire concentration in the genius of an individual. No beauty was possible where there wasn't a hard fine mental discipline. Beauty could never be amenable to the mob. All that, my temperament and experience agreed with. And in its support I couldn't remember a moving picture, among the hundreds I had seen, that was entirely successful. The best had their moments, many swiftly running feet of superior excellence; but always, usually toward the end, there was disappointment, the lack of a grasp and development of a story as a whole—and always a trifling with truth. That, of course, was the fault of the mob; of the mob and the necessary investment. The spirit of practically all moving pictures, too, was hopelessly wrong; the spirit and not their morals.

It was easy to cut out an offensive episode, but impossible to mend a cheaplying materialism of the whole, correct inherently false values. Broughtup in stories that had of necessity to do with humanity,

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF FAMOUS PLAYERS LASKY CORPORATION

Allan Dwan, Paramount's Famous Producer-Director, Choosing Thirty Beautiful Girls From a Group of 500, for The Coast of Folly

(Continued on Page 145)

A Promise

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Remarkable new mechanical processes were perfected, making it possible, in many instances, for one machine to do the work formerly done by six, eight and ten machines—and do it better.

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THE ÆTNA-IZATION OF JOHN MAXWELL—CHAPTER SIX

John Maxwell's automobile was an asset, affording him enjoyment in serenity and comfort not a threatening liability. A few cents a day invested in an Ætna combination automobile policy protected him against financial loss or inconvenience from accidents—wherever he might be.

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Protect yourself with an Ætna policy! Accidents happen at home as well as on the road. What would one do to *your* savings? Suppose you should injure some unseeing pedestrian. Juries these days award damages in thousands where once they dealt in hundreds!

Under an Ætna combination policy you can be protected fully against every insurable hazard. If your car injures someone —if it is stolen—if it burns—if it is damaged by collision or wrecks other's property—you can be secured against loss.

See the Ætna-izer in your community today! He is a man worth knowing. He represents the strongest multiple-line insurance organization in the world—the Ætna Life Insurance Company and affiliated companies.

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Ætna-ize! As you prosper, and as your obligations increase!

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(Continued from Page 141

against endless human relationships, moving pictures avoided the consequences of practically every natural act. It didn't matter where the blame, the insuperable difficulty, lay; the only thing of importance was the result—and that was mainly ludicrous. Yet admitting this, recognizing it perhaps more clearly than the bitterest critics, the making of moving pictures continued to interest and charm me. It was a new medium; its possibilities had scarcely been guessed, and in it were the possibilities, the plastic beauty, of arts as old as China.

I kept this feeling in spite of a personal contact with moving pictures that merited the word dreadful. In the operation of making them I had been patronized, insulted, laughed at and arbitrarily dismissed. When, in that operation, I met men it was possible to applaud absolutely, men courteous and sincere, they were as helpless as I was; either they were impotent in a system insensible to their virtues or under the control of the ignorant or the unsympathetic. There was already, in a form so absolutely new, no freedom and hardly any freshness of vision; so soon it had been caught in a rigid imitation tradition. And even that tradition wasn't its own, but inherited from an obsolete stage; the stage, it appeared, had willed most of its infirmities to the moving picture and had been immensely better, more living, as a result.

I didn't, God knew, consider that I had a divine appointment to correct so much. There was an immense amount of technical practice and skill in moving pictures of which I knew nothing. I wasn't even aware of the sheer mechanical problems involved; I wasn't willing to devote the rest of my life to the acquiring of such knowledge; and yet—well, here I was in California at the mere whisper that I might be concerned, with Mr. Samuel Goldwyn, in a moving picture almost a year away.

The next morning, after a deliberate breakfast brought in hot containers from the hotel, a luxurious breakfast in pajamas in a room poured full of brilliant sunlight, the patio gay with flowers, I went to the Famous Players-Lasky Studios and there found Allan Dwan directing a picture from a novel called Sea Horses by Francis Brett Young. Allan was standing on a high camera platform; the cameras were shooting down on the elaborate representation, in full scale, of a steamer in the African coast trade. He called to me at once and came down the steps to the floor, a short, thickly set, vigorous man with an extraordinarily rapid decisiveness of judgment. He was exact, with a remarkable grasp of crowding detail, and incredibly facile. He projected and finished pictures with Gloria Swanson while others were assembling a cast. When, quickly and intimately, he was talking to me his gaze searched a group of deck hands.

Those men up there—he called—the sweat's all gone off them!

A Morning on the Sets

At once an individual with an atomizer climbed the gangway and in a few moments the faces about him—or rather on the coast of Africa—were running with water. If their shirts got too dry, there were buckets for that. The making of the picture, with a Chinese cameraman, went forward. Allan found me a very much reserved chair painted with the name of its owner, and he sat easily beside his continuity clerk, while a number of sailors carried their captain, who had been very badly damaged, up to his deck.

No, no—Allan's voice was at once impatient and reasonable—it's your captain, not a bag of potatoes; and he's hurt!

My overwhelming interest in such proceedings completely enveloped me. I wished that it was my picture, that I was seated in the director's chair; and I damned the invisible barrier that appeared to close in together the actual producers of moving pictures, to close them in and everyone else out. There was nothing specially mysterious about it, nothing mysteriously special. It needed, naturally, a particular temperament and ability; but not all directors were like Allan Dwan. I knew a dozen, in positions of importance, that didn't seem hopelessly superior to what, with heroic effort, I might accomplish. I had found myself able to converse with them on almost the same plane of creative understanding.

I left Allan's set, and with no more than the passage of a curtain, came into the East of James Elroy Flecker's play, Hassan This was more complicated than the scene for Sea Horses, and Raoul Walsh made a place for me on the wide platform that held

Rosemary Davies With Her Older Sister, Marion, Pictured at the Front Door of Marion's Beverly Hills Home

his staff and cameras. Young Mr. Collier and Greta Nissen, I saw at once, were about to be—almost—beheaded. A youth with a steel tape was measuring the distance from the lenses to the block; the executioner, a misshapen Mexican in a daze at the blinding lights, the hurrying technical crowd and Oriental dress, was attempting the gesticulating explanations of an interpreter in a square-topped brown derby and a beard. Miss Nissen was making up her eyes before a small portable mirror, and we were having an extremely entertaining time when she was imperatively called. She left quickly—quickly, but never ungracefully; a dancer, there wasn't a break in the conscious rhythm of her movement; and, together with Collier, her shoulders were strapped to the block. They were to be—almost—beheaded together. The interpreter begged his countryman, the executioner, to do his duty in the manner explained, the cameras were all in action, and the sultan, in a robe of actual utmost magnificence, exhibited a countenance of cool malignancy. In reality, he was an old Chinaman with an ingratiating smile and a flawless formal courtesy. Whenever I came on Raoul Walsh's set he rose, and bowing profoundly, indicated that this business of a sultan was a child's affair, but, as we both understood, necessary.

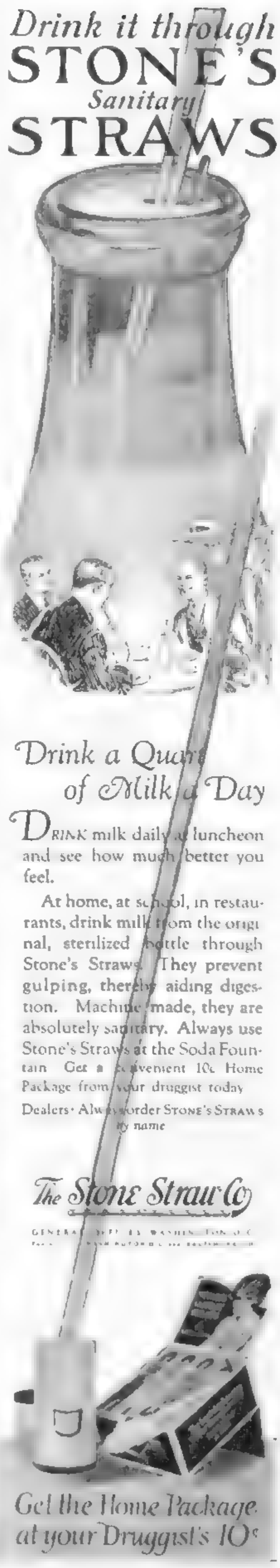
The executioner was to raise his great scimitar at a designated speed, and this, in reverse, would appear as though the blade had fallen; but he was so bewildered, I was convinced that at any moment there would be a scene of realism unprecedented in moving pictures. But at last that was safely photographed, the high batteries of lights flickered out, and Walsh rolled a calm cigarette; in the midst of Bagdad dispersing, he asked me to dinner. I left reluctantly, and returning to the Ambassador, I sat for a long happy while at a solitary luncheon in the green breakfast room. At intervals I thought of the pleasant people I would see, the plans I must soon be making. Lillian Gish was in Hollywood, Douglas and Mary Fairbanks had not yet left for Europe, Chaplin I would meet again and again; and then I began to wonder why I had no word from Aileen Pringle. I had telegraphed her before leaving West Chester and was certain that a note from her would be waiting for me at the Ambassador. There had been a telegram from Pola Negri, but nothing from Aileen.

I had last seen her in Havana. The morning Jesse Lasky and I left she came to the pier, and as the steamer turned out into the harbor, he had stood on the deck above me, waving to her. The consequence of this was that she gave the effect of calling good-by to us separately; and all the way to Jacksonville, where Jesse went North and I turned aside to Mexico, we argued about which of us Aileen had risen so early to see. She was in Hollywood, I knew, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio. It began to look as though Jesse had been right The telephone then began more repeatedly to interrupt my quiet. Some of the voices I was familiar with, others were strange. I was asked to speak at women's clubs, I was invited to be the guest of a breakfast club and accepted that immediately—I had once been to an invitation breakfast in Cuba where Manhattan cocktails were served with the eggs and beer with the beefsteak—I was urged to listen to plots for moving pictures and to meet at once any number of persons with confidential messages of the greatest importance to me.

Snapped at Breakfast

Morris Dallett telephoned. I had forgotten that he was in California, and I told him by all means to come to my rooms the following morning. When he arrived—the press had not yet forgotten me—my breakfast was standing cold on its table, a reporter had a notebook on her knee, and a photographer, who had placed me as though in the act of writing at a desk, held the bulb of his camera in one hand and a flashlight in the other. The powder exploded, I made the involuntary and startled expression of abject terror that flashlights always caused in me, and the room was flooded with an evil-smelling vapor. I had to go through this again—the bulb, the loud flash, the fright, across the breakfast table. After a little the room was half fit to breathe in, and while I finished dressing I took up with Morris the conversation we had dropped in Pennsylvania. He too regarded moving pictures with a covetous but so far vain eye; and realizing that, helpless to get what I wanted for myself, I could be of little assistance to him, I drove to the United Studios to see Samuel Goldwyn.

What Samuel and Henry King wanted from me was an idyllic love story—both their minds were full of Romeo and Juliet—laid in the mountains of Southwestern Virginia, against the background of a bitter family feud. The Capulets and Montagues! They tried me with a title—Romeo and Juliet of Virginia. But for a story that was to be in essence mine, that didn't seem exactly, not completely, appropriate. However, they gave up that idea cheerfully and at once. And Sam interrupted our discussion to inquire if I were really having a good time. Henry was still very busy with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DRINK milk daily at luncheon and see how much better you feel.
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retakes, but he hoped we'd be able to have dinner with Frances Marion next week. I begged him to hurry nothing. I was having a remarkable time, I reassured him.

Then he returned to the subject of the picture and I asked Henry King about the censorship and shooting. In a feud, every now and then someone not an absolute villain was killed. Women, Henry, are shot from ambush. Will the susceptibilities of the censors be able to support that? Will they sanction, for the school children of America, the largely wanton shedding of practically innocent blood? It wouldn't be possible in this case, I reflected rapidly, to make the murderers Indians. And one shot, hitting a carefully selected and totally unsympathetic character, wouldn't make a feud.

But Henry King was serious. He had just finished a picture—Stella Dallas, with remarkably fine qualities; he had directed Tol'able David; and he could justifiably expect all my support. Sam, by that time, had another and entirely reasonable, an excellent, idea—the picture would be more valuable if the story first appeared as a serial in one of the magazines with a great circulation. My hope fell as what had promised to be a chance to make a distinguished moving picture began to recede.

The material for a moving picture, I had discovered, was not material for a novel; and while I would make a picture of a mountain feud, I couldn't write a novel about it. I had passed that point in what might be referred to as my literary progress. The psychology of a moving picture was necessarily very elemental, the truth was it was childlike; only a few motives, all conventional, were yet possible; the characters could hardly be better than stereotyped—like pepper and salt shakers, all the white, the savor, must be in one individual and all the black in another. But while the elements of a moving picture were not adequate for a novel, there was such a diverse suggestion of life and movement in any appropriate novel that making a moving picture from it was nearly always possible.

However, I was, I believed, sufficiently simple to work in a direct pictorial medium; what I had to avoid was the confusion, to the ruin of both, of two utterly different aims; and, not entirely successful, I tried to make this clear to Sam.

No Movie Story, No Contract

Finally, but more reluctantly than he did the first, he gave up his second superior idea. He said to me, I have bought a great many original stories from authors, and paid them very large sums of money, but I have never been able to use a thing they did for me. My sympathy there was entirely with him—the complacent ignorance of most creative writers about the plainest facts of moving pictures was amazing. Their opinion took the form of a lofty trinity: any contact with a moving picture was a menace to the dignity of their place, they understood moving pictures intimately, and their supporting them was worth unheard-of amounts. It was the fallacy of such a writer that a picture could be put down on paper; the truth, of course, was that it must be built up day by day from the camera and light and movement.

Samuel Goldwyn's manner was touched with a reminiscent sadness, and as quickly as possible I told him that I knew what he was troubled by—unless we all agreed that we had a story, there would be no contract. He grew more cheerful and assured me that he liked authors, the right authors, very much indeed, and that he had always treated them fairly. Certainly he was treating me very pleasantly, and we separated in the best of humors. I went at once to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios and asked the attendant at the low swinging gate of the entrance for Miss Gish. If this had been Jesse's company, I would have gone in unceremoniously and looked for her; but here I wasn't known, and I had to write my name on a slip of paper. However—I had had some slight importance in what he would have called the industry—the gatekeeper recognized me and a messenger was sent with me to find Lillian Gish.

I followed a long flight of stairs up to a shallow open gallery on a perspective of doors, and there Lillian's secretary met me; she said that I was expected in the dressing room, and almost at once I was holding Lillian's hand. When I had last relinquished it, more than two years before, she had gone to Italy, to make The White Sister. In a little reception room in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel in New York we had both been bothered by the story; and now that was finished, even Romola was a thing of the past, and she was ending Bohême.

I don't look very well, she said; you see, poor Mimi is dying.

A Visit With Lillian Gish

Lillian had on the simple dress of poverty in 1840 and Paris, and her face was hung with cold blue shadows—even away from the setting, the illusion of its purpose, I could hardly realize that the shadows were paint.

Well, she said, in her delicately prim voice, sitting down, I haven't seen you for a long while, and what have you been doing?

I replied briefly, Writing, saying to myself that she was just as lovely as I remembered her. Lovelier! I told her this: Lillian, your beauty is incredible. Sometimes, when I am away from you, it seems impossible; I think what I recall is only the way I'd like you to look, or the way you look to me; but those things have nothing to do with it; I haven't invented one small loveliness.

There, as she always did at such times, she laughed at me; a low laugh with a little doubt, a little embarrassment and a little pleasure. Lillian was the one person alive to whom, hating all extremes of statement, I yet spoke in the superlative. But then she was a superlative personage.

We began at once with her new picture, La Bohême; she wanted me to see it and asked when that would be convenient.

At any time, I assured her.

But there are sixteen reels! she cried in warning. It isn't cut or assembled, and there are only some temporary titles.

I begged her not to treat me like an amateur. You know I like the making of moving pictures, even yours, better than the final result. And I want you to see Bohême with me. She assented at once. I want to talk to you about it. Lillian showed me a sheaf of photographs, of stills, of herself in the character of Mimi, and I arbitrarily put aside two. I pointed to one severely.

Do you think you, or anybody else, has a right to look like that? I demanded Haven't you a trace of conscience? It makes me unhappy, and I know you; I know how infinitely remote you are from the effects you produce. You belong in the Middle Ages, when the man who loved you would be always away, with your scented sleeve bound on his arm, fighting in magical forests.

She considered this gravely. Then ——

How is Dorothy? My Dorothy and my mother have just landed from Europe. For five minutes we talked with great energy about our families. I half rose—you will want to go. But she assured me there was no need for hurry:

I am making some retakes alone with my cameraman. Mr. Vidor won't be here: he trusts them with me.

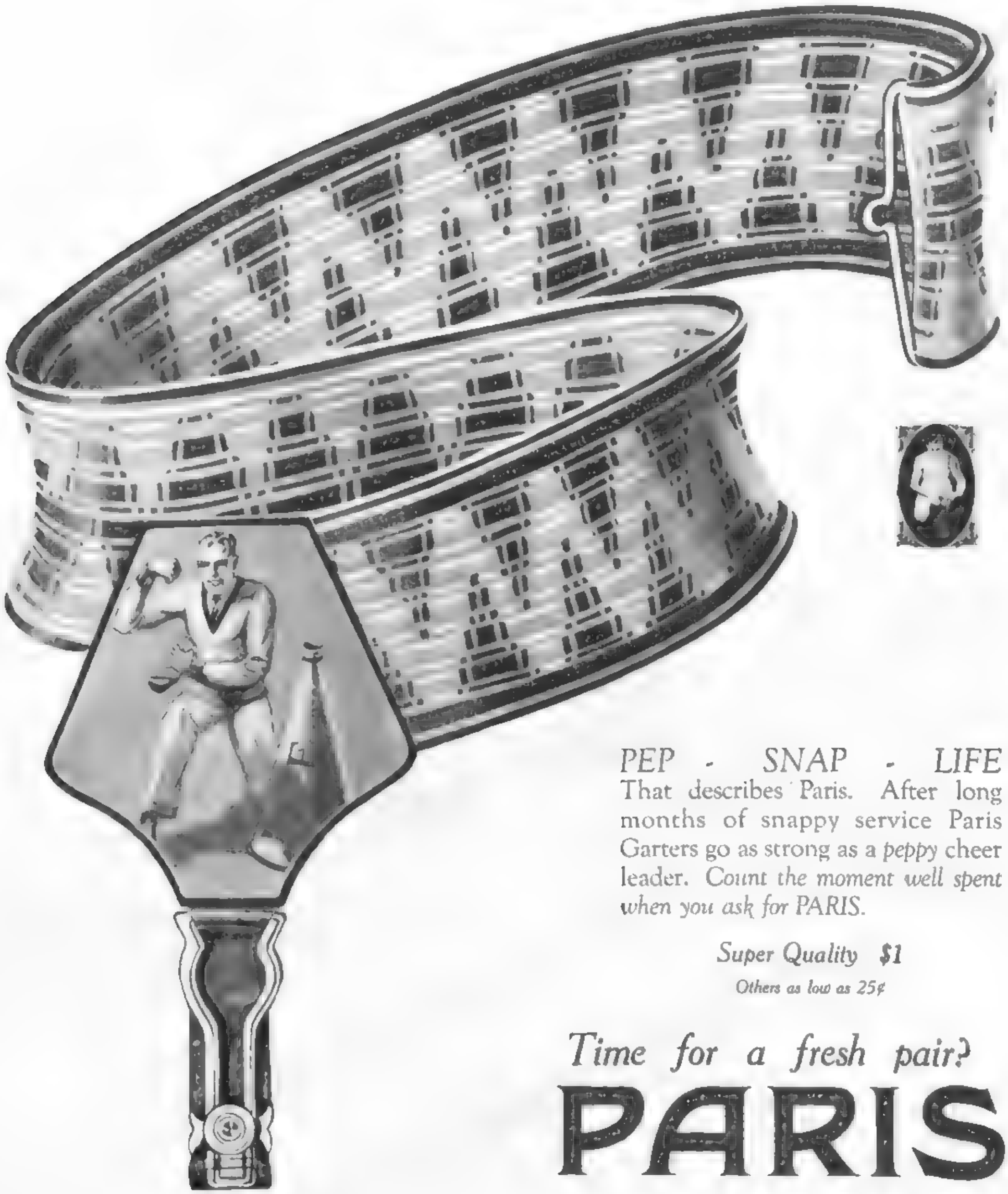
Lillian added that I mustn't forget she had directed Dorothy Gish's most successful picture entirely by herself. And that brought back to me once more how deceptive her appearance of fragility was. She had, in her delicate body, a strong vital being—yes, and a stubborn will. Watching her while she impetuously moved to find me an ash tray, I began to plot against the well-being of James Branch Cabell. I'll introduce him to Lillian, I decided, and she will totally ruin his illusion about the beauty

(Continued on Page 149)

"Your car certainly rides a lot easier than mine, but don't you find that balloon tires wear out faster than cords?"

"Not these; they're Kelly-Springfields."

P E P



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(Continued from Page 146)

of Helen of Troy. He will write perpetually of Lillian instead. I wanted, above everything, to put her not in a book but in a moving picture.

She was the only one of the three individuals in her world—Lillian and Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks—infinitely above all others, I thought, that I could work with. Chaplin built his pictures mood on mood from the secrets of his spirit and memories, and Douglas needed only the proper setting, the fine appropriate and subordinate details, over which to project his brilliancy. But Lillian was already engaged in The Scarlet Letter. Next, she told me, she wanted to make a picture in France, as a preparation for the Joan of Arc it was her ambition to create. However, she spoke about a story of mine we had always considered together.

You must be very careful who directs it, she warned me.

I asked her if she would have dinner with me that night, but she said that she had promised to go to Frances Marion's.

Call her up, I added, and say that I am coming with you.

But that, it turned out after an extended telephoning, was impossible. Miss Marion and Lillian were to consult with the director, Victor Seastrom, who had been practically engaged for The Scarlet Letter.

Then, I informed them collectively, you must have dinner with me tomorrow night. No one else will be asked. It will be as private as possible in my small breakfast room, and we'll talk about nothing but pictures, pictures, pictures. The Scarlet Letter, Lillian put in hopefully. Frances and I are so absorbed in that. And she added a flattering, a successful period that had to do with the value of my opinions.

I went to dinner that night with Jesse, to his sister's; she had married Hector Turnbull, a Scotsman and the able director of the Famous Players-Lasky Western Studios. Afterward, inevitably, we saw a moving picture. Hector pulled down a screen that rolled above a wide window, the projectors were arranged and we sat critically through a story of the West. It was obvious; but parts, even for us, were good entertainment. It revived my intention to write a novel laid under the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains; and when it was over we were thrown into a heated practical discussion of the picture's logic. It amused me to listen to Hector at such times, for there was literally nothing about him to suggest such a preoccupation; nothing could have been more remote from the artificial world of entertainment than his short, vigorous brown person; and at intervals he would interrupt the serious question of a title to speak far more seriously about golf.

Lost in Hollywood

Breakfast the following morning was even more deliberate than before, and in the middle of it there was a voice over the telephone which I recognized immediately as Aileen's.

I just got your telegram this morning, she explained. I am not working and I hadn't been to the studio; but that's no reason why it wasn't forwarded to me. I was furious.

It was arranged that I was to have luncheon with her at one o'clock. La Brea Terrace, I heard her say; and I thought I understood the number as clearly. Leaving the Ambassador in a hurry, I was forced to be satisfied with a taxicab; but the driver told me he knew exactly where I wanted to go. He had been there before. We went up La Brea Avenue to where it stopped abruptly. A sign said odd numbers to the left, and to the left, from my memory, we turned. A gardener and chauffeur at the extreme end of the terrace driveway agreed that the number we were looking for didn't exist, and we went back to the avenue. We stopped at two houses, but nothing was known of either La Brea Terrace or Miss Pringle—off the screen.

A girl in a real-estate office told us where the terrace was, and seemed to recall that Miss Pringle lived in that vicinity. It all appeared very hopeless until I saw the sign of the Hollywood Bookshop.

They will know in there, I told the driver. I knew that Aileen bought books; and in a familiar setting, I found out what I might have guessed—her telephone number was not public and it could not be given to me. By that time, naturally, I was late for luncheon. But Mr. Stade, who had charge of the store, remembered Aileen. She had been in there more than once, and he thought he had her correct address. In a few minutes he returned with it—an even number. I had gone the wrong direction on La Brea Terrace. Again the cab went slowly and loudly up the slope of the mountain. We bore to the right, and I found Aileen's house hidden at the end of a narrow and twisting lane.

Two Old-Fashioned Girls

It was pink stucco. There was a lawn about it almost as steep as the walls, and of a number of steps, I chose the wrong ones.

Not those, she called from above; go on farther.

I was extraordinarily glad to see her, and I asked at once whom she had come to the pier at Havana to see.

Don't be ridiculous, she replied.

Her hair had been cut. It was intensely black and brushed directly back from her face, and there was a dense bang across her remarkable eyes; but what struck me, even more than her physical grace, was the vigor of her personality; there was no hesitation in her attitude, no doubt in her speech. Everything she said was tied up in sentences of finality and dropped behind. This we both enjoyed, since I disagreed just as much as I agreed with her, and our conversation was charged with energy.

Aileen, too, was lovely, but in a way entirely different from Lillian. Aileen's beauty, as I have intimated, lay in her actual grace and vivid color; looking at her, I couldn't remember any other coloring so arresting. And then her spirits—they were like the explosions on the Fourth of July mornings of my childhood! I saw at once that she had been lonely; she had had nothing measurably near her desire, near, I thought, her merits, to do; and eternally active in mind, she had grown restless, discontented. For that reason she was specially glad to see me. I was part of a phase of her life lately held in abeyance. We both intimately knew and were devoted to the island of Cuba; and so we talked our way through luncheon, through the early, middle and late afternoon and then separated reluctantly in order to dress for dinner. In reality she drove me back to the Ambassador—Aileen and Thomas, with Ming, the black chow, seated outside by him. We talked without pause; and when the traffic brought her car to a stop by the crowded trolley cars everyone who could catch a glimpse of her gazed down into the small dark upholstered interior that held us.

Isn't it miraculous I am not working, she said, for then I'd be busy from early morning until late at night and I'd be scarcely able to see you.

There was no detail of my stay in California that wasn't perfect, I replied. Certainly I could not have improved that moment in another town car with a beautiful creature who had nothing in the world to do.

I have very little to attend to myself, I added; a dinner and some talk next week. And so we arranged that we would see each other tomorrow and the day after—well, we'd see each other!

It began to rain while I was dressing, and waiting at the entrance of the Ambassador for Lillian and Miss Marion, I wondered how I should get them over the long walk to my bungalow. Perhaps it would be better to have their car go back to Wilshire Avenue, from where there was a shorter way to Huerta. But while I was debating this they arrived; and getting out with one diminutive umbrella between them, they declaimed in chorus: We are two old-fashioned girls. Our hair is long, we don't smoke, and neither, please, do we drink. That was all well enough, I answered, but how was I, with an umbrella like that, to get them to my rooms dry? It didn't matter, they asserted; we could hurry; and moving our one small portable area of protection uselessly about, we did go as hastily as possible—for very fragile slippers—down the wet path.

I had ordered California oysters, and dinner was waiting; but before we had moved a fork, we began, sometimes separately but mostly all together, to discuss The Scarlet Letter. However, by sheer masculine weight, I made an opportunity to say that there should be snow: I saw Hester Prynne walking alone with her burning insignia in the immaculate and still winter. Then, I hurried on before I could be interrupted, and only then, against that whiteness, can you understand how gaunt, how bleak, the land and dogmas of that New England were. Whoever directs the story must know its locality. Seastrom, it developed, had never been to Massachusetts; but it was Lillian's opinion that he would be willing, if it was concluded necessary, to go. That, I realized, was uncommonly admirable of him, and we commented on the difficulty of getting directors to read the books connected with the subjects, the places and characters, they professionally dealt with.

I told Lillian that I could give Seastrom a bibliography of fifty books and papers that would be of incalculable value in making a moving picture from The Scarlet Letter, and she began to look a little blank. And all of them, I continued to Frances Marion, would have to do with the actual taking of the picture and not the story, which is in your extremely capable hands. I could say this so simply because it seemed to be recognized everywhere that, in preparing stories for the screen, Miss Marion was without rival. I had only seen her once before, and then not more than ten minutes; but in that brief time she had more completely grasped my written intentions, more sympathetically divined my complicated hopes, than anything in my experience had led me to expect.

Able to Fend for Themselves

As usual for her, Lillian, and Miss Marion, left early. The rain had stopped, but although there were several parties that night where I'd be welcome, and the evening was not far advanced, I sank back into the peacefulness of my rooms. A mark of increasing age, I told myself; and I was entertained at the difference between the life I was actually living in Hollywood and the wild course I was supposed, by the East, to be describing. The early rackety stages, the pioneer days, of moving pictures in the West—even aside from my specially serious connections—had very largely come to an end. I could see that. There had been a great many failures; the public, to a slight extent, had been educated, the competition had grown narrower and sharper. At Raoul Walsh's dinner, for example, where there was a score of the prettiest girls imaginable, pretty or better, and gay in spirit. After ten and before twelve, those who were working in the morning went home singly or in pairs. Jesse and I were among the last to leave; and we lingered, talking to Miss Anna Q. Nilsson, who wore riding boots, and Constance Talmadge. Miss Talmadge, I thought, was charming; and I wondered why, with so many blond women to choose from, there were practically no men with light hair, characteristically Anglo-Saxon, available for moving pictures. Light-haired men, it appeared, didn't fancy acting; and when they did, usually, where they were concerned, I didn't.

Finally—Jesse still stayed—I left with Greta Nissen. She was staying just across the street from the Ambassador. Her hair, her face were so fair in the darkness that they might have been phosphorescent. Her English was at once limited and adequate, and when she was at a loss for a word she had a smile that admirably carried her over the difficulty. She told me again that she was a dancer and regretted the stage; as soon as Hassan was finished she was returning to New York for a picture; she waited appealingly for me to say something reassuring about her future. Her manner was intimate; she had a way of interrogating me with her hands in air, an appearance of wide-eyed helplessness; but there was no possibility of mistaking any of that; she was as remote as the mountains were far from me in the country she had left. She was dominated, absorbed, by an ambition not to act in moving pictures, but to dance.

The thing difficult for the masculine mind to grow reconciled to in such women was the fact that they were not contributary; they were not the traditional and delightful accompaniment to the song of men's importance; they didn't need the support, the protection of men; the whole disconcerting truth was that almost any one of them could have taken a great deal better care of me than I could of her. They were all, in the difficult navigation of life, abler. And this never failed to irritate me faintly throughout all my happy contact with Aileen; once a day, at least, I would be exasperated into a dogmatic speech purely in the interest of my self-opinion.

The Difficulties of Beauty

We had discovered that we both liked dominoes; I was accustomed to the Eastern game called sniff, Aileen only knew California dominoes; and playing hour after hour, we were in a constant argument over rules which, I insisted, she had no better than invented at times most convenient for herself. We were playing, naturally, California dominoes. She had an old engaging set in ivory, with a worn morocco case, an arrangement for counting, and wherever we went the dominoes accompanied us. Yes, those ornamental and highly paid girls were as vigorous in their opinions, their attack on living, as any dominant masculinity. With Aileen, it seemed to me, her beauty had become a mask, opposing itself between the world and what privately had persisted in her heart; and I understood for the first time the special and insuperable difficulty of beauty in that aspect.

She had spoken about a very early engagement to be married and I realized how soon her special attractiveness had begun to complicate her peace of mind. It made me weary only to think of the incalculable number of times men had said the same unoriginal thing to her, the expression of a disturbed state which they dignified by the term of love. How often, and in what a multitude of places, a really lovely girl listened to that, in all the seasons of the year and most of the climates of the earth; in the morning and afternoon, but principally at night; to music, to the rumbling of trains, in the swift passage of automobiles. Some of the men had undoubtedly been on their knees, a ridiculous and impracticable position, some had walked the room from wall to wall and others had clung to her hands. She would have grown very critical, become skillful in tender passages of speech, with so many to choose among. And putting down the double six of dominoes, the last six, blocking the game, I wondered what, if I found myself in such a difficult situation with Aileen, I would say. She had heard it all!

Yet every woman wanted, perhaps above all else, to be beautiful, just as practically all men dreamed about riches; and one was very much like the other—a great and dangerous possession. Not dramatically, instantly, dangerous, but hard to support. Lovely women had so much to choose from that it was difficult for them not to become capricious. They saw life so disintegrated by their magic that it was almost impossible for them not to grow—well, skeptical. And then the privileges of beauty! The privileges, and since the inception of moving

(Continued on Page 153)

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First Victor Records from the Edgewater Beach Hotel, Chicago. Skilful string work
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Somebody's Eyes—Fox Trot
RUSSO AND FIORITO'S ORIOLE ORCHESTRA
Trick rhythms and a heavy chorus in the first. Trombone and sax in the second.
No. 19924, 10-inch, 75c

She Was Just a Sailor's Sweetheart—Fox Trot *With Vocal Refrain*
GEORGE OLSEN AND HIS MUSIC

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A "deep-sea" fox trot with sea-song fragments, then a sentimental one Good and loud.
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Thanks for the Buggy Ride—Fox Trot *With Vocal Chorus* - WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

I've Got Some Lovin' to Do—Fox Trot
WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS
"Family" fox trots. "Tuning-up" effects and old-time tunes. Then a quick dance
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Song of the Flame—Fox Trot
(from *Song of the Flame*)
RODER WOLFE KAHN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
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ORIGINAL NIGHTHAWK ORCHESTRA
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ART LANDRY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Smile a Little Bit—Fox Trot *With Vocal Refrain*
TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA
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I Want Somebody to Cheer Me Up—Fox Trot - JACK SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA
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Records

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO. CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

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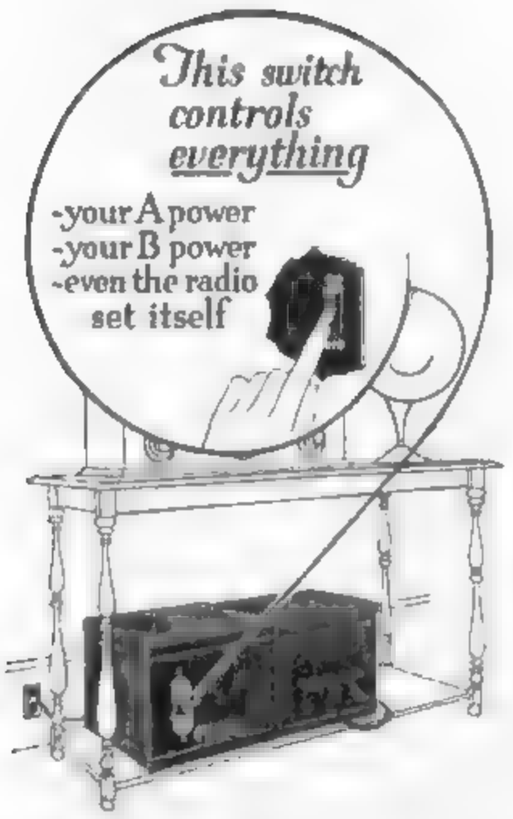

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Sold and demonstrated by leading radio and music stores and by Philco Diamond Grid Battery Dealers.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia

Detroit, Mich.
Jan. 10, 1926.

Philadelphia Storage Battery Company
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gentlemen:

I am - radio-speaking - what you might call an "old-timer". Have tried pretty nearly everything "new" in radio since the days of crystals and "cat-whiskers".

Several nights ago - at the request of a friend who sells radio equipment - I hooked up both your Socket Power "A" and "B" units to my 5-tube Atwater Kent set - plugged into a wall socket - and turned on the switch.

Boy - oh boy! I stayed up till 3 o'clock that morning (ask my wife!) boxing the radio compass. Got 46 stations - a number of them new on my radio log - and all at loud-speaker volume.

And the astonishing thing to me was the entire absence of any hum or distortion - two very objectionable features in radio reception.

With your one-switch control of both "A" power, "B" power and the set itself, it is my humble opinion that Philco Socket Power has added more to the convenience and pleasure of radio than any other single invention.

As a pioneer radio "bug", and as a lover of radio, I want to congratulate Philco on this splendid achievement.

Very truly yours,
A. Jackson Huber

Philco also builds rechargeable radio "A" and "B" batteries which you may connect permanently to your radio and recharge in your living room without changing a single wire. Built-in charge indicators tell you when and how much to recharge. Philco Radio Batteries are *Drynamic*—DRY but CHARGED. Their life doesn't start until the dealer pours in the electrolyte. You can't get a stale *Drynamic* Philco.

Buy a Philco Diamond-Grid Battery for your automobile

(Continued from Page 149)

pictures, the pay. How, I repeated, entirely to myself, in the unhappy case that I fell in love with a woman who was so young, free, lovely and capable of making, out of her loveliness, a very handsome and correct living, indeed, would I impress her with the importance of my passion? She'd be under the almost irresistible temptation to laugh at me.

It was quite late. We were playing dominoes in Aileen's sitting room, the house was still, the light in the room was low and the hangings—some drawings of sets by Cedric Gibbons—quietly harmonious. We were neither of us tired, there was nothing to hurry us. Sometimes we spoke; Aileen's hand moved whitely, setting the pegs of the score board; and suddenly I realized that we were a part of an amazing and unprecedented scene, the extraordinary existence brought about by moving pictures. Neither the stage nor any other art had created such a life for itself, at once exotic and free and impersonal; I mean in essence:

I was living in a community of specialized and lovely women where there were no social obligations outside a strict relationship to their work; the tyrannical institution of family, tiresome relationships with censorious and superficial worldly connections, stupid and rigid conventions, had no existence here. This, as I have intimated, was a world of bright creatures with charming houses, elaborate motor cars, hung like a rainbow over the cameras of their profession. We finished another game and promptly began still another. I asked Aileen if she would go with me to a dinner given by the Writers' Club for Douglas and Mrs. Fairbanks; she nodded, and again we fell silent and watchful. Are you sure, I asked her later, that you scored the twenty I made with my peg? My mind returned to the completeness of the rest I was enjoying, a rest in dinner clothes across a very small table from a black bang on eyes of a disturbing and brilliant loveliness.

The men who preferred to go into the woods and mingle marmalade and bacon and tea with smoke and gnats, and sleep on hemlock boughs, which were, after all, only a number of thin branches hacked from a tree, I regarded without a trace of envy. Aileen had on a champagne-colored Chinese brocade coat, and when she moved there was a faint scent of perfume; and those who preferred the odor of balsam in its native condition could have it.

I was just thinking, I admitted to Aileen, what in the name of God I'd say if I happened to be in love with you.

She gave me an enigmatic and measuring glance. Don't be silly, she said.

I hastened to tell her that I planned not to be. Words are almost useless, anyhow, I continued; they can only follow an established fact, a state of the mind or heart, and describe it. They can create nothing. If I said I loved you, it could only mean that that had happened, and only what had occurred in you could answer me.

By way of reply she pointed out that I had drawn three dominoes when there had been one in my hand I could have played. That was a penalty, she informed me, preparing to move her counter. It was now, I replied, since she had just thought of it; and I warned her seriously that I wouldn't continue to put up with such methods of play. Then she explained in detail how my mistake had spoiled the entire campaign of her hand; and she ended all argument by repeating that her father's lawyer, who had given her the dominoes and taught her to play, had always claimed a penalty in a like case. I muttered that apparently he had been the Confucius of dominoes, but to that she paid no attention.

Our hands at last fell from the dominoes and we began a conversation about Aileen's place in moving pictures. She had played the Queen in Three Weeks; I had viewed it, but under what circumstances I'd forgotten; at any rate I had no clear impression of it; that afternoon we had seen part of a picture with Aileen in it, and the impression I had gathered was that lately she had had no appropriate or interesting rôles. She told me that she'd like to do fine high drawing-room comedy; and hastily admitting the possibilities of that, I explained that Honora Canderay, in The Dark Fleece, was exactly suitable for her. She had just finished reading it and her reply was pleasant. Aileen was a little distraught about all moving pictures.

Then she rose with the remark that, after all, beds did exist, and Thomas drove me home. Thomas and Lydia, his wife, and I had come to a mutual understanding. Lydia, or Thomas, let me in Aileen's house; and when we concluded to drive out, Thomas changed his white linen coat for a chauffeur's uniform. At present he was reading Aileen's copy of the book I had written about my house in Pennsylvania, and he becomingly congratulated me on the possession of such a residence. It was precisely, he went on, what he would have chosen for himself. At this, after a further exchange of amenities, I left him, and walking through the green and obscured patio under my windows, in a state of perfected contentment, I went up to my peaceful bed.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE LAST SURVIVOR

(Continued from Page 15)

that he had an old outfit and that they were fresh. The lights were of little avail amongst so many trees and so much brush, and the machine-gun fire would be hampered a great deal for the same reason.

But how far into the enemy lines had he come? Was all the fire coming from the front or was some on the flank? Were the Germans between him and the other company? And suppose the Americans laid down the long-expected barrage right now! The advance was in a splendid position to receive its full effects. A hand twitched at the captain's sleeve.

"Would you mind, sir," said a gentle voice, "if I asked you to give me your impressions at this moment? I think they would be very ——"

There was a sound of a snarl, of something being violently shaken, and then a fall. The captain again resumed his estimation of the situation. From where he knelt he could see nothing, and a crawl forward of a few yards showed him nothing more. The American barrage would have snuffed out those machine guns effectually, but it was nonexistent. He could hear grenades barking somewhere.

The captain spent a quarter of an hour wriggling about in the ditch and through the underbrush, and back to the ditch again. The column had not been badly scattered, nor had it suffered many casualties. A platoon deep in the woods had made some progress on its own hook and had cleaned up four guns there, thus allowing a short advance of that section of the line. The lights still shot up in clusters, and the captain, looking up at them thoughtfully, noticed that the sky overhead was turning gray. Daylight was not more than forty minutes off. But forty minutes is a long time and might allow the enemy to concentrate his forces in front of this section of the line. On the other hand, a decisive thrust forward on the left, where the platoon had already made a start, might succeed, and would have the additional advantage of moving the Americans out from underneath in case their own barrage started to fall.

"Scully!" cried the captain. "Derril! Where the hell are my runners? Down a hole, you might know! Well, I'll do it myself."

He crawled rapidly, keeping his head down when he heard the bullets rattling against the tree trunks, to where he had last encountered the lieutenant of the left platoon.

"Forward!" yelled the captain. "Shove 'em on! There's a hole here! They can't see you anyway! Come on, gang, they're afraid of us! They're shootin' blind! Forward, everyone!"

The men did not spring up with a ringing cheer and charge forward with the bayonet, because machine guns are not taken that way. They crawled, and having located a gun by the sound of its firing or by the hiss of steam from its water-cooled cylinder, they spread out like a fan, and gradually surrounding the gun heaved grenades at it until it stopped firing.

They then went forward until they came to another.

"Yow!" howled the captain. "Go get 'em!"

It was cheering to hear the intermittent barking of grenades and the hoarse shouts from time to time that announced the Americans were going into a gun pit bayonet foremost. He hoped that they would not run out of grenades. They were certainly making progress here on the left flank.

But unless the right had sense enough to go forward and clean up on that side, the audacious left platoon would find itself outflanked, in which case it would be the Germans' deal for a while.

The captain, crawling on, suddenly saw before him a dark mass, which, being illumined by a red glow for a second, proved to be a line of freshly turned earth. A trench! The captain drew his pistol, listened a few breaths, and then heaving up his chest like a snake he slid over the parapet. Feet sloshed in the mud, there were intermittent explosions, muffled and confined. A red flash before the captain's eyes outlined two figures whose helmets showed them to be Americans. Blong! Smoke gushed from the ground and there was a sharp smell of burned powder.

"Come outta that!" cried someone. Blung!

"Here, Fritz, warm your hands on this!" Bong!

"What's coming off here?" cried the captain.

"There's some concrete houses around here," said a man in the darkness. "These things in the parapet are where they started to dig dugouts, but didn't finish 'em. They ain't over six feet deep, any of 'em."

"What are you bombing them for?"

"There might be Jerries in there. We got some out already. They ducked in when we come over."

"Good!" thought the captain. They had reached a half-finished defense system that he had remarked on the map. It must have been located by prisoners, for airplanes could never see it in that thick wood. The objective of the advance was less than eight hundred yards away now. And if the right had advanced —— Who was that?

Two men were coming along the trench, calling out the captain's name in turn.

"Here I am!" called the captain. "What do you want?"

"Platoon runner from Lieutenant Cort, sir"—the center platoon. "The lieutenant has got word from the right that they've reached the trench and they want to know shall they work along it or advance."

"Advance!" said the captain. "And make it fast! The support will do the cleaning up. Where are you from, soldier?" This to the other man who had called.

"Cap'n Lee, sir. The power-house bridge broke. He's under bokoo fire from across the brook and he says he'll wait for daylight an' then try to find a ford."

The captain swore heartily. If the right company did not advance, the left could

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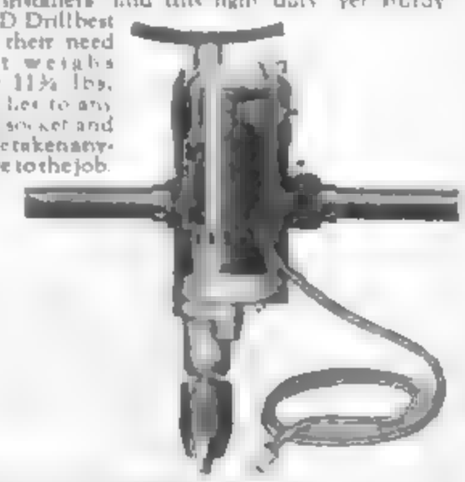

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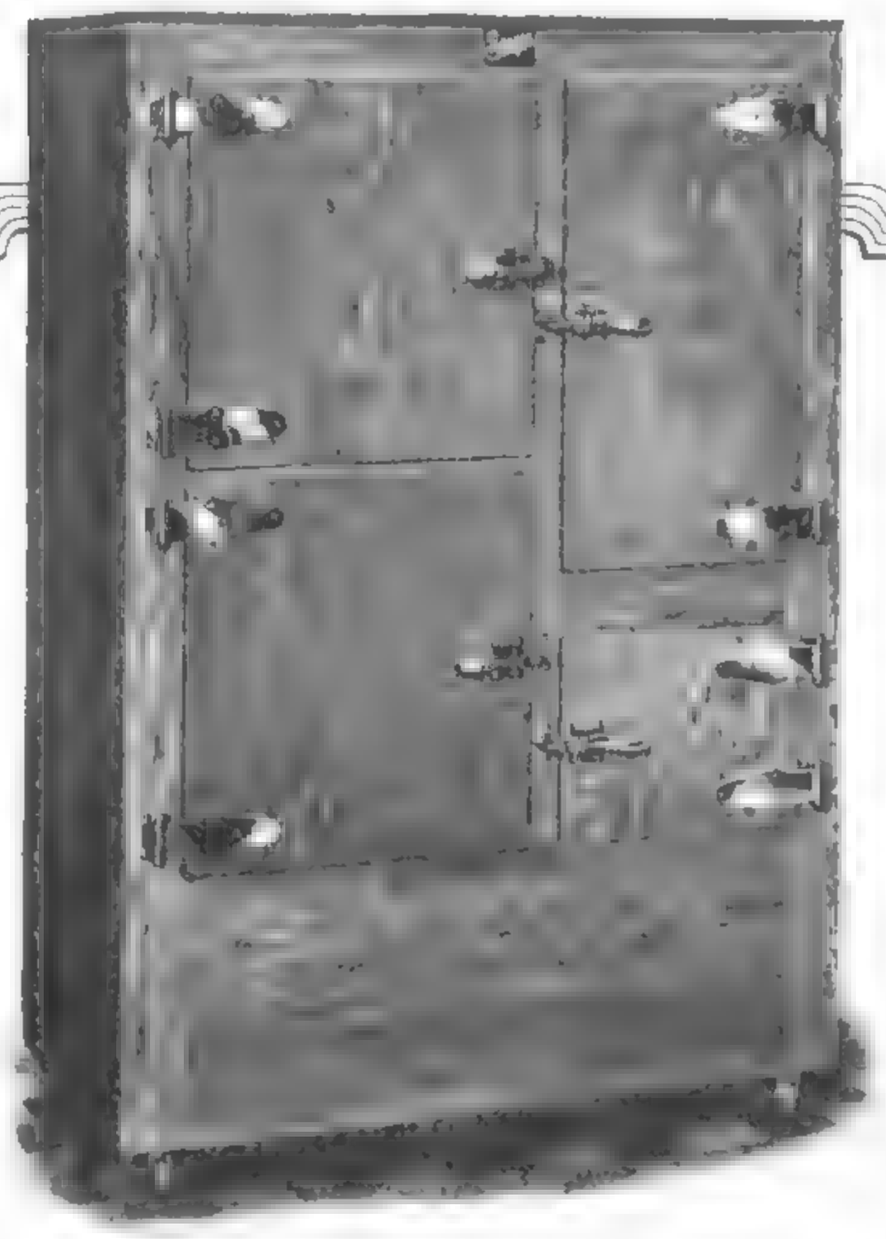

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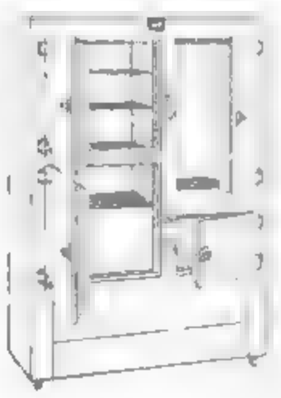

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SAINT PAUL—NEW YORK—BOSTON—CHICAGO—LOS ANGELES

not, for it would be under fire from across this brook, or river, or swamp, or whatever it was.

There was a German power house that had been captured and destroyed by the very force that was now surrounded, but they had left the bridge intact. The wily Germans had now wrecked the bridge.

"Why, we can't sit here and bite our thumbs until daylight!" cried the captain. "Hasn't he got some man that can swim with guts enough to see how deep that brook is? Can't you find a rope? There ought to be one around that power house somewhere. Make one of your belts. What a mess! Everything lovely here and my other company still where it started from!"

The captain rested his elbow on the parapet, and putting his head in his hand tried to think, while the daylight came graying through the tree tops. Another man slid into the trench and stepped softly up to the captain.

"Captain," said the newcomer, "seeing you here apparently unoccupied, I wondered if you couldn't give me a minute now just to jot down your first thoughts."

The captain turned quickly. Beside him stood the little man, the European representative of the Springfield Morning Star. He looked even smaller by daylight than he did in the dark. He wore a muddy sheepskin coat and spectacles that gleamed in the half light. He appeared to be about fifty years of age.

"My first thought," said the captain coldly, "is to knock you so far into the parapet of this trench that you'll think you've been buried alive. If you were two feet taller and twenty years younger, I would. Didn't I shake your back teeth loose a while ago? Wasn't that enough?"

"We of the press are accustomed to a little brusqueness now and then," smiled the little man. "If we let that deter us, there wouldn't be much news printed. May I point out if instead of threatening me you had given me a thought or two, how much time both of us could have saved?"

"You win the buzzard's claw!" remarked the captain. "Listen. I've got to go down here and show a man how to cross a river. There's a war on, sad to state. When I come back I'll give you an interview. Now then"—turning to the runners—"tell Cort that as he's rankest man he'll have to take charge while I'm gone. Tell him to keep his eye peeled for a counter attack. You other man, spread yourself and find my machine guns. I want them to do something to earn their pay. And if you birds lose a foot of ground while I'm gone you'll regret it."

He went splashing down the trench, ducking his head against the rain. He paused, and leaning over the parapet, spoke to a group of men he saw there. Then he went on.

The little man stood sadly biting his pencil and looking about him in the half light. He climbed out of the north side of the trench. There were some concrete houses there, their windows staring vacantly, each set in a sort of cellar arrangement as a protection against bombs and shell fire. This place had once been a German corps headquarters. He suddenly discovered that there was an American on either side of him, one tall and one short, and a third in front, regarding him fixedly.

"Hello," said the little man, "who are you?"

The man in front wore corporal's stripes and a huge bag over one shoulder. The two others carried no bags, but one had a long apparatus that a second look showed to be a folded stretcher. All wore white brassards with the Red Cross.

"First aid an' stretcher bearers," said the man in front. "The skipper told us to look after yuh. Feel kinda wabbly?"

"Why, no," replied the little man; "I'm all right."

"The Old Man said you were off your conk," spoke up one of the stretcher bearers. "Can you walk or have we got to lug yuh?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the little man. "The captain was mistaken. I'm in perfect health. I assure you that my mental state is excellent." He put his hand into the pocket of his sheepskin and produced an oval bottle. "I wonder if you boys wouldn't like a little drop of coffee."

The three medical-corps men looked at one another.

"Don't care if I do," remarked the tall bearer. He took the bottle, tilted it and drank. A most pleased expression passed over his countenance, but the bottle was gently taken from his hand by the corporal and from him in turn by the other bearer.

"That's nice coffee," observed the tall bearer, smacking his lips. "That oughta be about a hundred and twenty proof."

"I guess you ain't as crazy as the skipper thought," grinned the corporal.

"Sanest man I ever did see!" agreed the short bearer.

The little man took the bottle and replaced it in his pocket.

"What are you?" asked the corporal. "Red Cross, Y, or what?"

"I'm a correspondent," replied the other. "I'm trying to get a human-interest story. A real story of battle and not some slush that was written in a café in Paris."

"Stick around with us," said the corporal, clapping the little man on the shoulder. "We'll show yuh some stories. You'll get enough outta this scrap to last yuh the rest of your life."

With the coming of daylight the advance was easier. The men could keep some kind of touch with one another and it was possible to pick the easiest way through the brush and scrub growth. On the other hand the enemy could see them better.

Suddenly there was a clamor and many voices calling, "First aid! First aid! Hey, stretcher bearers, where the hell yuh at?"

"Here!" called the corporal. A crowd of men came crashing their way through the bushes. There was an officer there, two sergeants, six or seven privates, and someone in the center that the others supported.

"Lay him down right here," said the corporal, opening his bag with professional calm. "Open up that stretcher now! Where'd it get yuh, buddy?"

They laid the wounded man down, and while the first-aid man proceeded with his examination, the little man quickly took out notebook and pencil and wrote down the wounded man's appearance. His helmet was gone, his hair was thick with yellow mud and his face was a dirty gray. The severed end of the intake hose dangled from his gas mask carrier, but the mask itself had disappeared. From the neck down was a mass of mud, slicker, olive drab, and dirty gray where underwear showed through the great rents in the man's breeches. His right shoulder showed a dirty smear on the slicker caused by the continuous rubbing of the rifle butt.

"He's all right," said the corporal. "He ain't got no holes in him."

"Can't you get him to talk?" asked the officer.

The little man put away his notebook and pencil, and kneeling beside the wounded man produced the oval bottle. A deft finger pried apart the blue lips and some of the contents of the bottle went down the wounded man's throat. The eyelids fluttered and then came open. At once the officer knelt on the other side.

"You're from I Company, aren't you?" demanded the officer. "Where are the rest of your gang?"

The wounded man looked at the officer stupidly, then at the stretcher bearers and the intent face of the little man in the sheepskin coat.

"Where's the rest of I Company?" repeated the officer.

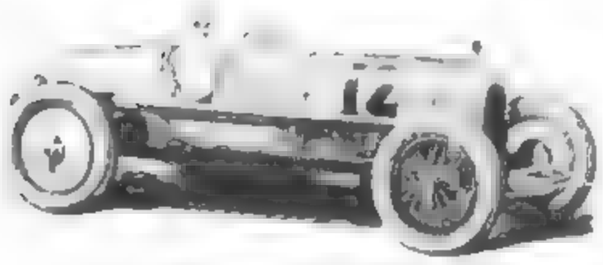
The wounded man's eyes widened and a spasm shot across his face.

"I'm the only one alive," he whispered.

There was a long silence, during which the clattering of the machine guns seemed doubly loud. Something sinister and awful seemed to rise from those wet woods and

(Continued on Page 157)

On Land, Air and Water
"Perfect Circles" Win
The Big Races



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***Automobile Races**

1922

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[illegible] 250-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 50-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 100-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 500-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 150-mile AAA Race
[illegible], 250-mile AAA Race

1923

[illegible] 150-mile AAA Race
[illegible] AAA Race
[illegible], Ind., 500-mile AAA Race
[illegible] Mo., 250-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 200-mile AAA Race
Syracuse, N. Y., 100-mile AAA Race
[illegible], 150-mile AAA Race
[illegible] Mo., 250-mile AAA Race
Los Angeles, Calif., 250-mile AAA Race

1924

Los Angeles, Calif., 250-mile AAA Race
Dry Lake, Calif., world speed record for 183 cu. in. motor
Indianapolis, Ind., 500-mile AAA Race
Altoona, Pa., 250-mile AAA Race
Kansas City, Mo., 150-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 250-mile AAA Race
[illegible] AAA Race
[illegible] 250-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 50-mile AAA Race

1925

Culver City, Calif., 250-mile AAA Race
Culver City, Calif., 50-mile AAA Race
Fresno, Calif., 150-mile AAA Race
Charlotte, N. C., 250-mile AAA Race
[illegible]napolis, Ind., 500-mile AAA Race
Altoona, Pa., 250-mile AAA Race
Laurel, Md., 250-mile AAA Race
[illegible] Pa., 250-mile AAA Race
[illegible] N. Y., 100-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 150-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 50-mile AAA Race
[illegible] N. C., 50-mile AAA Race
[illegible] 50-mile AAA Race

*Every AAA speed record for 183 and 122 cubic inch motors from 1 to 500 miles, has been established by PERFECT CIRCLE equipped cars.

Air Races

Mitchel Field, 1925 Pulitzer Trophy Race (New Record)
Baltimore, Md., 1925 Schneider Cup Race (New Record)

Motor Boat Races

Hudson River, Baby Gar IV defeated Twentieth Century Limited in 138 [illegible] from Albany to New York
Muskoka Lakes, Canada, Rainbow IV [illegible] world record of 1,218.897 miles in 24 hours.

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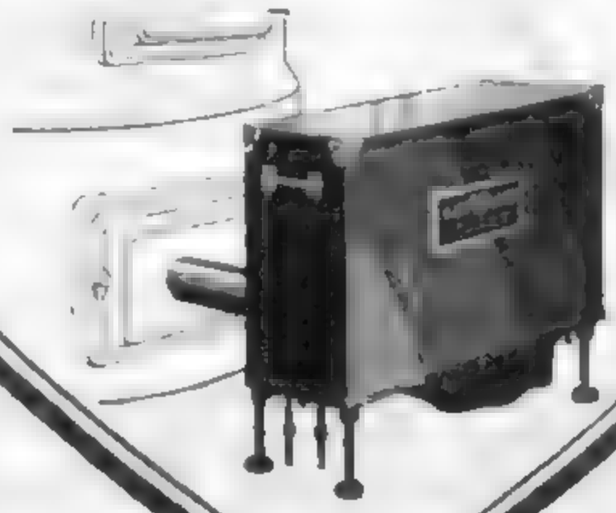

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HART OIL BURNER

(Continued from Page 154

lay its cold hands on the hearts of the men. War is a fearful thing, but there are moments when it is worse than that.

"The captain must hear of this," said the officer finally. "Here, Mugia, see if you can find the captain. He's down near the river somewhere. Tell him we've found one of I Company's men. The rest of you beat it back to the line; we've got work to do."

The officer looked at the wounded man, but he seemed to have relapsed into unconsciousness again.

"Look after him carefully, will you?" the officer directed the stretcher bearers "Don't move him until the captain sees him. We want to find out what happened." Then the officer went trotting after his men.

Alone, the four men looked awe-stricken at the wounded man. The little man straightened his cap and once more took out his notebook. All around, the trees dripped water and the machine guns barked incessantly. Here and there a group of infantry could be seen advancing cautiously or an auto rifleman explored a clump of brush or a machine-gun crew changed position, gun on shoulder, the rain hissing on the hot barrel. Stretcher bearers went back with their burdens, and two of these, seeing the three men with the Red Cross brassard and the little man with his cap and the wounded man on the ground, changed their course so as to pass near at hand.

"Got a dressin' station here?" asked the newcomers.

"No, but you can put him down if you want to. How bad's he hit?"

"Not bad. He's got one through both legs, but he's kinda all in."

"Put him down," said the man with the bag; "put him down. Ain't you fellars got savvy enough to put a dressin' on him?"

They laid down the stretcher, and the corporal with the bag took out bandages and a tube of iodine. The little man stepped nimbly over. The man on the stretcher had wounds in both legs and these were being painted with iodine and clean dressings applied. The patient was as ragged as the other, with a scrubby beard, bloodshot eyes and a stained and dirty overcoat. He winced a little bit as the iodine stung him, but said nothing.

"Now we'll put a tag on him," said the corporal, "an' you can leave him. He oughta have a shot o' antitetanus, but I ain't got any. What's the name on the gas mask?"

"Joe Brooks," said a stretcher bearer.

"Joe Brooks," repeated the man with the bag; "8:10 A.M., g. s. w. r. and l. leg. Iodine." He wrote it down and tied the tag to the other's blouse with a bit of wire. The little man's pencil wrote furiously. He bent over Joe Brooks and the bloodshot eyes looked up at him curiously.

"Can you talk?" asked the little man excitedly. "Would you mind my putting one or two simple questions to you?"

The bloodshot eyes rolled and the black cavern of mouth gasped once or twice, then Joe Brooks spoke huskily.

"Have yuh got any drinkin' liquor?" he asked.

"No!" said three voices loudly and clearly.

"Why ——" began the little man, but he saw the eyes of the three men who had come up with him from the trench looking at him very menacingly. These men remembered that there were two wounded men, five medical-corps men and the little man himself, and that the oval bottle was small.

"Er—why—that is ——" coughed the little man.

Joe Brooks suddenly began to sob, great tearing sobs that shook him from head to feet. The others looked on aghast. It was terrible to see a grown man cry like that. What had happened up there in those dark and fearful woods to break down a man's nerve so utterly?

"Don't mind me, fellars," said Joe, his lower lip trembling. "I'm broke up. My buddies—they're all up there. I'm the last survivor of I Company."

Again there was a long silence, while the stretcher bearers looked solemnly at one another and the little man took off his spectacles and wiped them with a dirty handkerchief. The corporal felt himself suddenly pushed aside. The other wounded man, his mud-bedaubed hair straggling and his clay-colored hands groping, had risen from his stretcher and was now standing over Joe Brooks.

"What was you sayin' about I Company?" he demanded.

"I'm the last man alive," husked Joe

"You're a liar!" replied the other.

To this in the A. E. F. there was but one reply, and Joe did it. He arose from his stretcher with the swiftness of light and smote the other man a feeble blow, which was yet strong enough to knock the other down.

"Here!" cried the stretcher bearers, and falling upon the two combatants they forced them to lie down again.

"You two hombres behave now," said the man with the bag. "You've got your wounds to bleedin' like a stuck pig's. An' you, if you're recovered so you want to go tanglin' horns, you can grab a rifle an' go back to the lines. Go on now, behave yourselves. Bein' the last two is just as good as bein' the last."

"I tell yuh," said Joe Brooks, "that that jaspero there ain't the survivor of nuthin'."

He spoke vehemently in spite of the fact that his voice was but a whisper.

"Lemme off this stretcher!" gasped the other. "I c'n lick him the best day he ever lived —an' you too!"

"Lie down," said the corporal.

The second stretcher team took its departure, the two bearers shaking their heads, and the little man was left alone with his former companions and the two wounded. He still wrote, nor heeded the fact that the rain wet his notebook. More men suddenly arrived, all with medical-corps brassards, some carrying stretchers, others bags like the corporal's, and one of them wearing the caducei and U. S. of a doctor.

"What have we got here?" asked the doctor, a gray-haired man.

"One gunshot an' one shock case, sir," answered the corporal. "They're the last survivors of I Company," he added in a solemn whisper.

The doctor made no reply, but picked up Brooks' tag and inspected it.

"You want to put the organization and serial number on these tags, corporal," said he. "Give me the A. T. S."

One of the others took out a great nickel syringe such as might be used to give a horse a drench. The long needle on the end of this was plunged into Joe Brooks' belly and its contents injected. Joe spoke his feelings.

"Man," husked the shock case, as the doctor straightened up and turned in his direction, "get away from me! I'm cured! Lemme outta here!"

"Lie down," said the corporal soothingly. "You ain't gonna get none of it."

"Here's more business," remarked the tall stretcher bearer. All looked up.

The captain in command of the advance came striding through the trees. At sight of the brassards he also turned, and the two men that followed him and supported a third turned likewise.

The captain's face was gray and haggard, the face of a man who has been under terrific strain, and in the short time since he had gone to straighten things out with Captain Lee's company he seemed to have aged twenty years.

"Hello, major," said the captain. "You're going to have a hard day today all right. We've just got Lee across the brook with a loss of about 60 per cent, and one of my platoons has run into wire and made rice out of themselves—and all our hurry for nothing. I Company has been cleaned out. Look this man over for gas, will you? He's the last survivor."

The two who supported the third soldier advanced from behind the captain. The newcomer was huge of frame, and had once

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been a healthy, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked giant. His cheeks now were white behind a mask of dried and yellow mud, through which a blond beard poked its stubble. He wore neither slicker nor overcoat, nor any sign of mask, and under the rags of blouse and shirt the skin of his great chest showed blue with cold. From the waist down he was one mass of mud, yellow and black, and it took a second look to see that he wore no putties and that his legs were bare from knee to ankle. Over his shoulder were slung the two halves of a rifle, broken in two at the small of the stock.

"The last survivor?" repeated the doctor. "Yeh. He's the fourteenth wounded one I've treated so far, to say nothing of five or six well ones I've met."

The blond giant did not hear. His eye had lighted on the two men of the stretchers.

"Joe Brooks," said he, "you big gold brick! An' this other bird outta the sixth squad! Why didn't yuh have guts enough to get yourself killed like men?"

The eyes of the two rolled in his direction and then away, but they made no reply.

No sound save the gentle fluttering of the little man's notebook. The captain seemed to collapse in the middle. He sat down on the wet leaves and rested his face in his hands. To him went the little man and tapped him gently on the shoulder.

"Captain, you remember a little while ago you promised me that when you came back you'd give me just a minute or two to cover briefly a few points of interest."

"And now this!" muttered the captain without looking up. "I've committed every sin since I've been in France except murder, but I'll fix that damn quick! No!" He got to his feet. "You've got more guts than I have. You keep after a thing in spite of hell! Well, I'll tell you my impressions. I've only got one—that all the idiots in all the United States hold commissioned rank in the A. E. F., and the biggest, drooling-est, most helpless is the present speaker. How I ever lived to grow up I can't figure out."

"Thank you," said the little man. "Now I have something here that might interest you."

He drew out the oval bottle, and uncorking it presented it to the captain, who at once seized it and tilted back his head. At last he put it down and water ran from his eyes that was not tears. A dry clucking noise from the two stretcher bearers and the corporal called the doctor's attention to them.

"Here, you men, drag your tails out of here!" said he. "Go on out and bring in some wounded."

"He's on our stretcher," said the tall man, indicating the shock case.

"Well, roll him off it; he doesn't need it."

The little man slid up to where the blond giant sat against a tree.

"Would you mind just blocking out roughly your experiences of the past twenty-four hours?" asked the little man, poising his pencil.

"Who the hell are you?" gasped the giant.

"I'm the European representative of the Springfield Morning Star, and I'm engaged in writing of things as they are."

The giant bent down and with one muddy finger dragged away the corner of his lip to show a gap in his jaw where two back teeth were missing.

"Yuh see them teeth?" he asked. "I broke them off on a boche's neck bone!"

The little man put away his book and pencil and smiled a wan smile.

"Thank you," he said; "that's very interesting. Now if you don't mind, I think I'll be going along with my stretcher bearers."

The tall bearer and the short one walked silently through the woods, the corporal with the bag following. They went aimlessly here and there, wherever a rifle butt poked above the brush. The little man discovered that these rifles were held aloft by the bayonets thrust into the ground, and at the muzzle of each rifle was a dead man. They heard calls for first aid, but they were always distant.

"Whadjuh wanta go give all that coffee to the captain for?" suddenly demanded the corporal. It was evident that he expected no reply, for he at once turned his face to the front again, walking stolidly along, hitching his bag to an easier position.

The woods suddenly grew thinner and the four men found themselves on the edge of a clearing. The forest swept round on either side, but in front all was deserted. There was a lot of fresh brush and neat piles of newly cut wood, but no men. The corporal suddenly knelt down and reached for his bag. A man lay there, his head pillowed on a gas mask, and the corporal undid his blouse, hunting for a wound. The little man, looking over the corporal's shoulder, could see red blotches on the wounded man's skin, the place where his mask had rested was clearly outlined, and there was a red ring around his neck.

"Mustard," diagnosed the corporal; and pouring out something from a bottle he applied it to the wounded man's neck and chest. Then, copying the name and number from the identification tag, he wrote out a tag.

"Put down the stretcher," directed the corporal. "On with him—easy now! There! Take him back to the doc. I'll be around here somewhere. No camouflagin' now. Come right back. We got a lotta work to do today."

The bearers straightened up and started away with their burden.

"Hey! Whoa!" cried the corporal. "I forgot to put his outfit on the tag. The major will give me another growl. Here, buddy, what's your outfit? Can you hear me? What outfit yuh out of?"

The man on the stretcher opened one eye, then both.

"I Company," he replied.

"I Company!" exclaimed everyone.

"Yeh, I Company," replied the wounded man. "I'm the last survivor."

The short bearer and the tall bearer let go the handles of the stretcher with their left hands, and the stretcher, swinging down, deposited the wounded man on the ground.

"Boy," said the tall bearer, "you're done survivin' right now!" Then he and his companions, with never a backward glance, went on to the edge of the clearing. They halted there, and the corporal, peering across the open space, remarked that he did not like the looks of it. The stretcher bearers moved to the right a little way, to where a machine gun, like a giant mosquito with dwarf wings, reared itself from the brush.

"Look out, you guys," whispered the gunners, who lay beside the weapon. "You'll get a hunk o' lead through your skull."

"I don't care," replied the tall bearer. "Yuh know what we do all day? Lug wounded! If we ain't luggin' wounded we're diggin' a hole for some officer to get in. No rest for the wicked, nor the stretcher bearer either. The only way we get a chance to draw a free breath is to get hit."

The little man bent over his notebook to write down that remark. There was a long stir in the underbrush, a sighing of breath and the sound of many men moving. The machine gun leaped to noisy life under his very feet. There was a crash of firing that took his breath. The little man looked up.

A crowd had appeared on the far side of the clearing and this crowd was coming toward the Americans. It reminded the little man of football games, a snake dance between the halves and the sudden rush for the bleachers as the teams appeared at the far end of the field. There was the same galloping stride, the same swishing of overcoats, the same apparent haste to cross

(Continued on Page 160)

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(Continued from Page 158)

the open, the same thick mass of running men, with some in advance who had outdistanced their comrades. These running men had malice aforethought. They were Germans, and presented bayoneted rifles to the horrified gaze of the observers. Some, their rifles slung, hurled grenades. The stretcher bearers took flight. They were, after all, noncombatants, and unarmed.

This gray mass converging on the Americans was a counter attack, a thing launched when the attacking force has become scattered by the advance, weakened by losses and out of touch with other units. The counter attack, launched with fresh troops and all the savageness of a wild bull's rush, has then a very good chance of success. The machine gunner, on one knee, poured in a steady fire. A yard or two away a rifleman, sitting down, his elbows on his knees, kept cuddling his cheek against the rifle stock, flexing his arms, shoving the sling on his right arm a little higher, and then cuddling the stock some more. One would say he was on a rifle range. Finally he fired, his hand flew to the bolt, and again he took careful aim. Others fired madly. Shot after shot, clip after clip, they poured into the enemy at point-blank range, and many of those high-powered bullets went through two and even three men. The machine guns streamed death as a hose does water. There were Americans there that threw grenades as boys would snowballs, as fast as they could pick them up and pull the ring. The attack had been poorly timed. These Americans were neither scattered nor weary, and they were very prodigal of their ammunition. The woods blazed with rifle, machine-gun and one-pounder fire.

The attack arrived with the crash of a breaker on the shore, and as the wave, its force broken, runs up the beach in foaming impotence before it recedes, so did the remnants of the counter attack penetrate the American lines. Americans rose up everywhere to meet their antagonists; some fell in ludicrous attitudes; others, their rifles empty, threw them away and slugged right and left with their fists. The place became thick with grenade smoke, heavy and acrid.

Then slowly the smoke cleared; a man could see again and the attack was over. There was still a little stray shooting and a grenade or two bursting, but the thing was finished.

So soon, too, thought the little man. But then he remembered that he had a quick split-second vision still in his mind of the arrival of the attacking troops and that in the front rank of the Germans were numbers of men with their hands in the air, even before they had reached the first Americans.

The machine gun ceased firing and the little man prepared to address the gunner with a view to noting down his impressions, when the latter began to speak without urging.

"Red," said the gunner, addressing the man who lay at the left of the gun, "all I could think of when them Huns was surgin' at me was that you had ten thumbs on each hand. Man, you was an hour feedin' them clips! I'm tellin' yuh that if you could jiggle balls the way you did them, you'd make your fortune."

"Gawn!" said Red, unmoved. "I fed them clips through there like grease through a goose."

Up stepped the little man, then—there was a pound of feet, and something clanked against the machine gun. What was that? From where did it come? The little man instinctively leaped behind a tree. Crash!

"I think I'll be going," said the representative of the press to himself after a time. "I've seen enough."

He put away his book and began to thread his way to the rear, his face very white and his eyeglasses fogged. The sight of two men newly killed by a grenade will break even a reporter's nerve.

The little man found his way back as far as the trench, where the dressing station was doing a rushing business, and so in a few more steps to the main road. He began to realize now that the two companies to which he had attached himself were but the fingers, that he was now seeing the hand; farther back was the arm, and yet farther the body that furnished the fingers with strength.

Infantry went by, going toward the front, already in thin lines to reduce losses from shell fire, after them kilometer-long columns of machine-gun and one-pounder units, their guns still on the carts. A steady stream of ambulances flowed by, then farther back still, trucks, light artillery and officers' limousines appeared. There were ration dumps beside the road, piles of bread and boxes of willy stacked higher than a man's head. There were gun emplacements, 75's, six-inch howitzers, 155 longs, 155 G. P. F.'s and the 280 mortars that let go a shell powerful enough to destroy a city block. And all the things he saw the little man noted down.

It was night again when he arrived at his destination. He had begged a ride on an escort wagon, later on a truck, and finally a Y. M. C. A. secretary with a flivver had brought him the rest of the way. The little man had his quarters in a town well back of the lines, in what was known as a railhead—that is, the place where troops got off the train to go up to the front, and those coming back for relief were taken to other sectors or rest areas. He lived here in a tiny room over a grocer shop, sharing it with three chaplains and another correspondent. He had to crawl into his bed over the beds of the others; but once under his own blankets, he lighted a candle and stuck it fast on the projecting piece of wood that formed the head of his cot. Then he took out his notes and reviewed them. Wet to his heart he might be, but he had the story of a lifetime.

It took the little man two days to write his story. For two days his portable typewriter clicked and purred, stopping only while he ate or when one of his wrathful roommates threatened him with death unless he allowed them to sleep. He heard rumors, to which he paid no heed, that the division with which he had gone to the front had been relieved and was now in the town waiting transportation to another sector.

It was finished at last, and the little man, in the late afternoon, tucked the typewritten sheets under his arm and sought the town hall, where the military authorities for all that region were located. He picked his way carefully down the muddy street, trying to dodge the mud thrown up by the endless columns of trucks that rumbled by, going up to the front loaded with food and munitions, to return empty by another road. He turned into the street by the town hall and at that minute a burst of singing came to his ear:

"Oh, drink up once an' drink up twice!
Oh, all M.P.'s are full o' lice!
Oh, my God, how glad I am,
I ain't a lousy pol-e-ece-ma-an."

The chorus roared even louder:

"Oh, the hoss went around with his feet on the ground,
An' the man run around with his tongue hangin' down.
Yuh better watch your step when the guard comes around,
For I guess we're goin' some!"

Followed a crash and the sound of glass tinkling into fragments. The little man grinned and went on to the town hall. It was bitter cold, though the sun shone. His skeepskin was not yet dry from the wetting it had received on the lines. He was cheered then to find, when the door on which he had knocked was opened, that the room within, though cold as a barn, had a small stove against the wall. Unfortunately, a man stood in front of this stove, an officer, resplendent in boots, spurs, neat uniform and the insignia of a lieutenant colonel.

"Colonel," said the little man, taking off his wreck of a cap, "you no doubt remember me. I'm the European representative of the Springfield Morning Star. I have a story here that I want to submit to you for my paper."

The colonel took the typewritten sheets wordlessly and fumbled for the silk cord that held his eyeglasses. The room was like a refrigerator, but the stove was so small and the colonel so big that the little man could get nowhere near it. The colonel craned his neck to free his Adam's apple from an overtight collar and began to read. The little man watched the other's face and shivered.

It was a great story. The colonel was thrilled in spite of himself, his eyes gleamed, his jaw muscles tensed, and from time to time exclamations escaped him. It was all there—all that the little man had seen at the front, the night, and the rain, and the battle, and weary men lost in the woods. The colonel advanced with the men down the dark road, he waited with them, heartsick, for the barrage that never arrived; he stood beside them to meet the shock of the counter attack. He heard the guns and smelled the sharp reek of high-explosive powder, the stench of unwashed men and rotten blood on burlap stretchers, the damp decay of tangled forests where the ground is never dry. When he had turned the last page he gasped, and dropping his eyeglasses rubbed his eyes like a man newly awakened.

Then he opened the door of the stove and cast in the story upon the red coals.

The little man shrieked, dashing forward, but the colonel stopped him with upraised hand.

"Censored!" said the colonel coldly.

"But I risked my life a hundred times to get that story!" cried the little man. "My paper sent me here especially to write of things as I found them! That story is the naked truth! You can't ——"

"Censored!" said the colonel, more coldly than before, even harshly. "Do you think the people at home want to read about their sons being jammed full of antitetanus serum or running around with their drawers sticking out through the seat of their breeches? Here you said these men hadn't eaten for seventy-two hours. How does that sound to fond parents? We'd have a revolution on our hands. What do you suppose a censor is for? Censored! Furthermore, I want you to go pack your trunk. I'm going to see that your passport is rescinded and that you're sent back to Paris for going on the lines without authority. . . . Don't slam the door."

Outside in the street it was bitter cold. The little man shivered as he went blindly down the steps of the town hall. The wind cut him to the heart; he was tired; and after all, he was no longer a young man. The sound of singing from down the street had ceased.

He heard feet pounding over the cobblestones, and since the street was narrow, he drew aside to let some men pass. It was a curious group, a group that leaned inward toward a common center, and a huge man whose head topped all seemed to support those about him.

The little man stared. What was this? In the center of this group, for all his new uniform and his shave, the little man recognized the blond giant of I Company who said he had broken his back teeth on a boche's neck bone. The big man was bareheaded, his lip bled, and he bore what is known in the army as a mouse under his right eye. He was surrounded by members of the military police, one hanging on each arm, one shoving at each shoulder, and two who followed to lend their aid in case of need. The blond giant, turning his head, suddenly discovered the little man in the sheepskin coat, drawing back to let the police by.

"Hot rarin' dog!" cried the giant, whereat all the police leaned a little closer to him. "If there ain't Ol' Mornin' Star! Hi-yuh! We been havin' a little reunion o' the last survivors o' I Company." His great laugh boomed in the narrow street. "Man, I ain't kiddin'! This time I am the last survivor!"

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RATTLESNAKE

Continued from Page 19

whereas the night before he had turned it caressingly this way and that, snatching at its flashing iridescence, catching its fiery beauty to himself, this morning he held it face forward at changing distances, much as a pawnbroker might do in scrutinizing a by-water.

"Humph!" he grunted.

"A man doesn't have to know diamonds to see the value of a stone like that," said Demlow.

"Humph!" repeated Donovan.

Replacing the pendant in its box, he turned to the thin casket containing the diamond necklace.

Again he held the stones farther and nearer from his eye, instead of turning them to catch the light.

"A very beautiful necklace," said Demlow.

"Humph!"

"Very beautiful, and also very valuable."

"Worth in cash about how much?" asked Donovan.

"More money than most men would earn in half a lifetime. How should I know?"

"Want to buy it?"

"Not a chance. I'm a pauper."

"I think that Betsy might make its purchase possible, considering the circumstances. Every stone in it is paste."

"Oh, but Donovan!"

"Why not? The rose-colored diamonds I just laid down are paste. The diamonds in this brooch are paste. The loose diamonds are probably likewise mere paste imitations of diamonds. I haven't yet looked at them, but I can guess."

"Surely not, Mr. Donovan!" cried the girl.

"Mere paste imitations!"

"My uncle never would have been deceived by paste imitations. He knew diamonds too well."

"I did not say he was deceived, Betsy."

"Do you mean—he knew they were paste?"

"I did not say that either. Suppose we stick to the facts. The question merely is: Are these stones genuine diamonds? You can test them for yourself. Genuine diamonds are brilliant at all distances. Paste jewels are fairly warm at some distances, but at other distances they show a black center. Any diamond man will tell you what I have told you about these stones."

"You yourself praised their quality last night," she persisted defensively.

"Last night—yes. The stones your uncle showed us were diamonds of the highest grade. These are not the same diamonds."

"You can't mean—they have been changed!" cried Demlow.

"They have been changed."

"But that would imply ——"

"It implies what it implies. Not a diamond left in the lot. And not only the stones—the settings also have been changed since last night. You would not have noticed, not having a trained eye, but I caught the difference instantly. The new settings are not always even close copies of the old. That Rivera setting is a close copy. I think their former owner must have had duplicates made in paste. But that necklace, and that brooch!"

"But who could have changed them?" asked the girl.

"That's a question I think we ought to try to answer."

Demlow drummed nervously on the table. The girl looked across at him, frightened.

"Oh, but Mr. Donovan!" she cried. "No one could have foreseen this accident of my uncle's death! Unless, indeed, you think ——"

Donovan regarded her somberly.

"I think nothing. These diamonds have disappeared, and they must be found. With your help they can be."

"Anything I can do!"

"You might begin by forgetting," said Donovan. "I have told you that the stones in this wallet are paste substitutions. Please forget that I said this. Please do not show that you so much as suspect them."

"We must find that blinking stranger!" cried Demlow.

But Donovan negated that idea. "Rather, we must find Betsy's snake that darted past her through the door. When we have found that snake we shall have found the key to all that puzzles us."

III

DONOVAN looked at the sheeted figure on the bed, then at the door at his left, now flung wide, behind which the girl had slept, the open window opposite, the sheet-iron stove at his right, the oil lamp overhead, the lynx skin on the floor and Hebben tilted back against the wall to watch. After a moment he turned away.

The day was still young, but the heat seemed to increase by pulsations as the sun's rays became absorbed by the gray sand. Already the hot air lay tremulously upon the distance, but farther back the scalded, barren mountains rose above the quivering layer of illusions, and behind them, not fully seen, rose the airier summits of mountains neither scalded nor barren.

"Are you looking at my mountains?" he asked the girl, who had remained outside with Demlow.

"Are those distant peaks the Sierra Nevadas?"

"The snowy mountains of paradox. You are standing in one of the hottest regions on earth gazing at one of the iciest. That snow peak at the right is the source of a sweet river. From that mountain you could look down upon this camp, which stands beside a well of water so bitter it can hardly be drunk. From it you could see the road we have been traveling; it ends in a borax sink, but it had its beginnings in an orange orchard by the sea. That makes it a kind of symbol of life. Or, if you don't like the bitter ending, you can have your road begin bitterly and end sweetly."

"I like that symbol better," she replied.

"Most people would. Every road ought to end so. Meanwhile the important fact about these mountain and desert neighbors is that they differ sharply among themselves. The plants upon that peak are different from these at your feet, the birds there are different from those found here, the insects are different; even the snakes are different. If you were to find upon that mountainside this morning a twig twisted from that mesquite yonder, you would know without proof that it could not have grown there but had been brought in from the desert."

"Of course," said the girl.

"Or if you were to find a spray of rein orchis behind the house down here, you would know that it had been imported from that mountain."

"Yes."

"Wild animals likewise. The kangaroo rat is a desert animal, the red squirrel a mountain. The coyote, the kit fox, the jack rabbit like the plains."

He had not tried to lower his voice to avoid being overheard, nor did he do so now; but he abruptly left off talking about the zones of life, and abruptly left off talking to the girl.

"Demlow, don't you think you could spare a man for an hour or two to relieve Hebben? I want him in our party."

He heard Hebben's chair snap to the floor behind him.

"I'll send you a man," said Demlow.

"Just to stand watch until we leave. Hebben has to drive a long way today over this hard desert road. I feel we ought to save him all we can."

"I'll send you Peters," said Demlow.

"Come, Hebben," said Donovan when Demlow had returned. "Let this man relieve you. I want you to help me."

"What do?" asked Hebben cautiously.

"Last night Mr. Clausson lost a diamond from his wallet."

"Where'd he lose it?"

"Right here in this room, I think. This was a small diamond about the size of a pea, carried loosely in a paper with others."

"Where do I come in?"

"You might help me find it."

"I got to fix up the car first," said Hebben. "I'll help you look for it after while."

"The car can wait," said Donovan.

"I don't believe I could give my mind to it, Mr. Donovan. Not now. I'm all upset about Mr. Clausson being hit by that snake."

"This will help you to forget," said Donovan.

"You don't understand how I feel about him. I been working for him for two years now. He always treated me fine. He always asked my advice when it was gas or repairs, or what roads was the smoothest between towns. Sometimes he asked my advice about di'monds too. He showed me all about 'em. I can tell di'monds as good as anybody."

"I've known him longer than two years, Hebben. He was my good friend."

"You a di'mond man?" asked Hebben, glancing swiftly at him, and as swiftly away.

Donovan laughed. His knowledge of diamonds was known to every dealer of importance in the world, but Hebben, who could tell diamonds himself, had never heard of him. A man's fame is as narrow a thing as that.

"A diamond man?" he asked. "I, Hebben? I thought you knew. My line's insurance."

"How'd Clausson lose this di'mond, Mr. Donovan?"

"I thought perhaps that rattlesnake Miss Clausson saw might have taken it. We could run him down and find out."

"A rattlesnake?"

"This may have been a sidewinder. A kind of rattlesnake."

"Snakes don't carry off things," said Hebben.

"How about that, Demlow? Would a sidewinder carry off a loose blue-white Wesselton, if it found one?"

"If it found one loose in this desert it might," replied Demlow evenly. "Especially if it was a full-fashioned brilliant and not a rose-cut diamond. The sidewinders out here don't care much for the cheaper stones."

"All we have to do is find the snake that took it. Will you join me, Hebben?"

"Not me. I got no time for that foolishness."

"Just how much do you know about rattlesnakes?" asked Donovan softly. "Anything at all?"

"Not a thing in the world—not one thing!"

"Not even sidewinders?"

"I don't know sidewinders," said Hebben. "I never even saw one, so help me!"

"Then why are you so sure that this is foolishness?"

"What is it—this sidewinder thing?"

"A sidewinder, Hebben, is a peculiar kind of snake that travels sideways instead of in a straight line forward like other snakes. Because of its odd manner of traveling it leaves a peculiar track that men like Demlow here can recognize instantly. You could, yourself, Hebben. I saw such a track this morning in the sand between this cabin and the shack."

"Didn't see it," said Hebben.

"We shall have to show you a sidewinder by tracking it down. It doesn't often travel far. We ought to overtake this fellow within a hundred yards. Perhaps we shall find our lost diamond if the snake has it. Want to try it?"

"Not me!" cried Hebben fervently.

"It may prove to be the very snake that struck your employer."

"No, no! I don't want to see it! I don't like to think about rattlesnakes! I don't like 'em! I won't go!"

Donovan did not press him further; but nevertheless Hebben accompanied the party that sought out the spoor of the sidewinder, as did the girl also when assured of the importance of the quest.

"I won't break down," she had promised. "I don't know why you want me, but here I am."

The sidewinder proved to be lying in a half-buried coil in the shade of a creosote bush, but such was its color and size a man might have looked at it without seeing it, had he not known by its track of its presence. Donovan stirred it into activity with a stick; whereupon it first showed fight, and then began winding sideways to escape him.

"This, Betsy, is the Mohave Desert horned rattlesnake. Please look it over carefully. As thick as my thumb, I told you, and as long as my forearm. You have seen how it travels. Is this the snake you saw dart past you?"

"Not the slightest resemblance," replied the girl.

"How about you, Hebben? Ever see this fellow before?"

"I never did, so help me!"

Donovan placed his hand upon the girl's arm, as if to steady her nerves, but he continued speaking to the man.

"Then come with us while we run down the snake that Miss Clausson actually saw."

The sidewinder had left only faint markings upon the desert crust, having no great weight. This new spoor was plainer. The sidewinder had left a peculiar zigzag signature, consisting largely of transverse strokes six or seven inches apart. The new spoor began in front of the cabin door and led with the directness of a dragged rope into the desert ahead.

The nearer mountains, bare though they were, would have had the punctuation of shadows as the sun climbed westward, but the heated air softened every line and every contour until pen strokes became brush marks, and brush marks became sponged down into fog combed by the wind. In the foreground stood scattered clumps of creosote bush and bur sage, each expanding to the sun in a rounded dome. To the right lay a borax sink, the creosote bush giving way to the alkali-tolerant obione, which is a greasewood, and it in turn to the salt grass and pickleweed edging the dry bed of a lake.

They followed the spoor across the bare flat, past a creosote bush, past a mesquite, past a clump of bur sage, past more creosote, past more bur sage. It began to look as if the fugitive meant to camp that night in the mountains; but whether because it found the sun too hot overhead, or the sand too hot underfoot, or the valley air too dry, or the fatigue of continued flight too great, or because it had arrived before the ridged wheel tracks of somebody's automobile, it paused at last in the shade of a mesquite, and here Donovan found it.

Donovan fired twice as the whir of its rattles rang out in warning, then disentangled the dead rattlesnake from the mesquite branches and laid it out on the sand. In length it proved to reach from wheel track to wheel track, with something to spare. Its thickness was that of a man's wrist.

The girl had already described the snake, but Donovan for his own reasons began pointing out additional markings. In body color it was a grayish brown, with large dark-brown blotches along the back, each inclosed in a diamond-shaped whitish border. Its sides bore similar markings, but they shaded off into pink along the belly, as if their owner had nested the night before in dust of coral and some of its bloom had persisted. Its head was dark above and unmarked, but a lead-white stripe ran across the side of the face from eyes to mouth. Its tail, also lead white, bore six black crossbands or rings, with at the end a twelve-button rattle.

(Continued on Page 167)

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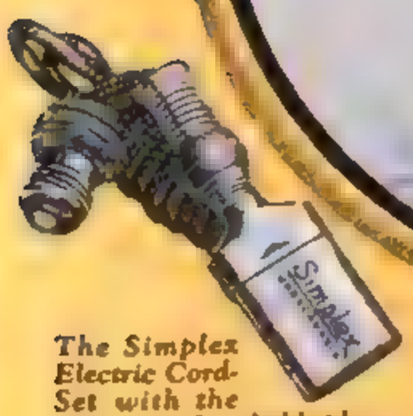

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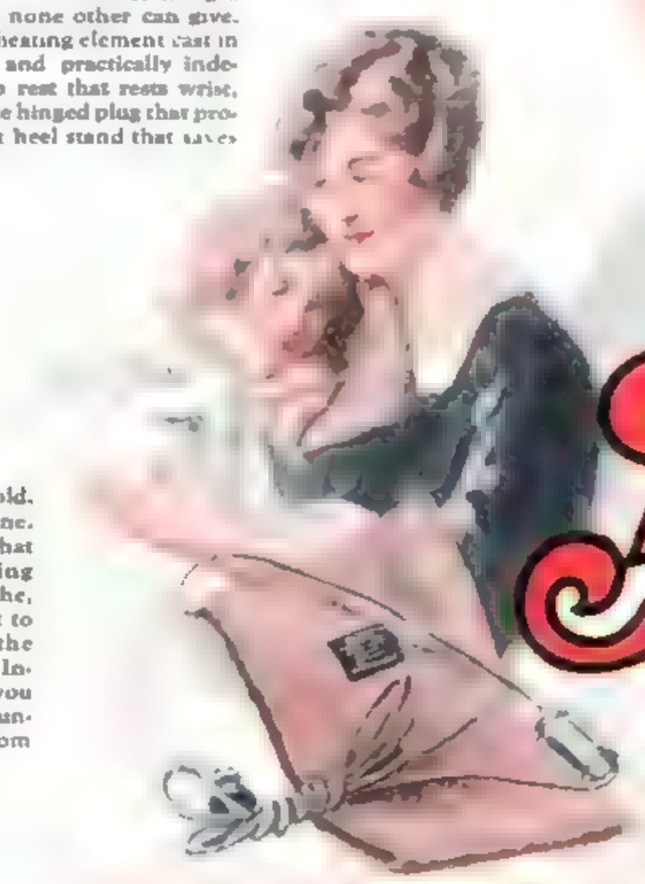

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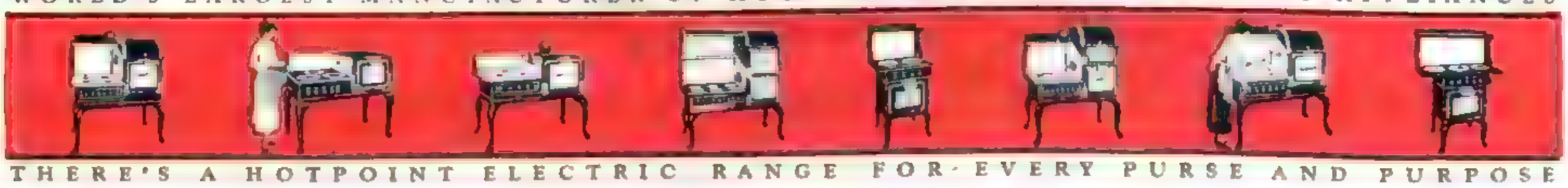

THERE'S A HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 162)

"Ever see this fellow before, Hebben?" he asked, when he had done.

"I never did, so help me!"

"But you have seen it, Betsy?"

The girl had drawn back from it as Donovan pointed out its markings, but her eyes had not once left its gray-brown diamonds. As she replied her voice sank to a whisper.

"The snake of the cabin," she said, "that killed my uncle!"

IV

RATTLESNAKES, like other reptiles, fall sharply into families, each with its own peculiar habits and habitat. Thus the sidewinder, or horned rattlesnake, occurs so commonly in the Mohave region that it has become identified with that desert. It thrives only in sandy plains so hot they can hardly be walked upon; yet it is so sensitive to heat, or to sunlight, that if placed in the sun's rays without protection it will die in a few minutes. It is usually identified by its small size and by its manner of travel. It is a venomous little rattlesnake, but few persons have ever been bitten by it, and of those who have, few have perished.

The tiger rattlesnake also inhabits the Mohave Desert region; but instead of seeking the valleys it prefers to live among the rocks and brush of the mountains. It is a larger snake, and less distinctive in its habits. Although the two rattlesnakes occur side by side, they are not often found together; the mountain snake seldom invading the valley and the valley snake seldom the mountains.

Many other rattlesnakes have their homes in the far Southwest—such as the black rattlesnake of the Coast Range, the so-called Oregon rattlesnake of the interior valleys behind it, the white or bleached rattlesnake of the lower Colorado Desert, the red rattlesnake of the region lying across the base of the Lower California peninsula, the green rattlesnake, which is nearer blue than green, of the Mexican boundary, and the dog-headed rattlesnake of New Mexico. Each of these occurs in its own chosen habitat and in no other.

Still another rattlesnake of the Southwest, and it by no means unimportant, is found in the lower desert valleys, including the Colorado, as far east as Texas and as far west as the Salton Basin. This snake, known as the diamond desert rattlesnake, in color is a dark pepper-and-salt, with blotches on its back outlined in diamond-shaped whitish chain stitching, and it bears six black rings on its tail. The snake laid out in the sand across the wheel tracks belonged to this family of rattlesnakes.

Donovan continued speaking upon the subject of rattlesnakes, with particular reference to the specimen on the sand at his feet.

"I've driven or tramped this desert up and down and crossways," he said. "I've seen most of its wild life. I know the chuckwalla, which is a big fat lizard, Hebben, and the sand turtle, which isn't, and the horned toad, which shoots blood from its eyes when it's frightened. I've seen the sidewinder a little, and the tiger rattler once in a while in the rocks. But not this snake, in this desert."

"Nor I," said Demlow. "I've tramped this desert also, but I never saw this snake before."

"Why haven't we seen this rattlesnake in this desert, Hebben?"

"How do I know?"

"We haven't seen it here because it doesn't occur here," said Donovan. "This is a Gila snake, not a Mohave. It has never before been reported north of the Sierra Madre Mountains. What's the inference?"

"I don't know inference," replied Hebben sullenly. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean—questions. Instead of voting in Inyo County, California, like Demlow here, this snake votes in Arizona. I know the family well. When Miss Clausson described it I thought she must be describing a snake she had read about somewhere. How did this Arizona citizen get here? Who paid its fare? It could hardly have come without help."

"I'm asking those same questions," said Demlow.

"If you know snakes so well answer 'em yourself," said Hebben.

"The farthest north this snake has ever been found by scientists is the Coachella Valley, and there only once. Yet here it suddenly crops out in a man's house two hundred miles north, in another desert."

"Everybody knows how rattlesnakes travel."

"And how mesquite travels—when it's carried."

Hebben became sarcastic. "Sure it does! That mesquite didn't grow on that snow peak, because mesquite doesn't grow anywheres except where it grows. A little bird fetches that stove wood from Cuba. Even when it's a dead man with a rattlesnake bite on his hand and the rattlesnake under the bed, the snake comes out of a box and it's a frame, because the snake's grandmother wore a wart on her nose in Ventura."

"Why did your friends plant this Arizona rattlesnake in Clausson's room, Hebben?"

"My friends? Ask me! Ask me!"

"Why did they do it? They couldn't be sure it would strike a sleeping man. Even if they could have been, a fang wound is not often fatal. It's no way to murder a man. It's altogether too uncertain."

"This talk is the bunk! Zero! Absolutely! That snake there killed Mr. Clausson. It must have, because it ran out from under his bed and you can see the punctures. I don't know how it got here, and I don't care."

Donovan looked at him, flushed and angry, for a moment. When he again began speaking his tones had taken on a new softness

"Suppose I put the matter to Demlow, Hebben. If Clausson was killed by any snake he was killed by this snake. That's a fair enough inference, isn't it?"

"A fair inference," replied Demlow.

"Turning it round, if this snake didn't strike Clausson, then Clausson wasn't struck by a snake at all."

"Still a fair inference."

"If he was not struck by a snake, then the punctures on his hand are not fang punctures."

"That's good sense too."

"In that case his death was not caused by a snake bite."

"Couldn't have been."

"But it was caused by something."

"Must have been."

"The punctures in his hand were likewise caused by something."

"Nothing more certain."

"If not by a snake's fangs, in imitation of them."

"Yes."

"If Clausson had died a natural death the punctures would have had no purpose."

"None whatever."

"They were inflicted to conceal the real cause of his death."

"You can't avoid that conclusion."

"Their purpose was to lead people to suppose that the rattlesnake had killed him, when in fact he had been murdered in another way."

"They could have had no other."

"Assuming that he had not been bitten by a snake."

"Assuming that," said Demlow.

"It follows that either he died from the bite of this snake lying here before us, or he was murdered."

"One or the other."

"I said all along that the snake bit him!" cried Hebben.

"This snake, you said."

"For cripes sake! What other snake was there could of bitten the man?"

"Suppose now I prove that this snake didn't bite him?" asked Donovan.

"You wasn't there! You can't prove it!"

"Nothing easier," said Donovan, still speaking softly.

"All right! Prove it!"

"This rattlesnake doesn't make that kind of wound. Therefore it didn't bite Clausson."

"Ban!"

"If I were to cut my finger, you could tell that hurt from a burn, couldn't you, Hebben? Different kinds of rattlesnakes inflict different kinds of wounds. Your friends picked the wrong snake. If they had selected the sidewinder, now, I couldn't have said a word. It leaves only a pair of clean-lipped punctures. So does the dog-headed rattlesnake. Either of these rattlesnakes might bite you fatally, Hebben, without causing any swelling of the tissues about the wound, and without causing any discoloration in them."

"How about the wound caused by this snake?" asked Demlow.

"If this snake had bitten Clausson the hand would have swollen to twice its present size, the flesh would have turned yellow, or blue, or even green, and the skin surrounding the wound would have been covered with blisters."

"I don't believe it," said Hebben; "but it's nothing to me."

"What is more," continued Donovan, "if this snake, or any other, had bitten Clausson from the floor, the fang punctures would have shown a different angle. A snake, to leave punctures like those, would have had to strike down from above, hanging by its tail, and with its head held slightly sideways. When you get back you will see what I mean."

"It's nothing to me," repeated Hebben doggedly.

"The surprising thing, Hebben, is the stupidity of your murderous friends."

"Don't call them my friends!"

"But they are your friends, don't you see? Your stupid killers murdered this man for his diamonds, and then tried to pass off his death as due to the bite of this rattlesnake by inflicting fang punctures upon his dead hand. That might have done, but they left us the rattlesnake."

"The wrong rattlesnake," said Demlow grimly.

"The right rattlesnake!" Hebben rapped out, springing back. "This blister stuff is the bunk!"

"When I called the murderers stupid," continued Donovan smoothly, "I had in mind the wound on poor Clausson's hand. They had the snake before them; yet this wound does not fit its fangs. The punctures are not far enough apart. Stupid!"

"I want to see for myself," said Hebben, edging away with narrowing eyes.

"We'll all walk over. What's that stick in your hand?"

"Just a stick I picked up."

"Drop it, and step forward. I'll carry the stick. That's it. Now stand as you are! Demlow, will you go through this man's pockets? Only one pistol? Thank you. Are those the diamonds you drew? Foolish to carry them around with you. That pins it on you pretty squarely, Hebben. Better come clean and tell us everything. Who killed poor Clausson, and which way did he go?"

"Who killed him, and how did he do it?" suggested Demlow.

"I think I know how he killed him, but tell us that too. Who, and how? Just that."

V

HEBBEN'S confession did not touch upon the manner of Clausson's murder; indeed up to the last he had believed that the diamond merchant had met his death through the rattlesnake. He had known of the robbery, but not of the violence. His part in the crime had been to report Clausson's movements and, to the extent he was able, their purpose. He had never heard of the Rivera rose-colored diamonds.

As a consequence Donovan extracted from him only that two strangers had induced him to help them rob his employer, that these men were dark, that they were tall, that they drove a stout little speed car, that they spoke English with an accent. (Continued on Page 169)

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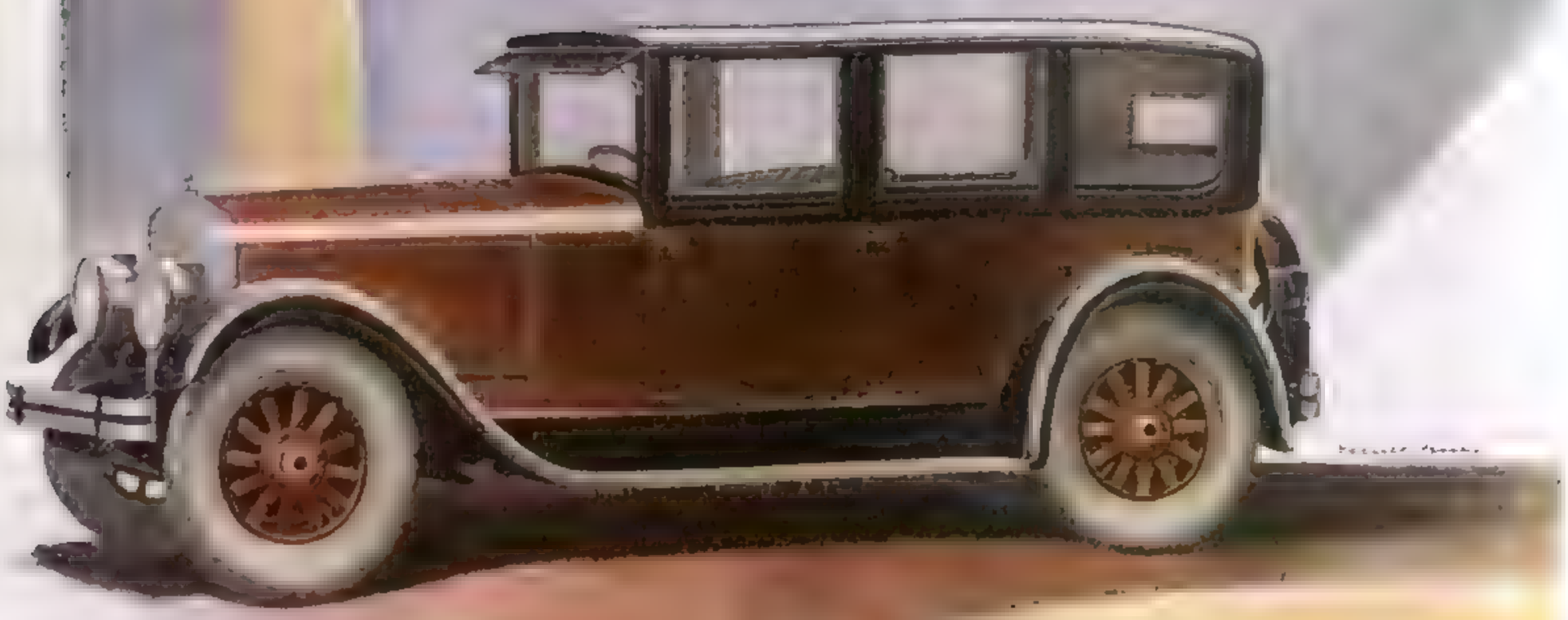


FRANKLIN

(Continued from Page 167)

"What make of car?" Donovan had asked.

Hebben did not know. He had seen it only at night, on a dark street. It looked something like a Centaur.

"Did you know they had a rattlesnake with them?"

"I did not."

Donovan pointed out that if Clausson had been murdered east or south of Los Angeles, instead of in the north Mohave Desert, as might readily have been the case, no one could have said so definitely that the snake had been imported.

"When did you see these men last before starting on the present trip?"

"The night before."

"Did you know at that time that your employer meant to spend the night at this borax camp?"

"I did."

"You told these men as much?"

"I told them."

"Did they seem familiar with the country?"

"They did not know it at all."

"You showed them the road you meant to take?"

"I showed them careful."

"You showed them from a good map?"

"From a road map I had."

"They made a copy of the route from that map?"

"I told them to go buy one like it."

"Were the desert trails and springs and water holes marked on this map of yours?"

"Only the roads. It's a road map."

"You say they were strangers. Had they driven much over our desert roads, do you know?"

"Not in this desert, I don't think. They asked me all kinds of fool questions."

"When did you see them again?"

"The next night. That's last night."

"Where did you see them?"

"At our car, in camp. They parked their car off a ways from camp so as not to wake anybody."

"Did they carry water to their car?"

"Nobody was thinking about water. No, they didn't."

"What time of night was this?"

"Two o'clock sharp."

"Then they went inside?"

"That's right."

"Did they break in?"

"They didn't have to. The door wasn't locked."

"How long did they remain inside?"

"Nearly half an hour. I got worried."

"Did they carry anything with them?"

"They had a black bag. They may have carried the rattlesnake in that."

"Didn't one of them carry this stick?"

"Yes; they had it too."

"When they came out what did they do?"

"They walked down to their car."

"You went with them?"

"Sure. They had to give me my share of the di'monds—the di'monds I turned over to you."

"How long did that take?"

"Just a few minutes. Then they got in and drove off on their muffler as soft as they could."

"Returned toward Los Angeles?"

"Nothing as raw as that. They drove straight ahead north so as to strike the road again. I heard them till they got too far away to hear any longer."

"You spoke of their asking you fool questions about the desert. What kind of questions?"

"About the roads and gas—that stuff."

"You were able to answer these questions?"

"Sure. I been on the desert a lot."

"On the cement-roads desert," suggested Demlow.

"What will they run into, Demlow, headed north?" asked Donovan. "Cement roads?"

"Not that anybody here knows about. Sand roads. No roads at all. Salt-crusted marsh, if they try any funny short cuts. This is a he-man's country. The road out here gets blown away by the wind. Unless you know your job you're liable to strike anything."

"What do you think will happen to them, out on that sandy road, Demlow?"

"First, they'll boil off their water spinning sand. Then they'll drop a bearing. Then if they've got any sense at all they'll wait in the shade of their car until they're picked up."

"Just so. First they'll boil off their water. Then they'll use their canteen water to help out. Then they'll drop that bearing. But they'll be thirsty by that time—too thirsty to sit down and wait. How far is it to the next water, Demlow?"

"Twenty-five miles if you know where it is and how to find it."

"Did they have a water keg with them, Hebben?"

"I don't think so. Just a canteen."

"Seven hours' start isn't so much," said Donovan, "in heat like this, running on hard tires through the sand. I'll follow them if you will."

"Just us two!" said Demlow.

"Us three. We'll need Hebben to identify our men."

"Not me!" cried Hebben. "They've got two pistols apiece, and knives—all kinds of weapons. They're killers!"

"You can't leave me behind," said the girl.

"Fetch your glass for me and your rifle for yourself and we'll all go. We can keep out of pistol range and still be in easy rifle range."

"Nothing to it," said Demlow. "We're off."

They picked up the trail about where Hebben described it as lying. Demlow undertook to drive, knowing the country. The road held up for a while, but farther on the high wind of the immediate past had heaped sand upon it, or blown sand from beneath it, until there might as well never have been a road. The tracks of the car they were following lay superposed upon this sand, cleanly impressed and unsoftened.

They found the car fifteen miles out, its radiator as dry as punk. As Demlow had predicted, the murderers had boiled off their water working past sand traps, and then, with nothing to cool the engine, had kept on running until the babbitt metal of the bearings had melted.

"Pretty foolish," said Demlow. "You or I could make that next well on foot, but I don't believe they can. I don't believe they could find it, even."

"Take your time. I'll try and keep you from running into an ambush."

"Not much danger of that."

A half hour passed, then an hour. Except for the footprints, no sign of the fugitives was to be seen. Then suddenly Donovan caught a movement on the desert floor ahead.

"Hold her!" he cried.

Demlow sank his foot into the brake and brought the car to a stop. The men in flight seemed to have sought the shade of a mesquite. They seemed not to have noticed the approach of the car until Demlow began honking.

The heat and their double fear may have affected their minds; for although they were quite out of range they began firing wildly with pistols.

Demlow raised his rifle. A moment later it spoke. The bullet threw up a splash of sand an arm's length to their right. Then he threw up a splash of sand to their left. In the mid-distance the bullets from the pistols plunked harmlessly into the sand, too far spent even to cause a splash.

"They don't know what they're doing," said Donovan. "Patience does it."

He watched them through the glass as they emptied their pistols over and over. Then they seemed to run low in ammunition, and their firing slackened. They abandoned their resistance as suddenly as they had begun it, by waving a handkerchief.

Donovan disarmed them, then placed them wrist to wrist in a pair of handcuffs that Demlow had brought from his desk. Then, marching them toward the car, he confronted them with Hebben, who had not yet been placed in restraint. Demlow was standing apart, on guard. The girl remained in the car.

"Have you ever seen these men before?" he asked.

"I have. They're the birds that got me into this mess," replied Hebben.

The strangers gave him a glance of such withering hatred he could not meet their eyes, but he knew them to be in manacles and powerless, and did not shrink from them otherwise.

"You met them by appointment at two o'clock last night?"

"I did," said Hebben.

"You directed them to the cabin in which Clausson lay asleep?"

"I showed them where it was and told them the lay inside."

"You then saw them enter this cabin?"

"I saw them. Both of them went in."

"You saw them leave the cabin later?"

"That's right."

"Are these the men who then gave you seven unset diamonds as your share of the booty?"

"That's right. This bird Joe, on the left, gives them to me."

The man on the left burst forth in an angry denial, but Donovan could see that his fury at Hebben's betrayal, as he believed it to be, could not be expressed in words.

It was because he was watching this man so closely, rather than Hebben, or than his companion, that he caught the movement of his free right hand in its beginning, before it had yet become a movement. A moment before, the man had stood forth empty handed. Donovan himself had searched him for weapons. The possibility of violence by him seemed remote.

Yet suddenly came this movement that was not yet a movement, and with it a flash as of a concealed weapon whipped into the open.

"Look out!" cried Donovan.

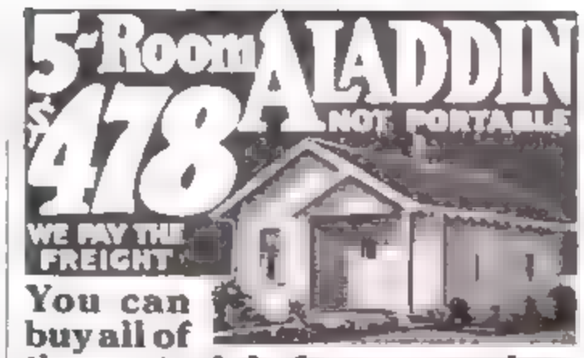
His warning, early as it was, would have fallen too late, but even as he uttered it he brought up the rodlike stick in his right hand sharply, though more by instinct than by intention, as a man will sometimes do when warding off a blow. The swift upleaping of the rod caught the man called Joe across the fingers, sending that which he now held in them whirling into the air overhead. The movement of offense had been so swift, and the movement nullifying it so lightninglike, that neither Demlow nor the girl quite saw all that happened. Hebben did not see it. He stood too close to see it.

Demlow caught part of the movement He saw the lunge outward of Joe's hand, heard the blow of impact, light but sharp, as the rod struck from it that which went whirling, saw this whirling object soar skyward four or five feet, pause there, and then, still whirling, descend vertically along the path in which it had risen. He saw Joe's hand instinctively flash upward, as if to seize that which had escaped it. He saw that which was sought settle into that upraised hand.

The next moment he saw the weirdest sight, and the most incomprehensible, that ever his eyes had beheld. The man Joe gave a single terrified muffled cry, like that of an animal struck mortally, and shook his hand free from what it held. Then, as suddenly as if he had become a mere bundle of rags with neither flesh nor bone in them, he sank to the floor of the desert.

When Donovan bent over him he found him dead. Upon the base of the thumb of his right hand appeared a clean-lipped double puncture, like that made by the fangs of a diamond desert rattlesnake, except that the hand was not swollen or blistered, and the punctures were spaced too closely together.

"What I don't see," said Demlow, "is what killed the man. I see this shuttle thing with the twin points on it, and I understand that they pricked him on the hand. What of it?"



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"These men are from South America," said Donovan. "They came north with the Rivera diamonds."

"What if they did?" asked Demlow. "What of that?"

"Did you ever hear of the Orinoco Indians?"

"I've heard of them—yes. They hunt with poisoned arrows."

"Just so. These men killed Clausson with poisoned shuttle points, and this one has just killed himself accidentally by the same means."

"A poison would not act so suddenly as that."

"This poison will. It's prepared from the bark of a stout vine of the higher South American forests. I've seen it made. The Indians use it on their arrow points. They can kill fish with it, as well as animals. It acts by paralyzing the nerves that control the lungs and heart."

"But what's the idea of the shuttle?"

"For use in a zarabatana, or blowpipe. In this case they did not use it so, but attached it upon this shaft that Hebben found like a kind of arrowhead. They threw the shaft away, but kept the head. Joe had that up his sleeve."

"One more thing I don't see," said Demlow as Donovan made a swift inventory of the diamonds the men had been carrying. "I don't see how I ever thought those glass diamonds were beautiful. These are as different from them as night is from day."

Donovan held the pendants up, turning them about in the light.

"Yes," he replied. "These are real diamonds. I'm not sure they are not the most beautiful diamonds in the world. I don't wonder they were followed by thieves. The wonder is that any of us can remain honest after touching them. We'll put them up now; and I think we'll leave them so."

MY DEAR! HE SAYS HAWAII IS AMERICAN!

(Continued from Page 13

Americanism just as American children on the mainland absorb it. If they become real Americans, there will be no trouble in Hawaii; but if they remain Japanese, with American veneer, which is what most people over there and many elsewhere fear, there is always the possibility of Japanese political domination—internally, of course, for the Japanese are already considerably more than a third of the population—125,368 of a total of 307,100—and since they are increasing rapidly through the birth rate, there may be perplexing and troublesome external complications.

Some years ago, on one of my visits to Japan, one of the great Japanese statesmen said to me, when we were discussing the California-Japanese situation:

"We do not need to go to war with any country if the Japanese are allowed unrestricted opportunities for immigration to that country and all privileges of citizenship. Our statistics show that while it takes a Caucasian race eighty-five years to double itself, the Japanese people double in thirty-five years. Give us time and free opportunities for immigration, and we can dominate any white country where our people can live—such, for instance, as Hawaii and California."

I do not know if the statesman's figures are scientifically correct. Certainly, he thought they were, and, certainly, his theory has worked out and is working out constantly in Hawaii. One look at the Japanese quarter in Honolulu, say, will show that, and the population figures cinch it. Therefore, while the Japanese problem seems, to the Hawaiians, an imminent and pressing one, it, in reality, is of the future in its final demonstration; but it is none the less worrisome, at that.

So, as man is so constituted that he must worry, and as every natural tendency in Hawaii is favorable to peace of mind, contentment of body and enjoyment of the senses, the Hawaiians worry about the Japs, but only now and then. Nobody can worry long in Hawaii. The whole institution forbids it. Tomorrow is far away over there. All that matters is today.

A Hail and Farewell Emblem

Nevertheless, there were a few little things that worried me when I was there last September. I had been in Honolulu before, stopping off from transpacific liners after the usual manner, scurrying about the city, rushing out to Waikiki for a perfectly futile attempt to ride a surf board like a Kanaka, and so on; but this time I stayed for nearly a month in the islands and had an opportunity for a much-needed investigation into matters relating to native sports, pastimes, customs, ballyhoo and come-hither, and so on, as they are practiced by the people, one and all.

My first inquiry was into the subject of leis. The lei, as is widely known, is an indigenous or, speaking scientifically, autochthonal wreath, made variously of flowers, feathers or paper, and hung in prodigal profusion around the necks of all who participate in any way in anything that is going on; especially around the necks of those who come to the Paradise of the Pacific, which is a nifty little term used extensively by the tourist bureau, in the capacity of paradise seekers—potential paradiseans, as you might say.

When you arrive in Honolulu, or in any other place in Hawaii, they automatically hang leis on you. When you depart they mechanically hang leis on you. When you eat, when you go to a party, when you dance, when you walk, ride or do anything else save swim—they hang leis on you. It is a sort of ritual, a survival and standardization of an ancient Hawaiian custom. The natives decorated themselves with wreaths of feathers and flowers, but it remained for the advance of civilization to make the paper lei possible. One great thing civilization did for the Hawaiians, aside from putting them into pants, was to give them the paper lei, and it has been an incalculable asset for the real-estate dealers, hotel keepers and steamship managers.

Also, it has not been so bad for the laundrymen. Half a dozen paper leis around any neck on a hot day, on a steamship pier, say—even around a neck that is most elegantly nonsudoriferous—will dye all garments to the waist a brilliant orange or yellow—the paper leis are mostly orange-hued, as that was the royal color—and impart to the skin a lasting ocherous tinge that will be a pleasant reminder of the festivity for days to come.

Some Lei Figures

The lei, to be sure, is no novelty. Thousands of tourists' homes in America are decorated with leis, hanging over mirrors or draped on the corners of pictures, or on lighting fixtures, brought back as souvenirs and testimonials of Honolulu. The steamship companies keep several factories running for their production and use them lavishly, possibly to promote the proper Hawaiian spirit and distract the minds of the passengers from chance defects in the service. It is very difficult, almost impossible, to point out to the captain or first officer of a ship, malfeasances of your steward or iniquities in the chow when one has strung about his neck a few paper leis donated by the steamship company in the interests of gayety and the holiday heart; very.

Still, there has never been a proper scientific inquiry into the lei, and such an inquiry seemed essential. Therefore one was undertaken along these lines:

(1) What is the annual production of leis from all sources?

(2) What is the actual cervical breaking point under the strain of leis, as follows: (a) paper, (b) flower, (c) flowers that are mostly wild ginger, (d) mixed paper and flower?

3 What is the point of saturation, on a hot steamship pier, when the orange-colored lei ceases to be a decoration and becomes an active fulvous dyeing agent?

This may seem an unimportant and mayhap frivolous investigation; but it is not, because the great future of Hawaii, in one sense, is a tourist future, and a future that comprehends Americans and others desirous of a benign climate in beautiful surroundings going to Hawaii and remaining there calm and contented—and especially calm. The commercial development of Hawaii is pretty well in hand, and so is the land development. There is not much chance for a settler there, meaning a man who goes to take up land and grow crops, because practically all the available sugar and pineapple land is fully under control There will be commercial expansion, of course, as the territory grows, along mercantile lines; but the real future of Hawaii, with its present foundation, is a tourist and home future—a place to visit and a place to live, both delightful.

Wherefore, as the lei plays a most important part in Hawaiian life, it is well to fix its exact status, which is now done for the first time, as follows:

The annual production of leis, from all sources, including the steamship companies, is 4865 gross tons, of which one and a half tons have personally been around my columnar neck. To put it another way: The leis used annually in Hawaii, on the piers at San Francisco and Los Angeles, aboard ships and elsewhere, if laid end to end, would reach from Laupahoehoe to Lanamaula and back as far as Waimanalo.

The actual cervical breaking point, under the burden of leis, is twenty-one point six. That is to say, the average adult can maintain a fraction more than twenty-one leis, provided a reasonable proportion of these are paper, without suffering from anything more serious than strained tendons and mayhap a blurring of the eyes and a ringing in the ears caused by the heavy odor of the wild ginger; but it must not be overlooked that if the leis are all of sweet peas and wild ginger, the ratio of endurance constantly decreases, and on a hot day only the most muscular can withstand more than thirteen to fifteen. As a considerable number of days have a certain amount of heat, and as steamship piers and sheds ordinarily are from sixteen to thirty-seven degrees hotter than the open air, these figures must be modified to suit individual cases, with the caution that a dozen leis are sufficient for all ordinary incomings and outgoings, feasts, parties or functions.

Concerning the third section of this exhaustive inquiry, there can be no fixed rule further than the statement that at 85 Fahrenheit the orange-colored paper lei begins to dissolve, and at 95 it is practically fluid and exerting a wide and penetrating coloring influence, with an especial affiliation for collars, shirts and underclothing, if any.

Learn About Leis From Him

This last conclusion is the result of personal experience and experiment, and not of observation. It was 90 on the pier. The ship that was to take me to Australia sailed at four o'clock. The baggage of my party had not arrived at four o'clock owing to the fact, as I learned later, that the porter at my hotel always took his steel-stringed guitar lesson at that time in the hope of getting a job in a Hawaiian orchestra, of which there are 5792 touring the world—and, by the way, making heavy inroads in the lei market, the lei being, mostly, the only thing Hawaiian about them. I was, at the hour of four, snugly wrapped up in some eighteen or twenty leis, mostly flower leis and weighing in the neighborhood of fourteen stone ten. It would have been discourteous to take them off. It was imperative to do a lot of telephoning, to climb up from the pier to see the captain of the boat—and the gangplank was long and steep—to interview the agent; in short, to hold up the ship.

These various progresses of a middle-aged writing person weighing 180 pounds, without ornament, established the basis for the conclusion. Leis liquefy at exactly 95 Fahrenheit, and if any person desires an orange-colored shirt, undershirt, neck, chest, ears, chin, Adam's apple or other facial or cervical or pectoral what not, that is the way to procure same. When the baggage finally came; when, on the side of the ship away from the pier, the leis had been thrown overboard; when we passed Diamond Head and headed for the equator—a bright-yellow passenger might have been seen furtively skulking to his cabin to dig out his nailbrush, his soap, his abrasives and his emollients and see if he ever could make himself approximately white again. He did, but it was not for days—and thus he learned about leis.

A Wail of a Song

As for Hawaiian songs, the subject of my next inquiry, the results obtained were equally illuminating, and were secured by the same intensive methods. To be sure, there has been an occasional Hawaiian singer on the mainland, and I have been reliably informed that a certain number of Hawaiian phonograph records have been made—a few million, more or less, to be exact—but Hawaiian singing on the mainland and Hawaiian singing right where it originated are two different matters—also indifferent, it may be. I investigated it right on the spot.

After listening to 143 Hawaiian orchestras, bands of singers, beach boys with ukuleles, boating parties, street strollers, amateurs, professionals and others not classed, and including the pests in the hotels, it was authoritatively ascertained that there is but one Hawaiian song: not many—only one. This one Hawaiian song is composed of four wails, a long lamentation, three plaints, a few odd bemoanings and a couple of deplores, sung to a musical scale that has but four notes, all minor, and accompanied usually by several tearful, lei-wrapped and walnut-colored persons, who sob bitterly as they twang the strings of their guitars, having in stock and displaying as occasion arises a separate and shuddery twang for each brand of sorrow expressed by the song.

It seems that in the early native days, before the missionaries got after them, a native chief died one day, and his people rallied round and began to wail for him. This wailing made such a hit that they kept it up for a week. Being creative artists and shy on business sense, as all creative artists are in books and none are in real life, they neglected to get their production copyrighted, and other tribes and villages stole their stuff. Thus the Hawaiian song originated, and thus it persists to this day. As stated, there is but one song. There seem to be many, but that is an auricular illusion. The difference, or seeming difference, lies in the manner of singing. If the singer has adenoids, he gets one effect and seems to be singing another song; and if his nasal passages are obstructed, he gives another impression of novelty. But the song really never changes. Normally a laughing and happy people, the Hawaiians are hopelessly sad when they sing, and so are a good many of their auditors.

Castle says that the original native singing was a guttural chant, with a four-note range, and that the first modern Hawaiian

(Continued on Page 175)

FEDERAL

Truck Builder to use the famous Sleeve-Valve

-Knight Engine

with these exclusive Advantages

-Economy

No Carbon Cleaning-
No Valve Grinding ~~
More Miles per Gallon of Gasoline-
Fewer parts, therefore less wear ~ 50% savings in Up-keep ~ Greater Tire Mileage-

-Power

An Engine that actually grows more powerful with use ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

-Speed

more deliveries per day ~ ~ ~ More Profits!

Thousands of Knight-Motored FEDERALS in use today. 3 Sizes—1, 1½, 2 Tons. A capacity and body style that fits exactly, the needs of every business.

FEDERAL MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

LOWER COST *per* TON MILE

A wonderful new *with a* SMOOTH

Smile into it
If it smiles back—
it's ALUMINEX

ALUMINEX FINISH

A smooth inside finish—that is what you get in all Aluminex utensils. Easy to clean, without scouring or scratching away their brilliant lustre.

ORDINARY FINISH

A rough, unpolished finish. And that is why it is so hard to clean utensils finished in this way, or to keep these utensils bright and shining.

ALUMINUM ware that can be cleaned as easily, and as thoroughly as china or glassware! This for years has been the dream of millions of women who have come to regard aluminum utensils as the ideal kitchen ware.

And now this dream is realized. With Aluminex, you may equip your kitchen with utensils that possess this long-sought feature—*a smooth, highly polished inside finish.* Utensils that gleam and glisten, *inside as well as outside*, with the lustre and brilliance of polished silver.

Years of constant search and experiment by the makers of one of the oldest and best lines of aluminum ware have resulted in the discovery of a remarkably ingenious process for polishing the *interior* of aluminum utensils—something never done before.

Easy to Clean

The inside polished smoothness of Aluminex will appeal to every woman who takes pride in an immaculate kitchen, for here, at last, is aluminum ware that is *easy to clean.*

All you need to clean Aluminex is an ordinary dish cloth and plain soap and water, or the mild cleaning powder you use on your best dinnerware and glassware.

The *inside* of Aluminex is hard, polished, smooth as glass—no rough surfaces to which food particles can adhere, necessitating harsh, destructive cleaning methods.

Aluminex is the aluminum ware that you have always wanted—easy to clean, thoroughly sanitary, *permanently beautiful.*

Many Other Striking Advantages

The new process of interior polishing was only the first step. Such a triumph called for something entirely new and different in utensil engineering. The changes in modern

ALU

aluminum ware *INSIDE* FINISH

cooking methods and eating habits demanded drastic alterations in design.

Every Aluminex utensil is the result of careful study by practical household experts. Every need of the American housewife in her modern kitchen with its modern range has been considered and provided for in the wonderful new Aluminex designs.

Massive, square-beaded edges similar to those found only on the finest of imported ware. Beautiful dome-shaped covers with knobs inset to provide a level upper surface for holding and heating other dishes. Self-basting, too. Knobs moulded from Thermoplax—a heatproof material that stands intense oven temperature without scorching or cracking. Double-folded handles—easy to hold, comfortable, sanitary. Multiple-use utensils, which enable you to convert one or more dishes to many uses, or combinations of uses. Standard heavy gauge aluminum; full capacity.

And Not Expensive—

Today Aluminex is on display at better stores everywhere. Go and see it at your nearest dealer's. Start replacing outworn utensils with this new and better kitchen ware. Prices are no higher than you have ever paid for any good, substantial aluminum utensils. And yet Aluminex will pay for itself many times over in satisfaction, labor saving and lasting service.

It's easy to recognize. First: Look for the blue label on every utensil. Second: *Smile into it—if it smiles back, it's Aluminex.* That's the big test, for Aluminex is the only aluminum with a *smooth inside finish.*

Why not write for a copy of our interesting booklet, "The New Day in Aluminum Cookery"? A post card will bring it.

Look for the Diamond Blue Label—the mark of Aluminex

We need a few more good men in our sales organization. Write

THE BUCKEYE ALUMINUM COMPANY
WOOSTER, OHIO
Makers of fine aluminum ware for more than a quarter of a century

MULTIPLE-USE UTENSILS

Many Aluminex utensils are designed for use in combination with others. The sauce-pot shown above, used with the colander, becomes a steamer, used with the mixing bowl, it serves as a double-boiler; *used alone it is a perfect* self-basting *roaster. Such combinations mean fewer pieces; take less shelf-room.*

HANDSOME DOME COVERS

Note the beautiful new cover design; dome-shape with depressed knob moulded from Thermoplax, a highly heat-resistant material that will never burn, crack nor discolor, even at intense oven heat. Here is a knob that is always cool to the touch.

The new covers have the added advantage of being of the self-basting type. Furthermore, they require less oven room, and stack neatly on your shelves. They are sturdy and substantial, and give an unusual touch of beauty as well as new convenience.

SQUARE BEADED EDGES—

give Aluminex greater beauty, strength and durability. A feature hitherto found only on the finest of imported ware.

DOUBLE-FOLDED HANDLES

Made by an entirely new process to afford a secure, comfortable grip. Much easier to handle than the old sharp, cutting edges. No hollow spaces that cannot be reached with the wash cloth.

HANDY HEATING SURFACES—

are provided by the new cover design. The knobs are inset, providing a level upper surface capable of holding other dishes that you wish to warm or heat gently away from the open flame.

MINEX

Havoline and a few other branded oils stand out from the crowd today because they give power.

Power in oil? Yes! Sixty thousand times yes . . . Sixty thousand tests on the Wasson Motor Check have confirmed the fact that there is more power under your throttle when you use Havoline. From ten to thirty per cent more power is a commonplace experience.

And why not? It takes an oil of high quality and uniformity to stand the power test.

For 22 years Havoline has been a leader in the quality oil class. Its name stands for quality to the millions who use it, and it means *power* to the thousands who actually measured Havoline's performance on the Motor Check. You will never know your power until you try it.

You can generally find Havoline where modern crank-case service is given. It is sold from bulk and in one and five gallon cans. Also furnished for home garage use in thirty and fifty gallon drums. Write for name of nearest dealer.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INC., LAWRENCEVILLE, ILL.

(Continued from Page 170)

song was written in 1868. It has been rewritten a thousand times since then, but not by Hawaiians. By New Yorkers, mostly in Tin Pan Alley. The real Hawaiians do not do so well with these songs, although they sing them. What they want is a good wail and a stocky, well-nourished bemoaning they can set their teeth into. Given that, and permission to go to it, and they will lament for hours at a time, and get a lot of pleasure out of it—more than those who hear them, by 96 per cent, except, of course, the naturally down-hearted among the tourists. I have observed that tourists, trying to make the grade and live at the big hotels on small resources, listen avidly to a Hawaiian song after they have had their laundry bills or something like that.

The Hawaiian song, being also a native institution and of the ancient people and the soil, is used in exactly the same manner as the lei. So convinced are all Hawaiians that all visitors just dote on having some singers wail at them during every meal, say, or at any gathering, function, show, exhibition, excursion or what not, that said singers are turned loose inevitably. Like the lei, the thing is automatic. Where any visitors congregate, there also Hawaiian musicians congregate.

A Child Could Do It!

According to the latest census figures, there were but 21,271 native Hawaiians in the islands, together with 7816 Asiatic Hawaiians and 13,134 Caucasian Hawaiians, or a total, roundly, of pure bloods and mixed bloods, of 42,000. The figures seem inadequate. I heard more than that, personally, lamenting whatever it was they were bemoaning. But we must have them. It is part of the standardized Hawaiian scheme.

These investigations concluded, I turned my attention to surfing, to riding in atop the glistening breakers that scatter their pearls on the golden sands of the beach at Waikiki, as the advertisements say; riding in on a surf board as the bronzed and graceful beach boys ride in, a diversion that is typically Hawaiian, that is exhilarating and exciting, and at the command of one and all. Simple as can be. Nothing required but a surf board, which are numerously for hire, a willing disposition and the knowing how to swim. There is the Pacific. There are the breakers. There is the beach. All you have to do is to paddle out atop the surf board to the first or second line of breakers, turn the nose of your surf board to the beach, wait for a wave and come in a-whooping, riding on the crest of the wave like whatever it is that rides atop wave crests—like a Kanaka beach boy, let us say—a picture of grace, of daring, of muscular beauty and of Neptunish or mermaidish, as the case may be, abandon and enjoyment. That is positively all. See small bills.

But hold! On reviewing those remarks it occurs to me that there are a few minor details it would be well to have in mind before beginning the day joyously by surfing in to the beach half a dozen times or so before breakfast. As stated above, all you have to do is what is outlined; but before you do it it may be judicious to assay yourself along these lines: Are you an expert swimmer? Is your heart all right? Can you stay under water for appreciably longer than the average dive? Do you know how to take the waves at exactly the right moment? How old are you? Who is your next of kin? Which shin do you prefer to have barked and is the nose dive or the splash your favorite way of falling off a moving object into salt water? How good are you at maintaining a balance on a wriggly object seven to ten feet long and eighteen inches wide? Is exercise harder than running up long flights of stairs your forte? Can you loaf around in the water for a couple of hours and enjoy it? In short, are you twenty-five years old and as agile as an acrobat, or are you more than forty and inclined to be a bit pursy and short of breath?

My room at the Moana Hotel, facing the surfing places, had a balcony, and I stood on it when I first came and watched the surf riders careering in on their narrow planks. It seemed absurdly easy and it surely was most exciting—an adventure. Those Kanaka boys paddled out a mile or so, turned their boards in the proper manner, hooked onto the wave at exactly the right moment, jumped up on the board and rode in, waving their arms and singing, pictures of grace and skill. Why, a child could do it! No trick at all. And fun—gosh, what fun it must be!

It seemed like a cinch to me, for I am a good swimmer, and do a lot of it. So I clambered into my bathing suit and went down to the beach.

"Gimme a surf board," I said to a beach boy.

"Know how?" he asked, and there was a certain expression about his lips I did not like—sort of a pitying smile.

"No," I told him with a trace of annoyance in my voice; "but I can learn, can't I?"

"Mebbe," he said, and off we went.

Only a Knack

He showed me how to mount the board and how to paddle with the least exertion, and presently we were out to the second line of breakers. I noticed that most of the surfers were far beyond, at the first line, where the breakers were heavier.

"Why not go out there?" I asked him.

"These will do for now," he said, and he smiled again, that oh-you-poor-fish smile. And he was right. Inside of twenty minutes I had proved I was a poor fish—a very poor fish—practically no fish at all.

He told me how to do, headed up my board, and we waited for a breaker. Presently one came curling along. The plot was to begin paddling before the breaker reached me, to get the board under way, to be in the proper position to have the wave catch me, and as it caught me to let Nature take its course and go careering in atop the wave, a graceful and imposing specimen of athletic beauty and skill, riding triumphantly shoreward, uttering wild native cries.

"Now!" he said, and I began paddling furiously. The beach boy left me like a shot, standing on his board. I flailed the water frantically, swallowing plenty, and waited for the grand sensation. It did not come. Presently I got enough spray out of my eyes to see objects dimly, and my beach boy was far away, my wave was far away, and I was dubbing around in the trough of the sea not four feet from where I had been before the breaker came.

Pride Goeth Before a Ducking

"Pshaw!" I said, or words to that effect. "If he can do that I can. It's only a knack." And I looked around for another breaker. I saw one, but not quite quickly enough. It saw me first. Plosh! It hit me with the impact of forty pile drivers, and next thing I knew I was practically one mile beneath the surface of the water, trying to claw my way to the top. Eventually I got there, and I discovered my board bobbing up and down several rods away. I swam meditatively to it, meditatively and slowly, because I was about two-thirds full of salt water I had engulfed on my way down to the bottom, loaded almost to the Plimsoll mark. I clambered on the board, jettisoned as much of my cargo as I was able, and waited for my boy to return, the sore and salty sport of every breaker that came along, buffeted here and there by the waves, banged up and down on the board, but still game. It was only a knack. I was sure of that.

The boy came paddling swiftly back. "Why didn't you come?" he asked.

"Oh," I said, "I wasn't intending to come that time. I wanted to make some observations of the coral on the bottom. All ready now though. Let's go!"

He turned the board. I heard a hissing and a roaring behind me. Towering above me like a giant green wall was a wave—a veritable tidal wave it looked to me. I began paddling, beating the water and kicking my feet. Glory! I caught the wave! I was borne along with it at the speed of an express train. It was marvelous. It was transcendent. It was the crux of adventure. I began to shout my triumph. Then the dodgasted board rolled over and I went down half a mile or so under that wave and recargoed myself with salt water sufficient for a long voyage. The boy said I was not in the middle of the board, but too much on one side. Possibly.

Well, ten or fifteen breakers came along and I made a gallant struggle with each of them, and got no nearer the shore than I was originally. I was banged about on the board, slammed, in the shallow part, on the sharp coral, filled to the brim with salt water. My exhaust sounded like a 400-horse-power Liberty engine, the skin was off my shins and off my arms and off several other places. I could feel my good old reliable heart pounding like a tripharmmer, and I finally paddled wearily back to shore. I passed beach boys and young men and young women riding in erect on their boards, perfectly balanced, shrieking with joy, symbols of grace and agility and poise, and I

The Three Fates, of San Lorenzo

Corns

Lift Right Off

Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard-skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.

Edward Wesley and Co., Cincinnati, O.

Buoyant, steady and graceful

There's a joyousness—a sense of absolute freedom about canoeing that comes with no other sport. "What shall we do this summer?" is uppermost in the minds of thousands. Why not let an "Old Town Canoe" help answer the question for you?

You'll be mighty proud of your "Old Town." These canoes are patterned after actual Indian models. Graceful, sleek and fast, "Old Town Canoes" win the admiration of all who see them. Remarkably low in price too. $64 up. From dealer or factory.

The 1926 catalog is beautifully illustrated with all models in full colors. Write for your free copy today. Old Town Canoe Co., 603 Fourth St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

ALL-WOOL Suit Only $23.50

Think of being able to offer a suit or topcoat made of the finest quality of pure Virgin Wool; fit, fabric and fashion guaranteed, at the powerfully attractive price of $23.50! Can you sell such values? You can, if the experience of 2,500 other salesmen means anything. And you don't have to know anything about selling clothing. We'll take you, train and equip you to go out and make a success of this work if you are honest, ambitious and willing to work. If you are, write us. You'll hear from us promptly with the full facts. Address Dept. 825.

William C. Bartlett, Inc., 850 Adams St., Chicago

stopped for a spell to look them over and get my breath.

All young. Not a gray hair or a bald head to be seen. "Youth," I said to myself; "Youth. That's the answer." And it is, so far as surf-boarding is concerned. There are a few oldsters who can do it, but they learned when they were young. However, not entirely convinced, I tried it again next day, having had a good rest, plenty of liniment, and being endowed with a certain obstinacy in such matters that forbids defeat.

Forbids, did I say? I mean invites. If you are too far back on your board, my tutor told me, the board will not move. He was right. If you are too far forward, the board will do a nose dive and so will you, or any other sort that happens. Right again. If you are too far on one side or the other, you will roll off and under the board. Right for the third time. It was uncanny how right that boy was—and humiliating how wrong I was. He was patient. I stuck until the bitter end. I had had two little rides out of twenty tries, and was pretty cocky.

"Now I'll stand up," I said, "and ride in."

He looked at me with a sad expression in his liquid Hawaiian eyes.

"All right," he told me. "I'll get behind. When I holler, you stand up."

Everything was set. I saw myself riding in like the other surf masters who were shooting gloriously past me.

"Now!" screamed the boy, giving my board a tremendous shove. Whereupon a middle-aged writing person, who should have known better, clambered to his feet and stood, for fifteen seconds, on that squirmy, fast-flying board. Erect! Monarch of the sea! Emperor of the surf! Then—plah!

Down! Down! The only thing that stopped me was a bed of coral, with its edges sharper than razors. That stopped me immediately—and painfully. I clambered up through the green and salty sea, rose like a porpoise, spouting water and exuding it from every pore. The board was forty feet away. It seemed like forty miles. I dragged myself upon it. I paddled in, took assay of my cuts and bruises, squeezed some more salt water out of my system and tottered back to the hotel.

Usury in High Places

The room boy came in as I was binding up my cuts. "Have a good time?" he grinned.

"Not so very."

"Well, master," he said, "it ain't a game for nobody but the young."

He was right too. It certainly is remarkable how explicitly accurate those Kanaka boys can be.

"You take the outrigger canoe," he said, as he handed me the iodine for my coral cuts. So I took one and rode the surf in a dignified and suitable manner. It was a humiliating thing to do, but not so humiliating as what I had been doing. Surfing is a wonderful sport, but only for the young—only for the young, all advertisements to the contrary notwithstanding.

Mr. C. Brickwood Lyman drove us out to Kilauea from Hilo, through as rainy a rain as I had seen in many a day, acting as driver, troubadour, raconteur, philosopher, folklore expert, botanist, ornithologist, legend teller and adviser on all matters temporal. A visit to Kilauea is incomplete unless Brick is along. His apologia for the quiescent state of the volcano at present is patriotic, eloquent, convincing, and loyal to this celebrated demonstration of the forces of Nature, which, as noted, is not working at the moment. Brick's description of the lake of fire that formerly existed, of the vast eruptions that had occurred in the past, of the stupefying grandeur and monstrous magnificence of the mountain when it does work, instead of loafing on its job as it has been doing for a long time now, made it quite unessential to view the crater.

As a matter of form, however, we went across the lava field and had a look at the hole, which is a large and satisfactory hole, but not much of a volcano, as volcanoes that are supposed to be on the job are reckoned. So far as can be ascertained by the layman, Kilauea is not only quiescent but in a coma. The livest thing in its neighborhood was a hot-dog stand a quarter of a mile away, where the hot dogs are cooked by steam that issues through a crack in the lava, thus, it would seem, making the cost of production so low that a cut rate for the dogs was anticipated. However, the spirit of commercialism prevailed even there on the brink of one of Nature's marvels, and the hot dogs were retailed at the usual price.

Two Volcanoes Tête-à-Tete

Concerning the moment when Kilauea may be expected to quit loafing and get back into the real volcano business again, there is some difference of opinion. The professors at the observatory, who feel Kilauea's pulse every day, watch the seismograph constantly and are especially in touch as to all symptoms, manifestations and flutters, are guarded in their opinions, and hedge what they say with numerous scientific technicalities. Not so with Aleck Lancaster, the guide, who says he is part Cherokee and has been taking people across the lava to the crater for forty-seven years, man and boy. Aleck has an intimate acquaintance with Kilauea, knows her moods and her many little ways, and he says that in about three years she will burst out again and get on her job.

"I figger," says Aleck, "that the internal combustions will have combusted enough by that time for her to put on a show."

Which seems fair enough, and even without an active crater there is much to see in the national park that surrounds the mountain, and the trip is worth taking. I came away with many lasting impressions, not the least of which was the elderly and very fat man, his coat on his arm, puffing like a grampus after his three-mile walk across the lava, swabbing his face with his handkerchief as he gazed down at the great hole of the crater.

"One extinct volcano," he wheezed, "looking at another."

I was at Hilo when they found Rodgers and his men, not so far away in terms of miles, but as far as Chicago in accessibility. The world had been hanging on the fate of these men for nine days, and the Government and newspapers, with airplanes and ships, ransacking the surface of the Pacific in unceasing effort to discover them or make sure they were dead. Word came one afternoon into the port of Nawiliwili that the missing plane had been found, that the men were alive and that their machine was being towed in. Here was a sensation—a coming back from the depths—a newspaper story of extraordinary magnitude and interest.

A local correspondent of one of the Honolulu papers heard the news and got himself a boat to go out and verify it. He went out, met the wrecked airplane and its crew, talked to them, got his story and hurried back, far ahead of the slow towboat. Then, cautious lad, he sat down and wrote the telegram that will be classic in newspaper circles for many years.

"Rodgers and his men have been found," he wired his paper, where nobody had slept much for nine days, waiting for news of the crew; where the presses were standing for the extras telling of their death or rescue; where the men who send the news abroad were feverish in their anxiety to get some inkling of their fate. "Rodgers and his men have been found and are being towed in here. I have been out and seen them and talked to them. Do you want the story?" And he sat down and waited for the editor to tell him to send it along.

They gave Rodgers and his men a heart-warming reception at Honolulu when they finally got there—gave them a real Hawaiian reception, for these folks know how to do those things. They know how to receive the visitor, whether he drifts in from the clouds, is borne in by the sea or just happens along. A kindly, hospitable, cordial, generous people, living on an island of unexampled beauty, with seven other beautiful islands stretched along adjoining, the whole our insular territory and one of our great national assets. An unforgettable people in an unforgettable land.

Formerly weeks away from the mainland, they are now connected by cable and wireless, and it takes but six days to get there by boat. Even that short time will be cut down within a year, for they are building a great ship that will do the distance in four and a half days, and a great new hotel to meet the demands of the always-increasing number of visitors.

A gorgeous and a generous place, where it is always summer, and where life is pleasantly lived among the most beautiful surroundings.

Hail Hawaii!

After many thousand miles of travel since I sailed from Honolulu, through many strange lands, I look back on Hawaii and Honolulu and remember the cool trade winds blowing across the mountains, the green valleys misty with the dewy rain, the flame trees bordering the streets, the rainbows across the greens at the golf club, the serene dignity of Diamond Head, the hibiscus in the hedges, the sparkling water at the bathing beaches, the supper parties on the sands, the sunsets over the ocean, the warm breezes fragrant with flowers, the streets a-color with the costumes of the many races, the gayety and laughter of the natives, the tinkle of the guitars in the moonlight, the bustle of the wharves and the business places, the fleets of fishing boats and their Japanese crews, the wind howling at the Pali, the royal palms along the avenues, the Chinese merchants, the big houses picturesquely sitting among their trees and flowers, the forests of ferns, the vast fields of sugar cane, the pineapples growing to a perfection reached nowhere else on earth, the warships in the harbor, the hill drives and the drives along the shores, the great mountains, the native villages, the many-colored fishes, the brilliance of the water and the superbrilliance of the sun, the prodigious feasts at the country houses, the broad verandas on the moonlight nights, the unending hospitality of the people—and best of all, the American flag flying over every inch of it.

PHOTO BY PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC PHOTO, INC.

A Native of Hawaii Riding a Surf Board Through One of the Big Breakers at Waikiki Beach

Hoo Malimali

I talked with a woman who got off a ship five years ago, having two days to wait and thinking to get her laundry done. She is there yet, not because the laundry isn't finished but because she wants to stay. I was told of a man who came for a few weeks and has remained for twenty years; and there are many others who have capitulated to the charm of it, and there will be many more. I was there about a month this time. If I had stayed two months, I probably would be there yet.

Envoi: It is the custom, when writing pieces, poems, stories, novels or what not about Hawaii, to sprinkle these literary productions generously with words from the Hawaiian language, thus giving local color and showing a first-hand familiarity with the islands. I have just observed that I have been recreant to this writing usage, and have used no Hawaiian words in this piece, or scarcely any. Therefore, in order to keep myself in good standing with the craft, I herewith relate, in the orthodox manner, an incident that came under my observation in Honolulu, which not only presents all the Hawaiian words used by our leading local-color artists but presents them all in a bunch, so the reader can delight in them without being distracted by the text from their liquid softness, as they say in the islands:

One languorous afternoon in Honolulu two haole were seated on a wide lanai. No pilikia bothered them. Everything was maikai.

A kamaaina approached and greeted them Hawaiian fashion. "Pehea," he said.

"Pehea oe," came the reply, for the haole were students of this musical tongue.

"What are you malihine doing?"

"Eating poi."

"Wikiwiki," urged the kamaaina. "A wahine desires to see you. She will be huhu if you do not hear her meles. She admires you. Mai."

The haole laughed. "Quit your hoo malimali," said one of them.

"Kulikuli," retorted the kamaaina. "My kamailio is true. You think you are akamai, but your attitude is not maikia. Mai."

"Mahope," was the answer. "Not until our poi is pau, and we rest a while on the hikie."

The kamaaina started to go upon the lanai.

"Kapu," said one of the haole. "This is kona weather. It is pleasant maanei. What you ask would be hana."

"Then your answer is aole?"

"Ae."

"Mai. I entreat you. Your kamailio is like that of a keiki. There will be a luau and it will be cool, for the place is mauka and not makai. There will be a hula and many fine leis will be hung around your necks. The wahine sends you aloha. Mai."

"Aole. Give the wahine likepu—aloha from us. It is too much pilikia to go malaila. We shall stay maanei and haimoe. Aloha oe."

"Aloha oe," said the kamaaina mournfully, as he began to hele wawae to his hale. His mission was pau.

NEITHER SNOW·NOR RAIN·NOR HEAT·NOR GLOOM
OF NIGHT·STAYS THESE COURIERS FROM THE
SWIFT COMPLETION OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS

Where human lives hang in the balance—where the traditions of the Post Office are at stake—high resolve is supplemented by mechanical excellence in every detail.

The illustration shows the Air Mail Hangar at Woodward Field, near Salt Lake City, only one of many which are equipped with Black & Decker Electric Tools—a further tribute to the high quality upon which their popularity is based.

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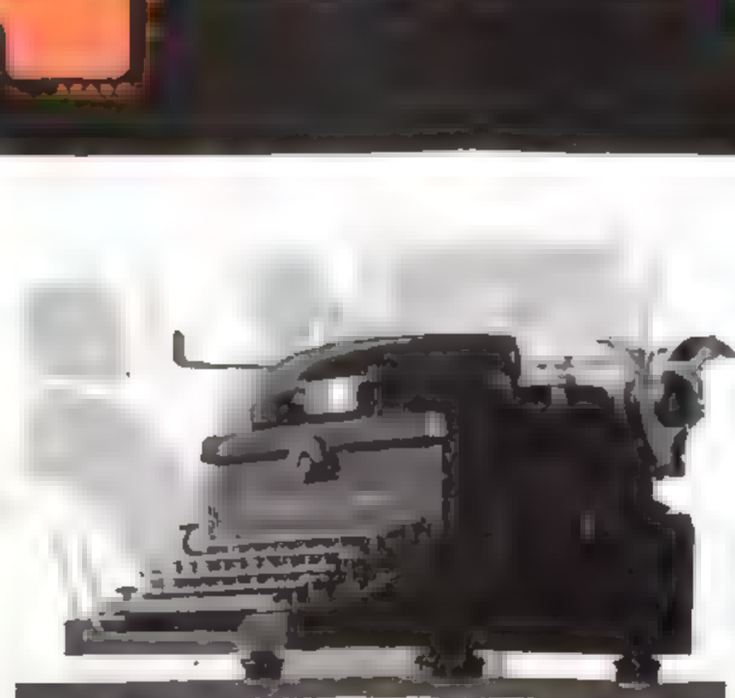

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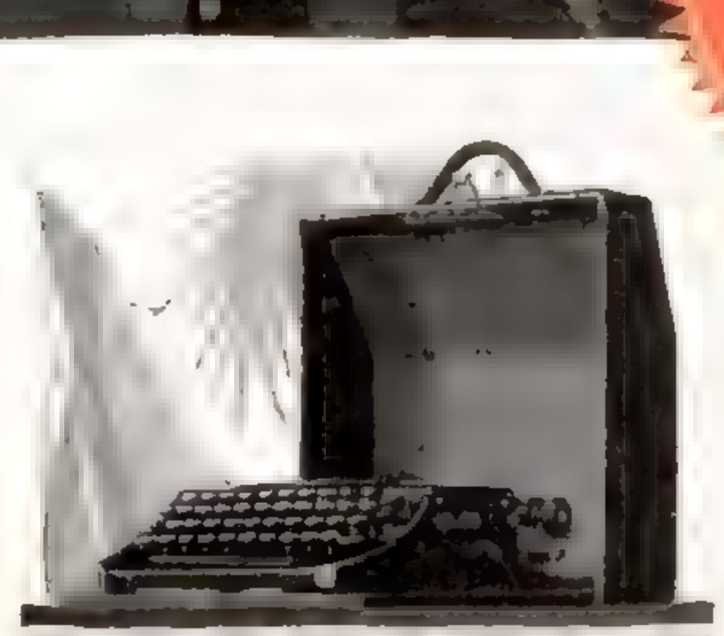

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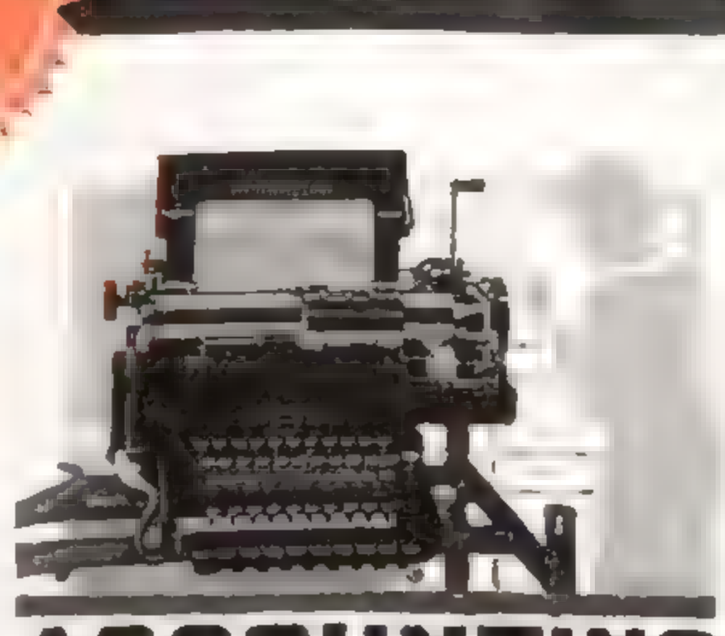

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JAZZ

(Continued from Page 33)

perspiration. Sometimes a nightmare depicted me being borne out of the place on a rail, and again, I dreamed the doors were all but clattering down with the applause.

That's the way I lived during waking hours, too, all the time I was planning the Æolian Hall experiment—alternating between extremes of dire fear and exultant confidence. We began to rehearse for the concert as soon as we came back from England. The idea struck nearly everybody as preposterous at the start. Some hold to the same opinion still. But the list of pessimists was a little shorter, I believe, when at 5:30, on the afternoon of February 12, 1924, we took our fifth curtain call.

"What! An all-jazz concert?" one of my best friends, a musician, shouted when I confided my plan to him in strictest secrecy. "Why, my boy, it simply can't be done. You mustn't try it. It would ruin you! You have your future and your reputation to think of. So far you've been getting on splendidly with your dance music and if you watch your step you will undoubtedly be able to put away a good smart sum while the vogue lasts. But a jazz concert! Honestly, my boy, I think you are a bit crazy. Be guided by me in this and you will never regret it!"

Invading the Sacred Precincts

Such expressions were naturally depressing, especially since I myself realized that I was gambling with public favor. There were plenty of similar warnings from other friends, and those who weren't in that category said even harsher things. I was called "fresh," "publicity hungry," "money mad"—and some of the musicians I most admired, who had until then regarded me with a slightly amused but tolerant air, now talked themselves red in the face about the insolence of "jazz boys" who wanted to force their ridiculous efforts upon the world—by the world meaning, I suppose, their own little coterie, the final court of critical appeal in their opinion. Here's something I have never been able to understand. Why should it be supposed that all the good taste in the world is monopolized by a few people? Isn't it possible that the so-called masses have considerable instinctive good judgment in matters of beauty that they never get credit for?

My notion is that beauty is for everybody, that anything too precious for the common gaze is out of place in a world God has created for ordinary people. That's why I resent the self-assurance of certain high and mighty art circles.

If I'd been willing to wait a few centuries for a verdict on my work, I wouldn't have been so wrought up over the Æolian Hall concert. But here I saw the common people of America taking all the jazz they could get and mad to get more, and yet not having the courage to admit that they took it seriously. I believed that jazz was beginning a new movement in the world's art of music. I wanted it to be recognized as such. I knew it never would be until the authorities on music gave it their approval.

My idea for the concert was to show these skeptical people the advance which had been made in popular music from the day of discordant early jazz to the melodious form of the present. I believed that most of them had grown so accustomed to condemning the Livery Stable Blues type of thing that they went on flaying modern jazz without realizing that it was different from the crude early attempts—that it had taken a turn for the better.

My task was to reveal the change and try to show that jazz had come to stay and deserved recognition. It was not a light undertaking, but setting Æolian Hall as the stage of the experiment was probably a wise move. It started the talk going, at least, and aroused curiosity. "Jazz in Æolian Hall!" the conservative cried incredulously. "What's the world coming to?"

While we were getting ready for the concert we gave a series of luncheons for the critics, took them to rehearsals and explained painstakingly what we hoped to prove, displaying at the same time our tools for the enterprise. They were good sports, one and all—both interested and helpful.

That took one weight off my mind, for I saw that they would come to the concert anyway. But just the same, I was scared. We were trying to get a favorable hearing from the most hidebound creatures in the world—educated musicians. It was educated musicians who scorned Wagner, resisted Debussy and roasted Chopin, you will remember. What could we expect then? Annihilation perhaps.

I trembled at our temerity when we made out the list of patrons and patronesses. But in a few days I exulted at our daring, for the acceptances began to come in—from Damrosch, Godowski, Heifetz, Kreisler, McCormack, Rachmaninoff, Rosenthal, Stokowski, Stransky. We had kindly response, too, from Alda, Galli-Curci, Garden, Gluck and Jeanne Gordon. Otto Kahn and Jules Glaenzer agreed to represent the patrons of art on our list and the prominent writers we asked were equally obliging. These included Fannie Hurst, Heywood Broun, Frank Crowninshield, Karl Kitchen, Leonard Liebling, O. O. McIntyre, Pitts Sanborn, Gilbert Seldes, Deems Taylor and Carl Van Vechten.

Perhaps I have emphasized what some readers may regard as the least important feature of the projected concert—the audience. But it was after all the main item—being uncertain. Before I began on it, I had the orchestra ready with a program that I believed would launch our test adequately. I wasn't afraid of that angle. My boys had been playing what I called interesting music in a crowded restaurant, where clattering dishes, staccato talk and laughter interfered with "reception," as the radio fans term it. At Æolian Hall the orchestra would have a fair chance to put over our musical message to a judicial few.

That concert cost $11,000. I lost about $7000 on it. The program alone, together with the explanatory notes, cost $900. We rehearsed for many weeks and, since it was outside our regular work, every rehearsal meant extra pay for the men. Nine musicians were added for the occasion and their salaries also piled up the total.

Stage Fright of the Highbrows

I didn't care. It would have been worth it to me at any price. But never in all my life did I have such stage fright as I had that day. I had no doubt of the orchestra. But how would people take it? Would we be the laughingstock of the city when we woke the morning after? Would the critics decide I was trying to be smart and succeeding in being only smart alecky? Or might I be able to convince the crowd that I was engaged in a sincere experiment, designed to exhibit what had been accomplished in the past few years with respect to scoring and arranging music for the popular band—that we were making a bona-fide attempt to arouse an interest in popular music rhythm for purposes of advancing serious musical composition?

Fifteen minutes before the concert was to begin I yielded to a nervous longing to see for myself what was happening out front, and putting an overcoat over my concert clothes, I slipped round to the entrance of Æolian Hall. There I gazed upon a picture that should have imparted new vigor to my wilting confidence. It was snowing, but men and women were fighting to get into the door, pulling and mauling each other as they do sometimes at a baseball game or a prize fight or in the Subway. Such was my humility by this time that I wondered if I had come to the right entrance. And then I saw Victor Herbert going in. It was the right entrance all right, and the next day the ticket-office officials said they could have sold the house out ten times over.

I went backstage again, more scared than ever. Black fear simply possessed me. I paced the floor, gnawed my thumbs and vowed I'd give $5000 if we could stop right there. Now that the audience had come, perhaps I had nothing to offer after all. I even made excuses to keep the curtain from rising on schedule.

But finally there was no longer any way of postponing the evil moment. The curtain went up and before I could dash forth and announce that there wouldn't be any concert we had begun.

When the Blues Were in the Air

It was a strange medley out there in front; society women, vaudevillians, concert managers come to have a look at the novelty; Tin Pan Alleyites, composers, symphony and opera stars, flappers and cake-eaters, all mixed higgledy-piggledy. Beginning with the earliest jazz composition, Livery Stable Blues, we played twenty-six selections designed to exhibit legitimate scores as contrasted with the former hit-and-miss effects which were also called jazz. At that time I argued that all was not jazz that is so named. I still believe that Livery Stable Blues and A Rhapsody in Blue, played at the concert by its talented composer, George Gershwin, are so many millions of miles apart that to speak of them both as jazz needlessly confuses the person who is trying to understand modern American music. At the same time, in the course of a recent tour of the United States, I have become convinced that people as a whole like the word "jazz." So it is improbable that they will give it up. Recently they have been tried with all sorts of substitutes—syncopep, and the like—but will have none of them. So I am resigned to "jazz" and have ceased trying to reform our language.

This is the program we played that day:

TRUE FORM OF JAZZ
a. Ten Years Ago—Livery Stable Blues . . *LaRocca*
b. With Modern Embellishment—
Mama Loves Papa. . . . . *Baer*

COMEDY SELECTIONS
a. Origin of Yes, We Have No Bananas . . . *Silver*
b. Instrumental Comedy—
So This is Venice . . . . . *Thomas*
Adapted from The Carnival of Venice

CONTRAST—LEGITIMATE VS. JAZZING
a. Selection in True Form—
Whispering *Schonberger*
b. Same selection with Jazz Treatment.

RECENT COMPOSITIONS WITH MODERN SCORE
a. Limehouse Blues *Braham*
b. I Love You . . *Archer*
c. Raggedy Ann . . . *Kern*

FLAVORING A SELECTION WITH BORROWED THEMES
Russian Rose . . . . . *Grofe*
Based on the Song of the Volga Boatmen

SEMI-SYMPHONIC ARRANGEMENT OF POPULAR MELODIES
Consisting of
Alexander's Ragtime Band
A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody } . . . . *Berlin*
Orange Blossoms in California

A SUITE OF SERENADES *Herbert*
a. Spanish b. Chinese c. Cuban d. Oriental

ADAPTATION OF STANDARD SELECTIONS TO DANCE RHYTHM
a. Pale Moon . . . . . *Logan*
b. To a Wild Rose. . . . *McDowell*
c. Chansonette . . . . . *Friml*

GEORGE GERSHWIN Piano—
A Rhapsody in Blue *Gershwin*
Accompanied by the Orchestra

IN THE FIELD OF CLASSICS
Pomp and Circumstance . . *Elgar*

I was very proud of the suite the late Victor Herbert wrote especially for that occasion. He was a great-souled, wonderful musician and my friend. His encouragement during the weeks we were rehearsing meant a great deal to all of us. I asked him to conduct the suite and after he had watched me do it he almost consented to take my place because he thought I did it badly.

"But I'll wait," he said, his eyes twinkling—"I'll wait, Paul, until you've tried it a little longer and then if I say to you, 'Yes, I'll be pleased to conduct the suite,' you'll know what I mean."

Evidently my conducting improved, for he finally told me I did it very well.

"I guess I won't take the stick, Paul," he decided. "There would always be some fool critic to say that I was better than you or you were better than me, and it might cause hard feeling."

He was joking, of course, for it would have been nearly impossible for me to have felt hard toward him. I relied on his judgment always, and his approval, when it came, was priceless because it was so sincere.

He complained a little about the doubling in a jazz orchestra, which he said hampered him when he wanted an oboe, say, and found the gentleman who should play the oboe busy with the bass clarinet.

"I respected the rules of the game, though," he boasted, "and I might even say of this suite, in the words of the seventh-century nun, that even if other people do not like it, it pleases me because it is I who did it."

A Rhapsody in Blue was regarded by critics as the most significant number on the program. It was the first rhapsody written for a solo instrument and a jazz orchestra. The orchestral treatment was developed by Mr. Grofe. Mr. Gershwin's manuscript was complete for the piano. It was a successful attempt to build a rhapsody out of the rhythms of popular American music. None of the thematic material had been used before. Its structure was simple and its popularity has been remarkable since we have put it on the records. It is music conceived for the jazz orchestra, and I do not believe any other could do it justice, though there has been talk of orchestrating it for a symphony.

The audience listened attentively to everything and applauded whole-heartedly from the first moment. When they laughed and seemed pleased with Livery Stable Blues, the crude jazz of the past, I had for a moment a panicky feeling that they hadn't realized the attempt at burlesque—that they were ignorantly applauding the thing on its merits. I experienced all sorts of qualms as the program went on, most of them unjustified.

Praise From High Places

A few of the men had accidents with their instruments, picking up one when they wanted another, but nobody noticed. This happens sometimes when one man plays five or six instruments. My twenty-three boys that day played thirty-six instruments.

It seemed as if people would never let us go. We played all the encores we knew and still they applauded. My heart was so full I could hardly speak as I bowed again and again. The spark that a responsive audience can always kindle in the performers had been glowing all afternoon and as a result we played better than I had ever hoped.

When at last we bowed for the last time the usher brought me a pile of notes from congratulatory friends, and the door man said others were waiting for me. There was a letter from Walter Damrosch that I shall always keep. He spoke of the smoothness and beauty of the orchestration and said he enjoyed every minute of the concert.

The praise was very sweet, but I knew I must wait for the papers to learn the worst—or the best. Later that week the Musical Digest published a sheaf of critical comment from the dailies and I give the gist of the whole, not as we culled it for publicity press notices and advertisements

(Continued on Page 185

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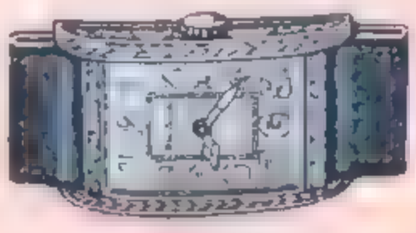

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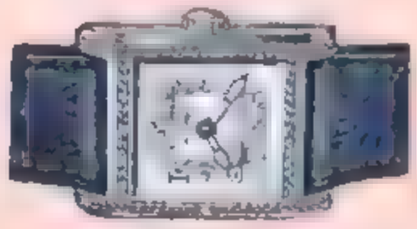

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After 2 years of soaking and spilling over with gasoline and oil, an oil-tank truck in Galesburg, Illinois, still wears its original resplendent coat of Vitralite. Mr. E. R. Kennedy of this company states, "Gasoline, oil and grease seem only to make it shine more."

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

Continued from Page 180

but the entire comment, bitter and sweet together.

W. J. Henderson of the Herald described the concert as "one of the most interesting of a busy season," while Mr. Lawrence Gilman in the Tribune called the experiment "an uproarious success," but deplored the fact that the "gorgeous vitality of rhythm and of instrumental color was impaired by melodic and harmonic anemia of the most pernicious sort." Olin Downes of the Times found "scoring of singular economy, balance, color and effectiveness," but music "at times vulgar, cheap and in poor taste, though elsewhere of irresistible swing, insouciance, recklessness and life." Henry T. Finck of the Post characterized Livery Stable Blues as "superior to Schoenberg, Milhaud and the rest of the futurist fellows." Deems Taylor of the World approved the experiment and praised the Rhapsody, while Gilbert Gabriel of the Sun called the concert "one long, strong musical cocktail" and had a good deal to say, as did everybody, about the versatility of the musicians. So one and all they admitted the possibilities of jazz. Poor, imperfect, immature—it still was going somewhere, they predicted.

J. C. Handy, colored composer of blues, was asked once as witness in a dispute over a blues copyright, what was the difference between jazz and blues. He was plumb amazed at the question.

"Why," said he, "any fool knows that jazz is jazz and blues is blues!"

Throwing Rhythm Out of Joint

I feel a good deal the same way, because to anybody who knows them, jazz and blues explain themselves. And if you don't know them, words fail when it comes to describing them.

I have heard some folks refer to jazz as "an obnoxious disease," "musical profanity," and others call it "the true voice of the age," and "the only American art." You can readily see why I keep hedging. Jazz seems to me to be, as nearly as I can express it, a musical treatment consisting largely of question and answer, sound and echo. It is what I call unacademic counterpoint. It includes rhythmic, harmonic and melodic invention.

To rag a melody, one throws the rhythm out of joint, making syncopation. Jazz goes further, marking the broken rhythm unmistakably. The great art in any orchestra is a counterbalancing of the instrumentation, a realization of tone values and their placement.

With a very few but important exceptions, jazz is not as yet the thing said; it is the manner of saying it. Some critics think this fact establishes the unimportance, or even the vulgarity of jazz. I believe it is true that if jazz does not develop its own themes, its own distinctive messages, it will fail to be musically valuable.

Not long ago, Simeon Strunsky, in the New York Times, rebuked the flood of writing which continually speaks of jazz as the expression of America. He wanted to know if jazz expressed President Coolidge, the Ku-Klux Klan, Rotary clubs, Puritanism and all the other elements of our life.

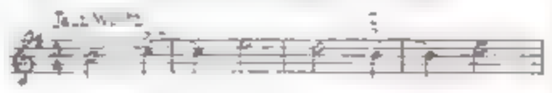
Perhaps it is true that jazz does not represent these varying aspects of America any more than it represents hot cakes, corn on the cob, grapefruit and meat for breakfast. What it does represent is the indefinable thing that will mark President Coolidge, an Irish Tammany ward leader, Harry Sinclair, Babbitt and Mr. Simeon Strunsky himself, every one of them, as Americans, in any city of Europe. It represents the composite essence of them all.

To go back to the mechanics of the subject, jazz is today a method of saying the old things with a twist, with a bang, with a rhythm that make them seem new. A large part of its technic consists of mutes being put in the brass

The first beat in any bar, which normally is accented, is passed over and the second, third or even fourth beat is accented. Or any normally accented beat can be slighted and the accent be placed on a normally unaccented beat.

This can be illustrated roughly with a familiar bar of music. Suppose we take Home, Sweet Home. Here it is in its original form

Now let us jazz it up as a waltz:



And as a fox trot:

The normal accents (1 and 2) falling on the first beat of the bar in the original are shifted to the third beat of the preceding bar in the jazz waltz arrangement, and to the fourth beat of the preceding bar in the jazz fox-trot arrangement.

That won't be quite the real thing though. The jazz treatment is hard to put into written music. Follow the notes as carefully as you like, and you will merely be as a person trying to imitate, for instance, a Southern accent—unless jazz is in your blood. If it is, you'll add to the notes that indefinable thing, that spontaneous jazzing, that will make the music talk jazz as a native tongue.

Limitations of Jazz

Though we are still using the old themes in this way, it isn't every composition that lends itself with any degree of success to jazz treatment. This is because music is not only a succession of sounds but a quality of sound too. It is really not very satisfactory, for instance, to take any of the beautiful symphony compositions and try to play them with a jazz orchestra. That is the same in principle as taking a composition scored for an orchestra and trying to play it on a piano. It is impossible to make a Wagnerian opera understandable on a piano, isn't it? And how would Debussy's L'Après-midi d'un Faune sound on an organ? Think of the tone, the color, that would be lost.

I suppose it will surprise a good many people to have me say that some things can't be jazzed. And as a matter of fact, I

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do not literally mean that they cannot be played by a jazz group on jazz instruments in the jazz manner. Anything can be jazzed—that is, subjected to jazz treatment.

What I mean is that it's not fitting to jazz everything. And common sense and a loving knowledge of music will indicate whether to jazz or not. I might mention, for instance, Onward, Christian Soldiers, which absolutely should not be jazzed. There is a sturdy, majestic tune with a religious connotation. We could jazz it easily, but we wouldn't. Neither would we jazz the Tannhäuser March or any of the lovely arias from the operas. On the other hand, there would be no sacrilege in jazzing Dixie, even though the tune is deep in the hearts of Southern people. And Song of India, which we did jazz, was a ballet in the first place, so that was all right. It is just a matter of feeling. Some things were written for sober sublime moments. They should be left for such moments. They do not fit jazz. But the Peer Gynt Suite, the Poet and Peasant Overture—why not?

Jazz, then, is a method. But it's not only a method of counterpoint and rhythm. It's also a method of using tones, using the color of sound.

The instruments for making jazz music are, as I shall point out, legitimate and have mainly been used for serious music in various combinations. John Philip Sousa, who with his military band, by the way, has, it seems to me, gotten nearer the heart of the people than any institution America has ever had, says jazz slid into music by way of the vaudeville stage, where, at the end of a performance, all the acts came back on the stage to give a rousing, boisterous impromptu finale called a "jazzbo."

At any rate, in spite of its low origin, many cities are anxious to claim the credit for coining the word, but so far as I can find, New Orleans probably deserves it. Lots of New Orleanites, too, believe that Stale Bread, a blind musician who organized a band of newsboys there nearly thirty years ago, was the original jazzer of the world. Stale Bread's real name is Emile Lacoume, and though he has been sightless for nearly twenty-five years, he has taught himself to play the banjo, the piano, the trap drums, the guitar, the mandolin and the bass viol. His first love is New Orleans; his next, jazz.

The Famous Spasm Band

There were eight members of the Stale Bread orchestra. They were known about town as Piggy, Family Haircut, Warm Gravy, Boozebottle, Seven Colors, Whisky and Monk. The band hangout was the old Newsboys' Home on Baronne Street. Stale Bread was the organizer and owner. His instruments were a cheese box for a banjo, a soap-box guitar, a cigar-box violin and a half-barrel bass fiddle. He had also an old tambourine, a zither and a harmonica.

The leader trained his gang until he had it going along in great shape. Then he took it out to play on the street. He had no trouble at all in collecting a crowd that completely blocked traffic. Some sourface complained and a cop promptly pinched the band. They were brought to court and the judge, trying to keep a straight face, invited them to defend themselves by playing.

It was a great moment in the life of the little blind boy. He rose gravely, bowed to Hizzoner and the spectators, raised a lath that he used for a baton, and the dirty-faced, ragged eight were off. "Off" is the word that one who heard them uses advisedly. Stale Bread thinks that is the first time any court ever heard a jazz band. The judge listened to the bitter end. Then he beckoned to the leader.

"Stale Bread," said he, "you may be a band, but you are a spasm band. Discharged!"

Jazz has affected America in a musical way and in many more material senses. It is bulking increasingly large in economics. There are today more than 200,000 men playing it. The number of jazz arrangers is around 30,000. These are two entirely new industries that have grown up in less than seven years.

Furthermore, they are lucrative industries. Players in the best of the modern jazz orchestras have come straight from the symphonies, where they were paid $30, $40 or at the most $50 and $60 a week. Now they get $150 and more.

Jazz has made fortunes and bought automobiles, country houses and fur coats for many a player, composer and publisher. Indirectly it has filled the pockets of the musicians who are identified with opera and symphony, for it has interested a greater part of the population in music.

The accessories of jazz figure conspicuously in the buying and selling of the nation. In 1924 the United States spent $600,000,000 for music and musical instruments, and Tin Pan Alley, New York's popular song factory, claims that 80 per cent of this amount, or $480,000,000, was paid out for jazz and jazz-making instruments.

College-Bred Jazzers

It cost 90 per cent of the rest of the world approximately the same sum to get completely jazzed up. The foreign market for American music in pre-jazz times was poor. Tin Pan Alley not only had no special selling facilities abroad but also Europe wrote a great many of the world's popular song hits and America bought them—songs like Rings On My Fingers and Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly?

Then jazz of the irresistible appeal came along and the whole situation was reversed. A representative of a large music-publishing firm in London, with branches all over the Continent, said in New York the other day that jazz has shot the formerly stable English ballad market all to pieces. Nobody wants to sing old-fashioned sentiment any more. And so jazz takes its place among the profitable American exports.

It is a striking commentary on the possibilities of jazz making that so many young college graduates are going straight from the classroom to the jazz orchestra. I do not know the exact figures, because as yet the colleges are a little embarrassed about the jazz players they turn out. I know unofficially, however, of one school that has fifteen future jazzists among its hundred seniors. Another class of two hundred has twenty-five prospective jazz leaders, and ten men out of two hundred and ten in a third school have boldly announced plans to identify themselves with the liveliest art.

Tin Pan Alley was the grade school of jazz. Nowadays the little pupil with the tin dinner pail has passed on to institutions of high learning. But for all that, Tin Pan Alley still claims her, and in the main acts as her guardian and caretaker.

In late years Tin Pan Alley has scattered. Music publishers ply their trade all along the Forties on both sides of Broadway, and the song writers want to change the name of their habitat. I do not think, however, that they are troubled about the inaccuracy of the traditional name. It is only that—well, you can see for yourself that "Tin Pan Alley" has certain intimations of informality not suitable for higher art.

Just the same, the name will stick, and I am glad. There is a deal of poetry and memory in the phrase that for more than twenty-five years has served a purpose. Why should it be turned off now, like a servant that has outgrown its usefulness?

The Alley is one of my favorite haunts. I can well understand that the clatter of hundreds of pianos above which rise hundreds of voices trying out new songs is Bedlam to the stranger. To me, however, and to all the other habitués of the place, these are only the signs of a thriving market. For perish the day when the pianos are stilled and the voices otherwise employed. This will mean that some new-fangled mode of entertainment has been discovered by those who please the fickle public. For the present, Tin Pan Alley is the commissary for

(Continued on Page 188)

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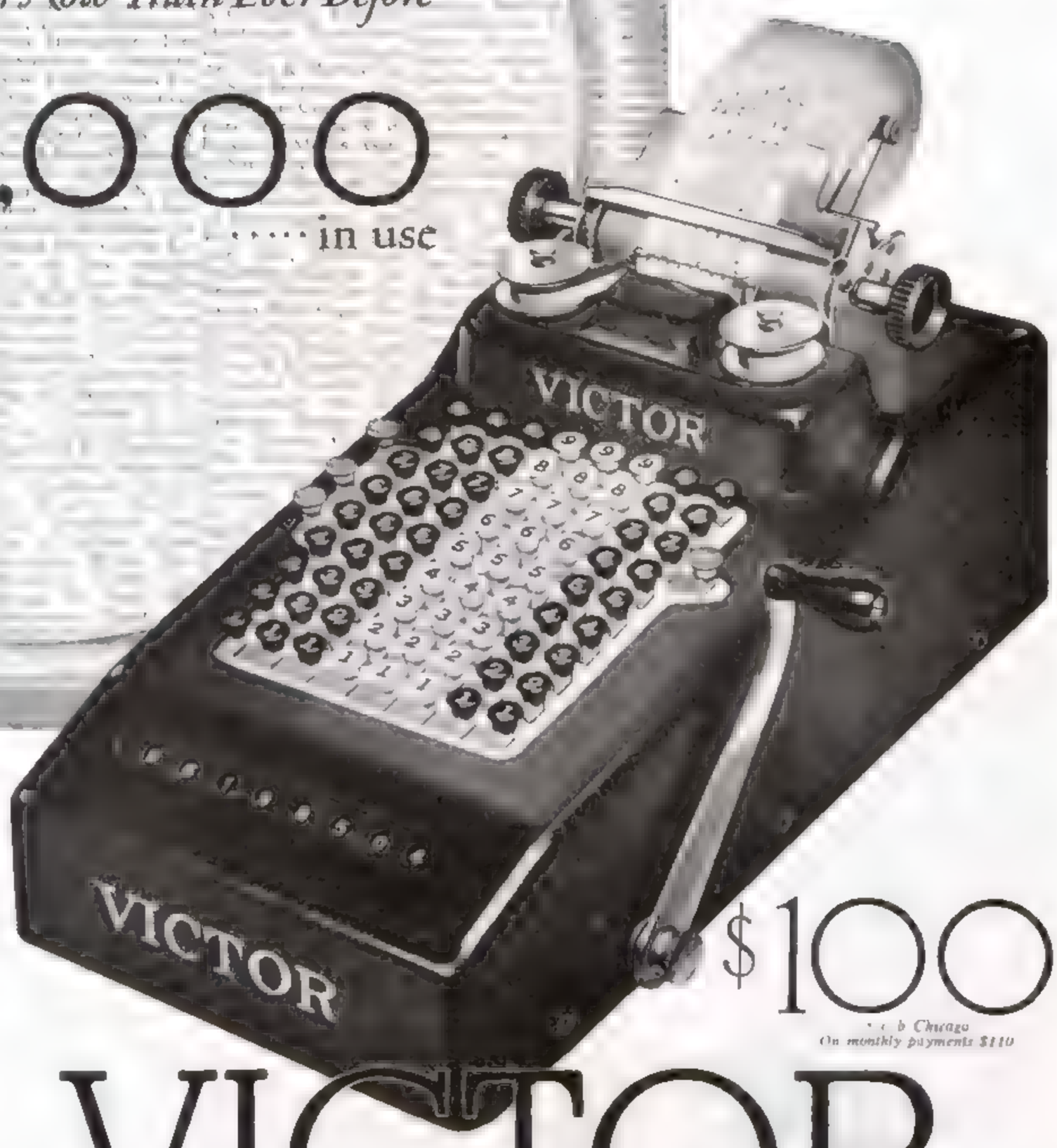

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Continued from Page 186

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Never let anybody tell you that the Alley is not businesslike. There are as many yards of red tape wound about the mammy song that finally reaches you as there are about the automobile produced in any up-to-date factory. Tin Pan Alley is divided into departments with heads—super and under—clerks, secretaries, telephone operators and, last but not least, authors. It takes as many long-drawn-out conferences and house messages on blue, yellow, pink and green sheets of paper to run a song factory as it does to build a skyscraper. For Tin Pan Alley takes its product straight through from the first step to the last. That is, the Alley generally composes the songs it markets.

There is, of course, a chance that you may write a song which will earn you $25,000, as George Cohan's Over There did for him, but that chance is exceedingly thin.

Ten-Year-Old Hits

Do they look at your manuscripts? Yes, usually. That is, if you have consigned them with special tenderness to their care, writing in ink or preferably on the typewriter and on one side of the paper. Also, it is well to send your offering registered. An official of one of the largest publishing houses admits that a song manuscript which comes into his office unregistered is returned to the sender without an examination.

"I figure," says the publisher, "that if the writer puts no very high value on his product I shall not be able to. Besides, the registered ones keep a large office force hard at work. And it doesn't do much good anyway, for I can count on the fingers of one hand the hits that we have been able to get out of the millions of contributions that come in."

He can give no adequate reason for the outlander not being able to write acceptable songs. He thought it might be because the popular song phrasing changes almost in a minute. What is hot slang one week has become stale and almost forgotten by the next.

Still there are occasionally some strange freaks. Leo Wood, who has made several home runs off his hits in times past, collected on a new one the other day that was really nearly ten years old. In 1914 Wood wrote a song called Somebody Stole My Gal. The song was a flop, in the technical language of the Alley; that is, it did not sell. It was shelved and Wood forgot about it, as experimenters in the Alley are likely to do, having learned that even the smartest of them will never be able to work out the right formula for a hit. Ten years later, a pal around the shop called out, "Hey, Wood, congratulations on your new hit!"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Wood.

"Why, your hit—Somebody Stole My Gal. Didn't you know you had a hit?" queried the surprised friend.

All excited, Wood began to investigate and found that, sure enough, his ancient and unsung effort was now selling like the proverbial hot cakes. At first he was completely puzzled. Then he found out that the song was being plugged by former students of the University of Pennsylvania who had liked it and played it in their school orchestra when it was first brought out. One of the men became an orchestra leader and the others were interested in professional or amateur musical organizations throughout the United States—and they played Somebody Stole My Gal until they made it a hit.

That's What God Made Mothers For also got to be a hit ten years after it was written. In the interim it became popular in England and was brought back as a song suitable for Mother's Day. Now it makes a lot of money for its publisher and author.

Most popular music is written on assignment. That is, the head of the sales department, the professional manager, or one of the arrangers decides that it is time to have a certain kind of song. He takes the matter up with the proper heads of departments and if everybody agrees, the particular tunesmith who specializes in that variety of work is told to get busy. The staff usually contains experts in mammy, mama, and mother songs, if you get the distinction. And that is another reason why the outsider fails to land. This is, as has frequently been said, an age of specialization.

I am told that generally the professional manager, the head of the sales department and one of the arrangers, form a jury to accept or reject songs. They get more practice in rejecting than in accepting. But when occasionally they accept and the lyrics have been fitted with music, or the tune with lyrics, as the case may happen to be, the real work of putting out a popular song begins.

The first copies of a song are the copyright copies which must be forwarded to the Library of Congress. Professional copies, prepared for the artists who will plug the songs, come next. Then there are vocal orchestrations prepared in several different keys. I am told that motion-picture theaters still use art slides with the chorus surrounded by a flowery border to be flashed on the screen after the soloist has sung the verse and the audience is being beseeched to join in the chorus.

In this day of many orchestras, the orchestration for bands—jazz and nonjazz—is almost as important as the song plugger himself. And the song plugger has always been the chief voice of the Alley. It is his job to sing loudly and convincingly into whatever ears he can reach. He goes everywhere he can break in—to motion-picture houses, benefits, picnics, races, circuses and social gatherings. He really needs to be an adventurous soul and one who takes rebuffs lightly. Every day in a New York vaudeville theater, two song pluggers climb up several hundred feet among the pipes of an organ and sing almost from the ceiling to a puzzled audience, who try to figure where the music is coming from.

Rags, Blues and Jazz

While plugging is important, the publishers contend that there can be too much of any good thing. The "too much" in this case is radio. So the publishers and composers went to Congress to compel the broadcasting stations to pay a royalty every time a popular song is sung over the radio. Their argument was that if John Smith tunes in every night on a red-hot-mama song, he may soon begin to hope that he will never hear that particular song again. And this, say the publishers and composers, will undoubtedly hurt the sale of that piece of sheet music.

The transformation in American music of which jazz is the upshot started nearly twenty-five years ago. Following the era of the popular ballad and coon song, about fifteen years ago, came ragtime.

The best way I have found to differentiate between ragtime, blues and jazz is to indicate each one of them by a line. The ragtime line is jerky. Blues has a long easy line and the jazz line rises to a point. The Maple Leaf was the first rag. Memphis Blues was the first blues, so far as I have been able to find. The former was by Scott Joplin, the latter by J. C. Handy. At least, these were the first compositions that America called by the names of ragtime and blues. Yet syncopation and rhythm, which were the distinguishing marks of the ragtime, were not really new. And when you added counterpoint and harmony to the melody and rhythm of ragtime, you got blues, essentially a trick of harmony. But the blues were not new either. Can anybody who has ever heard it forget the distant shore in the opening of Tristan and Isolde, which shimmers in a blue haze that one can feel?

At first both ragtime and blues were a sort of piano trick passed on from one performer to another. Up to the time that Handy organized an orchestra in Memphis, it is doubtful whether a single blue measure had ever been put on paper. Handy wrote out the blue notes for the first time.

At the House-Rent Stomps

According to John Stark, publisher of ragtime in St. Louis, ragtime originally meant a negro syncopated dance, and the real negro blues were never intended as a dance at all, but were a sort of negro opera, more like a wail or a lament than anything else. Big sessions of blues were held in the South among the colored people, the biggest of all occurring at "house-rent stomps" when a negro found himself unable to pay his rent. The entertainment consisted of a barbecue with music afterward, during and before. The guests raised a purse to save their host's home and also composed a new blues for the occasion.

Jazz, which is ragtime and blues combined with a certain orchestral polyphony which neither had, was still another way of letting off steam. At first it was mainly a chaos of noises, with rhythm running wild, tempos colliding with tempos. It is interesting that Livery Stable Blues, the earliest jazz, was not considered distinctive enough to be protected by a copyright. Indeed, Judge Carpenter in the District Court of Northern Illinois, Eastern Division, made that decision on October 14, 1917, in the case of LaRocca against E. Graham. LaRocca charged that Graham had infringed his copyright with a piece called Barnyard Blues which decidedly resembled Livery Stable Blues.

Said the judge:

"This is a question of each one claiming the right to this musical production. No claim is made by either side for the barnyard calls that are interpolated in the score, no claim is made for the harmony; the only claim seems to be for the melody. Now as a matter of fact the only value of this so-called musical production is the interpolated animal calls. These so-called animal sounds are not in question, are not claimed under the copyright. The only question is, whose brain conceived the idea of the melody that runs through the so-called Livery Stable Blues? I am inclined to take the view of Professor Slap White that this is an old negro melody which witness said he heard fifteen years ago. I think with Professor White that neither Mr. LaRocca nor Mr. Nunez conceived the idea of this melody. This band was a strolling band of players, none of them, according to the

Continued on Page 191

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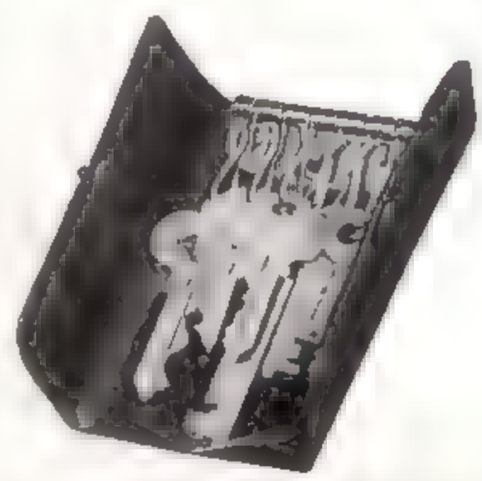
"Received my keys and Keytainer which were recovered through your Key Return Service *for the second time.*"

"Received the keys I lost on my way from Salt Lake City. Was very glad indeed to get them back."



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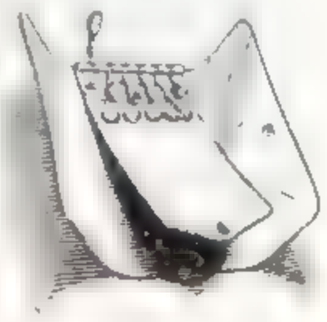

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(Continued from Page 188

testimony, with a technical knowledge of music.

"This, of course, is not an essential to the production of pleasing or entertaining music. Take the Hungarian Strollers, with their wonderful music which has come down to us. They were untrained musicians in a technical way. So with this band. With a quick ear and a retentive memory, they hear, remember and reproduce, and perhaps no living man could determine where the melody came from. What they produced was a result that pleased their patrons and it was the variations of the original music that accomplished the result, not the original music.

"I defy any living human being to listen to that production played upon the phonograph and discover any music in it, but there is a wonderful rhythm which, in case you're a dancer and young, will set your feet moving."

So ended the first jazz controversy, also the first decision in regard to pilfered music. But the discussion was to be renewed. Which brings us to a catch question: Are you bored by classical music? Does the very word "classical" make you nervous because it sounds so highbrowish? And do you, perchance, declare that jazz is the only kind of music you can possibly understand?

The Common Storehouse of Music

If the answer to all these questions is yes, the joke is really on you. For the truth is that when you are listening to your favorite jazz tune, you are most likely absorbing strains that are the most classic of all the classics. Do you not know that often the modern art of composing a popular song comes in knowing what to lift and how to adapt it also that at least nine-tenths of modern jazz music as turned out by Tin Pan Alley is frankly adapted from the masters?

That's why a good many of the jazzists chuckle over lowbrows who say they can't abide classical music and highbrows who squirm when they hear jazz. Pretty nearly everybody knows now that Handel's Messiah furnished the main theme of the well-known Yes, We Have No Bananas. Perhaps it is not such general knowledge that most of the banana song which wasn't taken from the Messiah came from Balfe's famous I Dreamt That I Dwelt in Marble Halls. Avalon was Tosca straight.

Chopin came into the limelight with I'm Always Chasing Rainbows, taken from the beautiful Fantasie Impromptu Opus 66. The same master furnished the theme for a number from Irene. If I Can't Get the One I Want can be traced to Bach if you are good at tracing things. Marchéta is reminiscent of the Merry Wives of Windsor. Iola came from The Blue Danube Waltz. Every Cloud Has a Silver Lining more than suggests a Paderewski minuet. The Love Nest is Tschaikovsky. Russian Rose is a frank adaptation of the Song of the Volga Boatmen. Equally frank is the jazz version of the Song of India.

There is no legal limit to this kind of lifting so long as the model chosen has not been copyrighted, and even then a few strategic notes changed by an expert can make everything quite safe. As to the moral aspects of the theft, there aren't any. There are, naturally, morals among musicians, but they aren't concerned with this question. All the music of the world is a kind of common storehouse, and Kipling expresses the musician's attitude toward it.

When 'Omer smote 'is blooming lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went and took—the same as me!

Not long ago the heirs of a composer brought suit against a certain publishing house to recover damages for this kind of thieving. The publishing house produced in court the music to prove that the composer had himself taken his themes from the folk songs of several European countries. The composer's heirs lost their suit. The folk songs had never been copyrighted and were perfectly legitimate material for the composer—but also for the jazz musician.

It has never been a scandal in the musical world that the greatest composers of every period borrowed freely from each other. There is a nice little story told of Wagner and Liszt. They were listening together to one of Wagner's earliest rehearsals, when Wagner said, "Now you will hear something from your St. Elizabeth."

"Oh, well," replied Liszt, "then it will at least be heard."

I suppose there will always be somebody dashing into courts of law to claim damages from some musician who is blithely following the usual custom of lifting good things here and there. An entertaining recent case was that brought by a choir leader in a Western city who wanted damages from an orchestra leader, on a general charge of syncopating the classics. The choir leader claimed that he suffered acute anguish because his artistic sensibilities were harrowed—although I don't know why he needed to listen to the orchestra—and that he sustained also a serious financial loss, because children are having their musical taste perverted and no longer want real musical education.

As a matter of fact, even when an irate protector of the masters does get into action to suppress certain music, it does him very little good. The reason for this is that music bootleggers have arisen, who for a price will furnish the coveted orchestration to any leader who applies. The bootleg orchestration headquarters are rather like the ancient blind tigers of local-option fame. That is, they masquerade as pants-pressing establishments, junk shops or even, in extreme cases, the neighborhood drug store which also supplies music to its patrons.

Well, bootleg or not, the jazz-classical combination is really cultivating a taste for classical music. At first glance this may seem strange. But it is true, and also it is natural enough. People grow familiar with the themes in jazz, their interest in music is stimulated by their love of jazz, and the natural next step is to follow the themes back toward their original sources. The original sources of musical themes are so far back in folk song that it would probably be a lifetime job to trace only one. But just behind the jazz use of them is classical music.

Now most Americans—for many reasons that I have already given—have been afraid of classical music. They thought they couldn't understand it; so they didn't try. They avoided classical music and more or less scoffed at it. But when they come to it by way of jazz they find it isn't so difficult to like it, and they do. They may not know all the highbrow musical jargon—which is, after all, only a technical vocabulary, just as a mechanic's special vocabulary is technical—but they do know what they like. And music is written to be appreciated by the people, not to be argued about by critics.

Jazz Selling the Classics

This trend toward getting acquainted with classical music is a good thing. I should like to see every jazz record in every home in America accompanied by the record of the classical music from which the jazz theme was taken. I am all for it. The real lover of music likes jazz the better for knowing all music, just as he likes all music the better for knowing jazz. When I make a jazz version of the Song of India, for instance, and learn that the effect of the sale of my record has been to increase the sale of the original record 50 per cent, I am delighted. The same thing happened after the Russian Rose was put on the market; the public clamored for the beautiful record of the Song of the Volga Boatmen. Instances of this kind are multiplying every day.

Editor's Note—This is the second of three articles by Mr. Whiteman and Miss McBride. The third will appear in an early issue.

THESE two photographs are of the same model, though not of the same evenings. See for yourself the added gracefulness that Pointex suggests.

The tapering lines of "Pointex" suggest tapering lines in the ankle.

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THE FIFTH ESTATE

(Continued from Page 37)

well from the tee on my own account throughout the round, and it was with no thought of impending disaster that I stepped to my drive and swung. It was about as bad a shot as I could have made in the circumstances. I topped it just enough to send it to the downward slope of the ditch, where it rested in such a position that I had the utmost difficulty in finding a secure footing on the grass, made more slippery than usual by a steady drizzle of rain.

That particular shot finds a conspicuous place in my personal archives, not because of any special brilliance, but due rather to its peculiar nature. I fiddled around for some minutes trying to sink my feet firmly into the rain-soaked ground, but even as I brought the niblick down toward the ball in a hard swing I lost my balance and had to start leaping toward the other side of the bank to prevent plunging headlong into the ditch. My body was actually in precipitous motion when the club head came down back of the ball, scooped it up and sent it flying over the green to an elevated patch of rough beyond. I also was in flight at the same moment, so that the ball and I must have cleared the ditch at the same moment.

On my third shot the ball pitched to the green and lay about ten or twelve feet from the cup. And then the break of the game swung around in my favor. Though the rain had made putting uncertain, I succeeded in sinking the ball for a 4, which was also a half, as my opponent required two putts after his run-up from the edge of the green.

There are three specific points furnished by this episode which may well be borne in mind by every golfer. The first is that no matter what happens on the golf links, no hole is lost until the final tally of strokes is taken. In this instance my own case seemed hopeless. Not one person in a thousand who saw the relative positions of Kirkby and myself after the drive, my ball in an almost unplayable lie and his just off the green, would have given me a possible look-in on that hole.

Sufficient Unto the Stroke

The second point is that the break of the game is not always what it appears to be, but unfailingly what it turns out to be. On every golf course of the country and every day of the playing season it happens that the seeming advantage is a deceptive, often mischievous element. You have unquestionably seen illustrations of it innumerable times. On one side the good drive versus the dubbed one in a close match, and then a swing of the pendulum of fortune and, lo, on the other side the zipping, sizzling second shot versus the inferior one. It is, after all, the shots subsequent to the drive that count most, and the putt more than any other. A good second will offset a poor drive, and a good third may offset a poor second, but nothing has ever been devised or discovered that will offset bad putting.

The third point is the vital one, more important than the two others combined. It is this—that winning golf is built up on the stroke the player is making and not on what has gone beforehand or is likely to come at some distant period. Herein golf strays away from the precepts which men have framed as a platform for happy existence. In life itself he who lives only in the present is regarded as standing on the brink of a volcano; but in golf he who does that is headed toward a low score and victory.

The key to winning golf is the shot which is being made. Think only of it. Think of it and watch it crystallize. Think of the ball leaving the club head cleanly, of the wrists snapping with the impact and of the arms following through afterward. Think of the coördination of eye, brain and muscle which is so essential in the delicate timing of strokes. Wrap yourself up in the shot you are making, completely and absolutely. Think of its execution, not its importance; and above all else, forget any mishaps which may have preceded it.

Golf is productive of two distinct brands of perseverance. On the one hand is that born of wrath at the contrariness of golf balls and golf clubs; on the other the calm determination which urges the player on in the face of adversity and enables him to forget misfortune of the past and to center his mind upon the task immediately in front of him. Both reflect the fighting spirit, but how much more useful is the type having calm resolve as its foundation.

It is not always the final round of a golf championship that is the most spectacular, any more than the World's Series baseball games are the best played. Nor does the break of the game which decides the way the title is to go come necessarily in that round. I had this fact brought home to me rather vividly the second time I won the Amateur Championship, when the tournament was played over the severe course of the Garden City Golf Club on Long Island. My opponent in the final was Max H. Behr, of the Morris County Golf Club, an accomplished golfer and the winner the next two years of the New Jersey State Championship. But fate had ordained that I was to play my best that day and Behr to encounter many difficulties, with the result that I retained the Amateur Championship by 8 and 7.

Hoist With His Own Petard

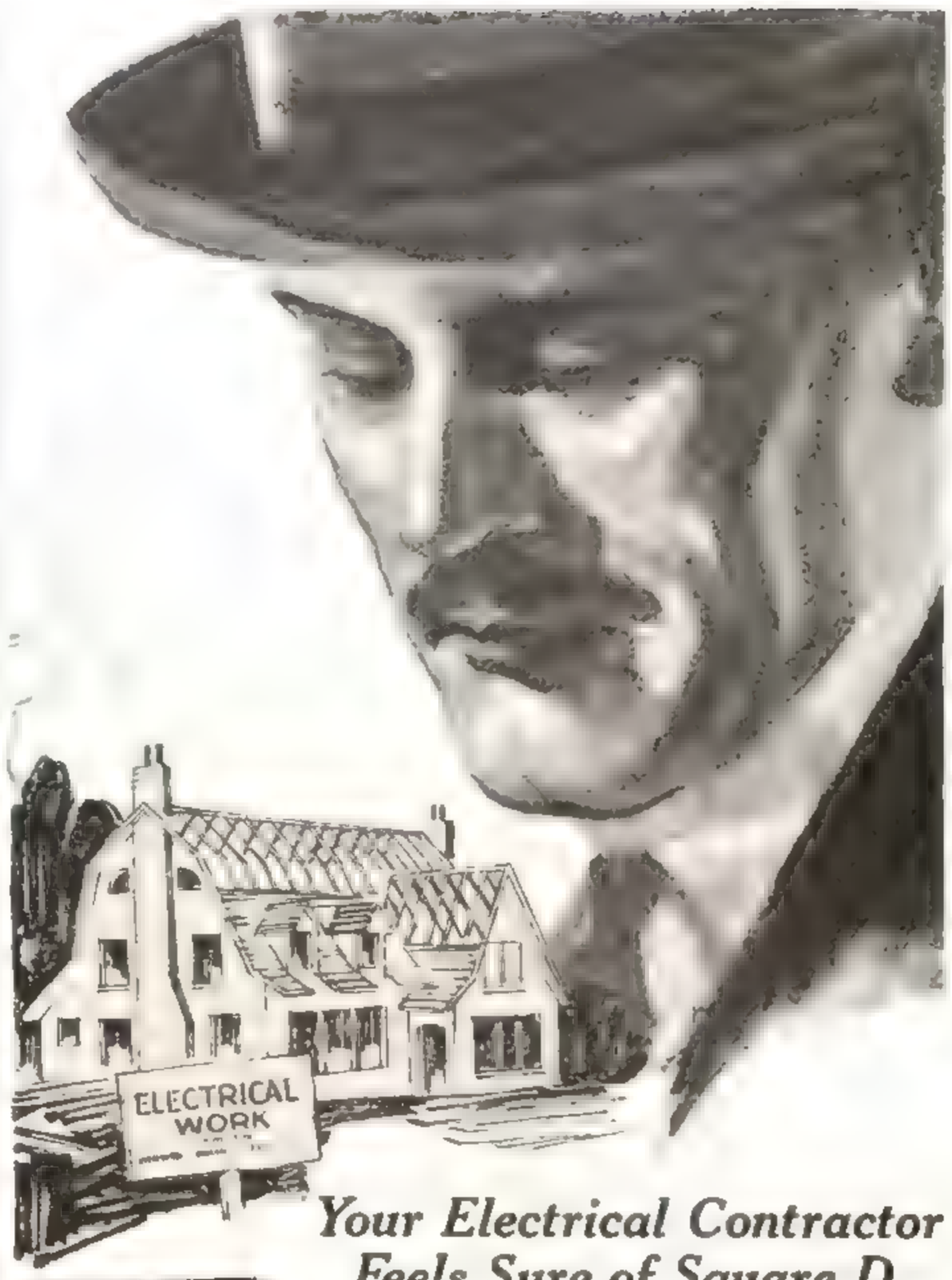
The break of the game in that championship came really in the semifinal round, when I was opposed to my old friend and rival, Walter Travis. Our match had been one of the regulation Travis-Travers struggles, a neck-and-neck affair, which found us all even going to the seventeenth tee. There my drive lay some 240 yards from the pin. I was fairly confident the Old Man would get a 4 on this hole and that I would at least have to equal that score if I was to stay in the hunt. The prospect wasn't altogether promising either. To the right of the fairway the line of play was bordered by a row of trees and to the left more trouble. The shot had to be long and straight, preferably with a slight hook to throw the ball toward the hole, which lay on the left side of the green.

After twelve years of golf, and with a Metropolitan and Amateur Championship back of me to give confidence, I was able to do what the less experienced golfer would have difficulty doing. I was able to put my mind absolutely on the successful execution of that shot with the brassy. I have never made a more perfect one. The ball flew straight to its mark, even developing a slight hook toward the end, and lay on the green for a reasonably easy 3. It was the break in a long-drawn-out battle and gave me not only the material but the psychological advantage of being 1 up when we came to the eighteenth.

It was always well for an opponent to have that margin on Travis when playing the eighteenth, a short hole, with the green lying back of a pond. That was his pet hole—and the terror of the other members, who had complained to him as chairman of the greens committee regarding the severity of its sand traps, deep cavernous pits from which extrication meant a combination of delicacy of stroke and strength of execution. Travis had always insisted the bunkers were perfectly fair.

"If you play your shot correctly you won't be in the bunkers," was the answer he used to give to those protesting against the trouble he had conceived for and incorporated in this terrifying eighteenth, since modified.

The trap which caused complaint was about six feet deep and surrounded by four walls which rose as a grim and perpendicular challenge to anybody who played to the



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left of the green from the tee. On this particular occasion Travis himself dropped his tee shot into this tomb of his imagination, while mine rested on the green. Travis' shot was in just about as much trouble as a bunkered ball can be in. It had lodged in one of the corners of the four walls, with only the remotest possible chance that it could be lifted to the green on his second.

When the Old Man descended into the bunker to make his shot, the pit was so deep that it obscured him entirely from the view of anyone standing on the green. I couldn't even see the top of his head. But the sounds that rose from the trap told me he was trying to make the most of a bad bargain. I heard two thuds as his niblick dug into the sand and twice saw the shower of sand which resulted from these blows. Those two futile shots were the only ones he made in an effort to get out of his difficulty. The next thing we saw was Travis scrambling up the side of the embankment, not in the least dismayed at the trick played on him by this creature of his own rearing. He walked straight over to where I was standing, put out his hand and said with a smile, "Congratulations; you deserved to win."

We were both conscious of a hum of conversation in the gallery. The spectators were discussing the peculiar workings of destiny by which Travis had been eliminated from the country's premier tournament in consequence of his favorite bunker. One voice rose above the others with clarion distinctness.

"It looks very much to me," its owner was saying, "as though the Old Man dug his own grave that time."

Travis apparently heard it, as did everyone else. He was not ruffled. He turned toward the point from which the voice had come and laughingly nodded in assent. The humor of the situation appealed as much to him as to anyone else.

This victory in a sense was recompense for a drastic object lesson in the uncertainties of golf Travis had given to me years before on this same Garden City course. In that match, another of our long-drawn-out battles, we came to the thirty-eighth hole all even. Here I laid my tee shot on the green about eight or ten feet from the hole, and Travis his in a bunker. If the break of the game ever seemed to carry an identification card, those two tee shots certainly appeared to be so labeled. But let's see what happened. From the trap came the swish of Travis' niblick and the click of the arching ball, and the next instant I saw his ball thud gently to earth and trickle up to within a comparatively few inches of the hole—a 3 beyond doubt. With which I missed my 2, failed for a 3 and lost a match which I had counted in cold storage just a few moments before.

Why Everybody Likes Golf

Victory is never so sweet as when it drops in upon you unexpectedly and puts defeat to flight. Nor is defeat ever touched with a keener sting than when it falls from a victory-laden sky. The golfer who thinks of neither until the match has ended gets a triple meed of satisfaction from the game. He plays better. He wins more matches. His joy in the game is unburdened with rising hopes and drooping fears. And for these three reasons, if no others, I suggest to all golfers that they have faith only in the final tally.

I think the reason why golf appeals so strongly to human imagination the world over, and why it is not restricted to localities, as for example, cricket is restricted to the British and baseball to Americans, is the tremendous range of its variety in filliping virtually every emotion in the organization of our senses. It provokes us to anger, laughter, joy, peace and discontent. A perfect shot fills the eye and is a thing of beauty. The contact with the outdoors satisfies the natural craving for sunshine and fresh air, and the friendly intermingling of the links the desire for companionship. It offers endless problems. It challenges our skill and makes the accomplishment of a difficult task a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It recognizes no age limit in either direction. It is one of the few outdoor sports open to men past the meridian of life. There is no other sport which can seriously go in for father-son tournaments. And above everything else it combines infinite amusement with wholesome diversion.

Let us glance briefly into the constant challenge golf throws out to man to master the boundless problems it embodies. I believe the time will never come when man will be able to sit back and reflect that everything has been said and done of golf. We have had many centuries of the game thus far, and the problems continue to bob up as serenely as though we were just beginning to tackle the job of probing its mysteries. The discoveries which we of today make with each round of the course are merely additions to the storehouse of lore and treasure which have been accumulating from time beyond authentic record. That golf is a bottomless pit of mystery, that its unexplored regions are as vast as the interior of the earth itself, is not a piece of intelligence which has come to us in recent year. Rather does it appear to be as old as the game itself.

Rabbit-Holing Out in One

A year or so ago the world of golfers was keenly interested in experiments of playing golf at night on brilliantly illuminated courses. If the novelty of that undertaking seemed to typify the bizarre qualities of the game, then what is there left to say of rounds played by moonlight or in complete darkness, and of a famous three-hole match which began at ten o'clock on a moonless night, with no light at hand save that which came from the uncertain rays of a single lantern carried by each of the contestants? And is it not something of a shock to us in this day of rubber-cored balls and long carries and hooks and slices to know that such a match could be played?

This match was played in 1868 on the St. Andrews course in Scotland, the contestants being two famous sportsmen, Lord Kennedy and a Mr. Cruikshank, of Langley Park. According to an account of it written years later by a man who saw it played, the contest came about in consequence of a discussion relating to two points—one whether it would be possible to play a golf match in the dark, and the other the respective skill of the two competitors. They played for £500 a hole, or a possible stake of £1500 if either happened to win all three holes. It is not recorded who won, but there was a difference of only one hole after the last putt had been sunk. But the astonishing phase of the match was not the size of the wager or the fact that it was played in the dark. It was rather the number of strokes required by each player. Both played at about the level of their regular daylight form.

Four years previous to this Tom Morris, the famous St. Andrews professional, and Charlie Hunter set out with two amateurs on a round of the Prestwick course at eleven o'clock at night and finished the round of twelve holes, the entire length of Prestwick at that time, in two and a half hours. The full moon scheduled to appear at the starting hour had hidden itself under an overcast sky and the round was played in utter darkness. The incomplete records of that day do not set forth what scores were made by the four players, but it is significant that they lost only two balls in the pitchy blackness.

Still more remarkable was the feat of R. W. Brown at Hoylake on November 29, 1878. On a wager that he would not require more than 150 strokes to make the round, this doughty golfer started on his nocturnal journey at eleven o'clock at night, accompanied by a small gallery of doubters and believers. One of the spectators was John Ball, who was then fifteen years of age and who had competed that year in the British Open Championship, to finish in sixth place, eight strokes back of the winner. Between the years 1888 and 1912 Ball subsequently won the British Amateur Championship eight times, a record which will perhaps endure to the end of time.

Under the conditions of Brown's bet the spectators were not permitted to help him search for lost balls and he was to suffer only loss of distance for every one which went astray. This condition brought about a truly remarkable happening on the fourth fairway, which was covered with rabbit holes. Both his first and second shots from the tee, though apparently straight down the line from the feel of them, were not to be found when he went to look for them. He then played his third drive and found it a foot short of a rabbit hole in the center of the fairway. After he had played it away from that point, several of the spectators who had remained forward informed him that the second drive had rolled into the same rabbit hole. Probing there with a club, he found not only his first ball but the second as well. In other words, on two successive shots he had holed out in the rabbit hole in one and placed his third within twelve inches of the same spot, all in the darkness of midnight. And he finished the round in 147 strokes, three less than the limit number.

In relating this golf episode of many years ago, I refrain from sponsoring its accuracy, particularly that part of it which refers to the balls in the rabbit hole. If it is legendary, then the compilers of British golf archives have proved themselves gullible, for the story of R. W. Brown's feat is to be found tucked away in the records.

There are, however, sufficient well-authenticated accounts of golf being played at night with an amazing degree of accuracy to establish the particular point I have in mind. It is not the freakish form of the game which is of paramount interest. It is instead the fact that golf is the only sport of such versatility that it can be played in the dark as well as light. Tennis, baseball, football and all other games played with a sphere are out of the question as games to be played without light, and plenty of it. And the surprising thing about golf being played on a darkened course is the fact that the chief handicap the golfer suffers is the difficulty he experiences in finding the ball. With the skilled golfer, timing can be so perfect and concentration so highly developed that the execution of the shot may suffer only a minor impediment, if any at all. On a course with which he is thoroughly familiar he could by practice play a round at night in as low figures as the average player requires in daytime.

The Grand Old Game

These deeds of the golf gladiators of other days are traditions that merge with the loreful currents of the present and form a stream that purls through the golfing universe as a constant reminder to its denizens that they stand on terrain hallowed by a species of achievement that flows in no other quarter. I think the realization comes early to those who strive seriously for high honors on the links that back of them and around them are bulwarks of accomplishment and sentiment, built up through the ages, to be revered in the common fellowship of the course and to be recognized as the true ideals dominating the brotherhood of golfers. Indeed, it would be difficult to escape them if one spends much time among golfers. Even the local clubs have their heroes of the past and present, their legends of gladiatorial marvels and their records of the strange flotsam and jetsam which have been washed up on their own battlegrounds.

Lifting the veil of fifteen years or more to analyze my own mental attitude toward the game at the impressionable age of the early twenties, I am forced to say in all frankness that to me no story of success had quite the same zip to it as the tale of laurels won on the links, that no joke was quite so funny as a golf joke, even of questionable humor, and that no tragedy was

(Continued on Page 197)

Photograph by Mattie Edwards Hewitt

The Dining Room in Mrs. Oliver Harriman's town house. A charming Italian conception and treatment, with its glazed court beyond the arch. Mrs. Harriman endorses Nucoa.

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(Continued from Page 194)

quite so tragic as the tragedy of the putt that failed to win the championship. At ten years of age, you may recall, I had promised myself, with all the optimism of ten years, that some day I was going to win a really worthwhile golf tournament. At twenty, with optimism still running high, but a little better balanced under the steadying hand of experience, I had won a worthwhile tournament—the Amateur Championship. At twenty-one, with optimism excellent, but showing the signs of wear and tear, I had duplicated this. And with that I sought a new world to conquer. I went to England to play in the British Amateur Championship.

I am not going to dwell on that ambition which welled up in me in 1909 to lift the British golf crown. If I were a nautical man my impulse would be to say simply that it was a sad story, mates. I went to England with the fires of ambition fanned by the remembrance of what Travis had done there not many years before, a valorous deed which had brought forth the plaudits of the folks back home. Did I realize the magnitude of the job I was tackling; that the English citadel had always been impregnable except for this solitary capitulation; that the golfing hosts of Great Britain were famous for the vigor of their swarming when a foreign invasion threatened? Veracity impels me to say that I realized these things only after a fashion. It was not until the first round of play on the Muirfield links in Scotland that I gathered the full effect of their significance. I vanished from the picture then and there and returned home minus golf laurels, but plus many valuable data. The substance of this fund of information was a profound respect for Britain's standard of golf.

That season and the succeeding were slack ones for me. But the one that followed finds a prominent place in my recollections, for it not only brought about one of the most interesting periods in my golf career, but was a prelude to rarely absorbing times in golf history. It has always been my theory that the six-year period from 1911 to 1916, inclusive, was exceptionally eventful in the development of golfing interest in the United States; indeed, the most prolific era the game has ever enjoyed in this respect. In that period were several outstanding incidents to focus nation-wide attention on golf and to drive home the telling truths regarding the breadth and character of the game. The first occurred in the waning season of 1911, when the Amateur Championship was held on the Apawamis links at Rye, New York.

Looking for New Worlds

It was that year Harold H. Hilton came to this country on the same old mission which causes English and American golfers to journey back and forth over the Atlantic—the hope of winning the Amateur Championship. In the amateur ranks of Great Britain I should say that Hilton ranks next to the great John Ball, with whom he has fought out many interesting matches. One of the first of these was back in 1892, when Ball won his second championship and Hilton was runner-up. It was the second time in successive years Hilton had gained this honor.

The great triumvirate of British golf through the 90's was Ball, Hilton and Frederick G. Tait, who won the championship twice and in 1899 lost it on the thirty-seventh hole to John Ball in one of the most famous of all golf matches. Tait, a superb golfer, who had had a rigorous schooling in the game on the links of the Royal and Ancient Club of St. Andrews, was famous for his sunny disposition and tremendous fighting qualities in match play. The year after his celebrated battle with Ball at Prestwick, he was in the thick of a sterner struggle in South Africa, where he served as an officer of the Black Watch in the Boer War. And he fell while leading a company of the regiment in a sortie at Koodoosberg Drift in December, 1900, the same fighting spirit of his golfing days asserting itself in the courage marking his last stand.

At the time Hilton came here in quest of the American title, he had won the Amateur Championship of his own country for the third time. His appearance here was an event heralded far and wide, for he was then famous as a member of that little group of three which had piled up such a valiant record on the British courses. And America was just then beginning to realize in a big way that the game held infinite possibilities as a diversion of the first water. The ranks were now spreading out in leaps and bounds, penetrating to the rugged West, which, like most parts of the East, had stood aloof and adamant in the earlier periods of golf's fusing with the American temperament. The little handful of golfers who tramped the courses at the dawn of the present century had grown into a solid army bivouacked at the four points of the compass. There had been something like 5000 golfers in the United States in the years from 1900 to 1904; now in 1911 there were perhaps a hundred times that number.

Hilton's Poker Face

Hilton, as I have said, came here as the British champion; but it was destined that his hardest battle on an American course was not to be fought out with a native player who held or had held our own title. It was not with William C. Fownes, Jr., the playing-through champion, nor Robert A. Gardner, who had succeeded me as the titleholder, nor with me that he was to engage in his thrilling and historic struggle at Apawamis, but with a player whose nearest approach to the premier prize had been that of runner-up seven years previously. It was my chum of those days, the late Fred Herreshoff, who sought to repel the British invasion in the final round and who that day passed through an experience that rarely befalls any golfer. I shall come to that memorable episode in a moment.

The deadly accuracy of Hilton's play impressed itself upon me when it chanced that we were brought together in one of the earlier rounds of the tournament at Rye. I observed that either Nature or his own strong will had fortified him with that calm impassiveness in the face of difficulty which is so essential to finished golf skill. He seemed to be entirely unaware of the presence of the gallery. He showed not the slightest sign of pleasure when the breaks came his way or the least evidence of annoyance when they went against him. If a poorly executed shot worried him, he alone knew it. But I doubt if misfortune did worry him. On the close scrutiny of his golf characteristics to which I submitted Harold Hilton in our round of the 1911 championship, I gathered that he was so completely the master of his mind that with the click of each shot he closed it to what had gone before and thought only of the task in hand.

As his brilliant achievements in the game have long since established, Hilton is a thoroughgoing golfer, a master of technic as well as temperament. Yet he is like nearly all other famous players in the fact that there is an especial iridescent radiance to one or two departments of his game. In the use of the brassie and its dwarfed twin, the spoon, he is a genius. And in the chip to the green from varying distances of thirty to seventy yards he sets a baffling pace for his opponents. The perfection with which he executes these shots is sufficient by itself to explain why he has reached the summit of golf distinction. It means that the vital second shot, the second most important of the game, is invariably good. From the fairway Hilton has a habit of getting so close to the hole that frequently he goes down with only one putt, and seldom more than two. That is a great asset to any golfer.

Two unusual occurrences marked the afternoon round of my match with Hilton, which I began 4 down to the British champion after a rather ragged exhibition in the morning. I started the second round at a great pace and carried off the first three holes. And then the inevitable break of the game put in its appearance to swing the tide of victory back to the channel from which I had momentarily managed to divert it. On the fourth hole I had a two-foot putt for a win that would make us all even. In my two years' lay-off from championship competition I must have lost some of the long-cultivated knack of concentrating absolutely on the shot before me, no matter how easy it might seem. Whatever the explanation, I know that I ingloriously missed that important putt and followed up this atrocious slip by permitting it to nettle me—a double blunder in a single stroke. And the natural sequence which invariably marks such miscues checked in for service with maddening precision. I missed my next drive and lost confidence. Hilton made his and regained confidence—and won the match.

The other incident came when I was barely hanging onto the ropes. On a subsequent green my ball lay more than twenty feet from the cup, with a stretch of rolling downhill ground intervening to add to its difficulties. Because of the downward slope of the green, it was a real problem to gauge the proper amount of power to put behind the stroke. If it failed to take the down grade of the various slopes it would stop far short of the cup; if tapped too strongly it would roll well beyond. These are the most tantalizing putts of the game. You have unquestionably had your share.

The thought I had in mind when I went about that shot is an excellent one for golfers to observe at such times when they need a win to keep from fading entirely out of the match. It is this—that a halved hole may serve a highly useful purpose at many stages of a match, but it certainly does no good when something better is necessary to stave off defeat. There are no two ways then about what is the proper thing to do. The only course is to do your utmost to win.

A Powerful Putt

So when I tapped the ball I made sure that the force of the stroke should be enough to carry it over the full distance of twenty feet. In fact in my anxiety I overdid it. The ball sped toward the cup altogether too fast for comfort. But it was accurately played, and after a rapid trip across the green it thudded against the rear of the hole, bounced up four or five inches and dropped back in again.

Oswald Kirkby was one of the large gallery following the match. He watched the antics of the ball with the same bewilderment experienced by other spectators, and there was an amused expression on his face which told me he was doing a lot of thinking about the luck of that shot. After the match he collared me in the locker room.

"Say, Jerry," he sang out loud enough for everybody to hear, "that was a great putt you made this afternoon—the one that jumped out of the cup and back again."

The flattery, coming on top of my defeat, was not displeasing.

"Well, it was pretty fair," I agreed in a deprecating tone, though thankful for this modicum of comfort.

"It sure was pretty fair all right," Kirkby went on. "That certainly was a nice putt—so nice and swift and everything. I'll tell you something else about it. If it hadn't hit the back of the cup it would have gone out of bounds."

One by one the American aspirants for the title dropped from the tournament, but Harold Hilton kept moving steadily onward, and at last entered the final round with Fred Herreshoff as his opponent. In the morning round the British lion roared and the American eagle retreated. Hilton was playing with that unrelenting aggressiveness which had won him the highest golfing honors his own country had to offer. Fred was putting up a good game battle,

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but not quite up to the best notch he was capable of, and at the completion of the morning round he seemed to be soundly licked. As I recall it, he was six down after the first eighteen holes.

"I just can't seem to get going right, Jerry," Fred told me at lunch time. "Either I do something at the wrong moment or Hilton does something at the right moment. He's a tough bird at match play."

I agreed with him without saying so. I also reflected that Hilton wasn't so bad at medal play, either, since he had won the qualifying round of this particular championship. But I kept that thought to myself also. This was no time to remind Fred Herreshoff of what an excellent player Harold Hilton was.

At the outset of the afternoon round the pendulum started to swing the other way. Fred came back to his best form with a zip and a crash. He picked up one hole and another and another. The American eagle began to scream, the British lion to slink away. And the tension of the gallery became so acute that it was next to impossible for the spectators of this sudden shifting of the sands to suppress the partisan elation which swept over them. Once or twice on the journey around the course they didn't. When Fred, now holding the honor, placed his tee shot squarely on the green of a short hole, the crowd broke out in frantic applause. The din had not subsided when Hilton stepped on the tee to make his shot. It was nerve-racking even to this veteran of the game. He quietly appealed to the officials to check the demonstration.

They came to the thirty-fifth hole all even, Hilton's early advantage now completely obliterated. And both were fighting the most desperate golf battle of their lives, spurred on by an incentive which went beyond even the deep-rooted ambition to win the championship. Fred Herreshoff had ceased to think of personal glory; he was now battling to keep the American title from leaving its native heath. And Harold Hilton was equally determined that when he left these shores the medal emblematic of our championship was going with him. It had become a real international issue, friendly and sportsmanlike on both sides, but far more dramatic than a contest between individuals could be.

Apparently on the Rocks

The thirty-fifth was halved, a narrow squeak for both. On the thirty-sixth the evenness of play was maintained in the same grim and thrilling manner. There again it was a close call for both. First one and then the other just failed to sink the winning putt, while the huge gallery circling the green looked on with hearts thumping and nerves jangling.

The fight between these two determined men had become as tense and dramatic as a death struggle. It was a revelation in the quantity and quality of thrills a golf match can produce.

The thirty-seventh hole of this historic engagement on the beautiful Apawamis links takes rank, I am sure, as the most remarkable climax to a national championship on record. Herreshoff, still holding the honor, laid a superb tee shot straight down the fairway, within easy approaching distance of the elevated green. Hilton's drive held the line, but lacked the length of his opponent's. The difference gave Fred no marked advantage. The British champion was still within comfortable striking distance of the green. The only serious hazard to bother either was a high rock bordering the green to the right. A hooked ball or straight shot would avoid this trouble; a slice would perhaps mean disaster.

Hilton, being farthest from the hole, was the first to play the second shot. As soon as the ball flew away from the club head a cry arose from those who remained behind with the players and those who had already crowded around the green to watch the putting. The ball was veering off sharply to the right, propelled in that direction through bad aiming and a smart slice which developed as it lengthened out. It was heading straight for that terrifying rock which had sounded the knell of so many ambitions. The match appeared to be at an end.

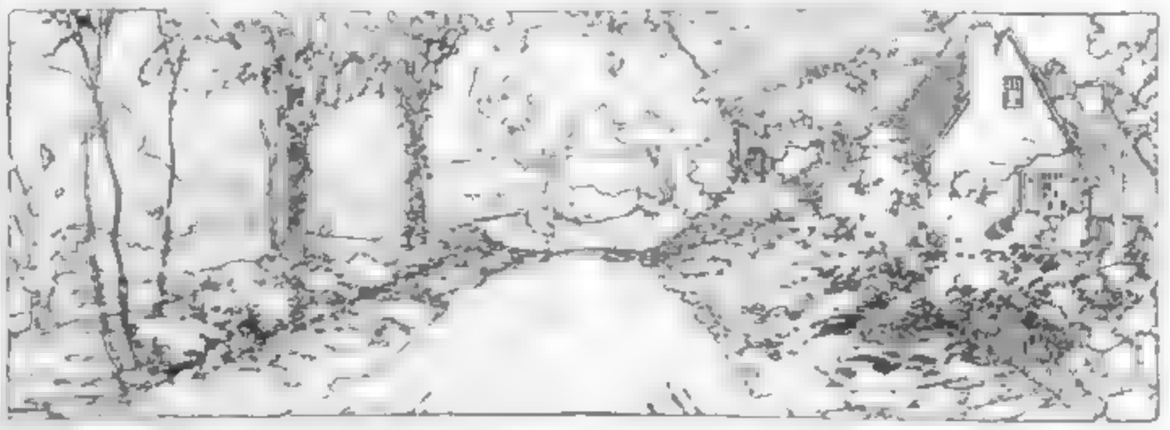
The Unnerving of Fred

Both Herreshoff and Hilton stood motionless, watching the ball as it curved to its apparent doom and disappeared against the side of the huge bowlder. The faint echo of the impact came back to them, followed by a momentary lull as everyone tried to comprehend the extent of this disaster which had suddenly appeared to shatter the British hopes. And then came a frenzied shout from the thousand or more persons surrounding the green, accompanied by a confused movement of violently waving arms and excited gesticulations. They were signaling to Herreshoff and Hilton that the Englishman's ball had bounded off the high rock and was at that moment reposing safe and sound on the green.

Let us see what this miraculous escape for Hilton meant for Herreshoff. It meant that in the course of a few seconds he had passed through the extremes of emotion. As Hilton's ball sailed away on that eventful flight it looked as though Fred's uphill struggle was at last to be crowned with success and that the championship had been made fast to its American moorings for another year. And when the commotion among the gallery surrounding the green informed him that the miracle had been performed, and that Hilton's poor shot had been rewarded with a rare piece of luck, the pæan of victory was transformed into a threatening dirge of defeat. Poor Fred did not even know how well the shot had turned out. The ball, which by right should now be in the deepest trouble, might actually be only a foot or two from the hole, for all Herreshoff knew. The excitement of the crowd ahead seemed to indicate that it was.

It is no wonder that Fred's splendid nerve suffered a collapse under the ordeal and that he topped his second shot badly. He bravely tried to put his third close to the hole for the four which might save the day. And he bravely strove to sink the long putt which still remained after this third shot had landed nicely on the green. But it was of no use. That was Hilton's day. And Fred Herreshoff would have been the last one in the world to say that the British champion was not thoroughly deserving of the splendid battle he had fought against the best America had to offer—a single-handed battle, and therefore the harder.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Travers and Mr Crowell. The next will appear in an early issue.



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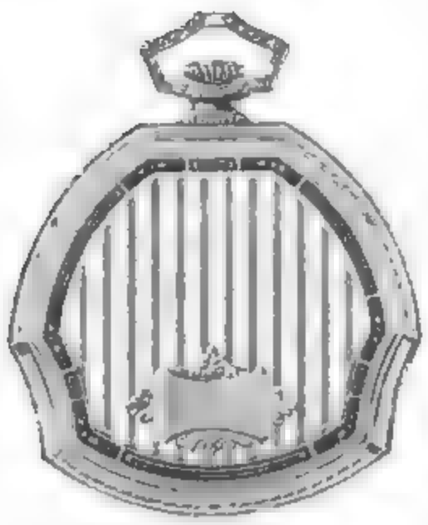

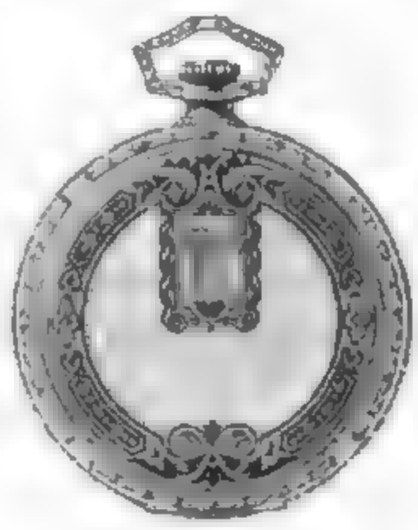

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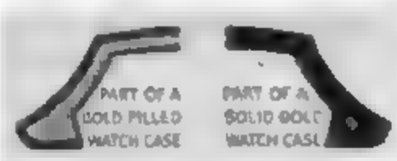

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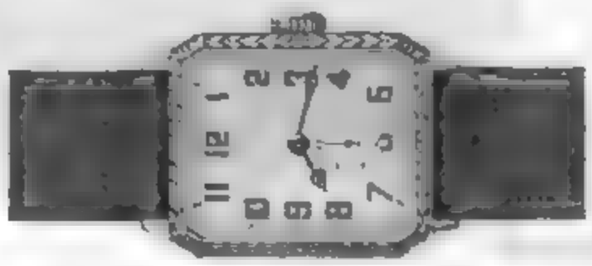

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THE PRANKING GUINEA

(Continued from Page 8)

Mister Charley. Bully Boy's mad tonight, cravin' to stick a gaff in somebody; I kin tell dat by de way he crows."

By a subtle sort of telepathic comprehension which exists between a white man and a negro, Major Mack felt sure that this crowing rooster was a mere step in Joney's game, a stage of progress that led to his real objective. And Joney knew that the major knew.

Anyhow, just to play the game like a good sport, Major Mack inquired, "What's the rooster mad at?"

"Mad at Mammy Liza's guinea what her chillun plays wid. Nobody never see sech a guinea; hangs aroun' de house, when all de guineas I ever knowed is wild. Dis'n took up wid mammy's chillun, an' he sho is meddlesome. All de time prankin' wid somebody's bizness. When he runs out o' devilment at home he goes over to Joedick's an' worries dat rooster, jest for pastime. Dat guinea pecks Bully Boy's head, an' snatches out his tail feathers ——"

"No, no, Joney," the old planter interrupted; "you don't want me to believe that any gamecock lets a guinea whip him?"

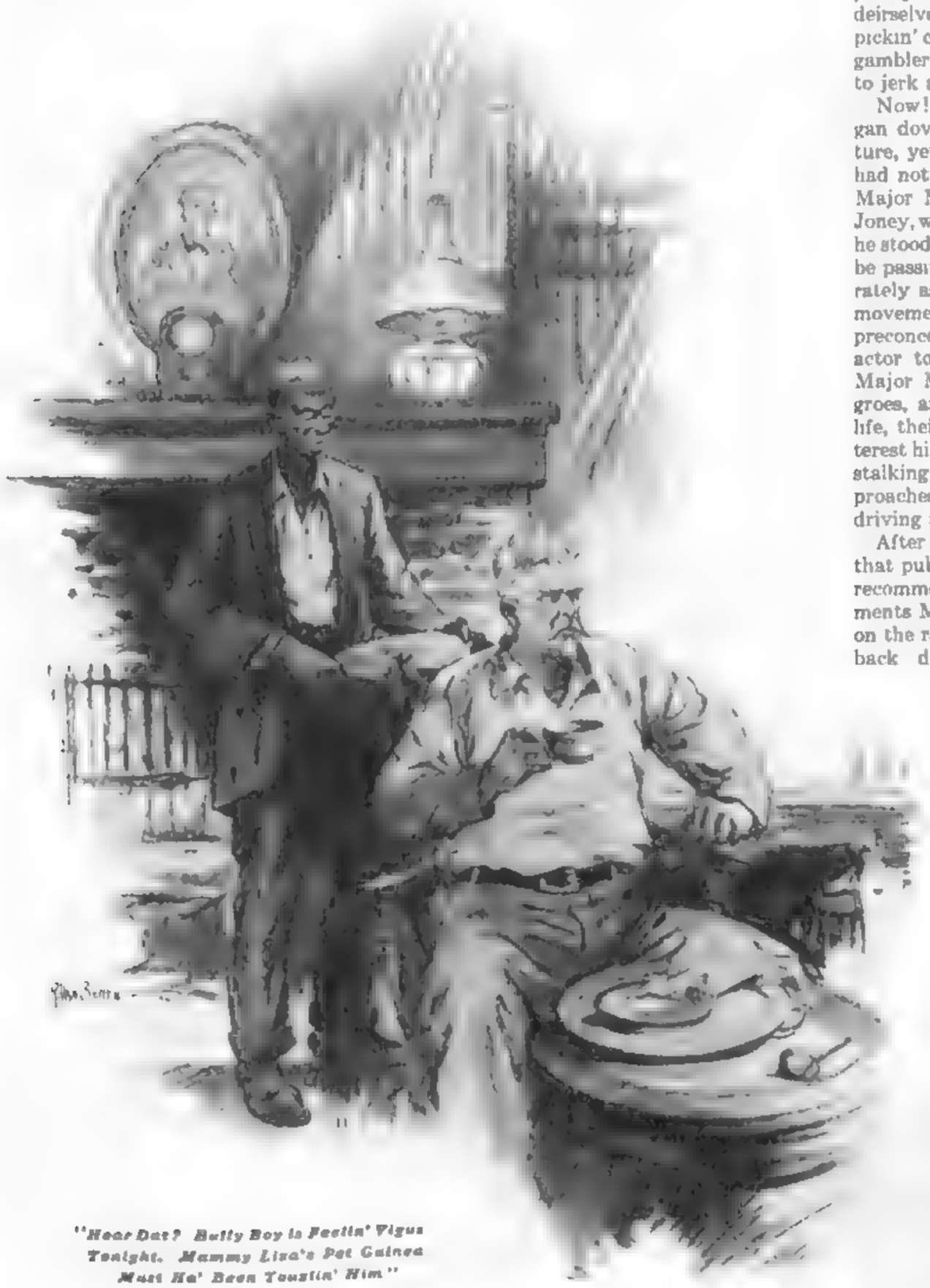
"Sholy, major, sholy. As many gamecocks as you is raised, an' as many mains as you is 'tended, ain't you diskivvered yit dat a game rooster is hoodooed by a guinea?"

"Never heard of such foolery."

"'Tain't no foolery." The faster Joney talked, the faster he fanned, keeping the major cool and amiable. "A guinea's de onliest thing what a good gamecock won't fight. He'll jump on a wildcat, mebbe go up against a rhinoceroarus; but you let a guinea happen along an' he's throo. Done quit. De guinea has him hoodooed, gits his goat. Ef a guinea tackles him, all dat gamecock seeks for is some hole to hide in. An' it sho do make him peevish. Dat's how come me snickerin' at Bully Boy jest now. 'Cause I could set here listenin', an' know percisely what he reemark to hisself: 'Ain't it hell?' Dat's what Bully Boy means by his crow. 'I kin lick anything what walks de earth. Ain't skeered o' nothin' till dat gosh-darn guinea shows up. Den I runs, runs, wid all my hens a-gigglin' an' a-cacklin' at me.' Dat's what Bully Boy specify to hisself, same as Mister Alec Forbes used to do when he was a youngster. Mister Alec was a terrible scrapper; ev'y recess he walloped de whole class, jest to keep in practice. Den one day a runty little squint-eyed boy, 'bout half his size, j'ined de school. At fust glimpse o' dat boy, Mister Alec's liver turn't pale green. An' Mister Alec let Squinty buff him roun' de school yard. But when dem other scholars laughed, he beat 'em up scan'alous, three or four at once, to prove he warn't hacked. Same way wid Bully Boy. After dat guinea gits throo wid him, he kin chaw up a coop-ful o' roosters twice as big as him."

Now! Joney had made his second point. That's that.

For a while he worked the fan in silence, while the defensive major wondered from which direction the assault in force would attack.



"Hear Dat? Bully Boy is Feelin' Vigus Tonight. Mammy Liza's Pet Guinea Must Ha' Been Touzlin' Him"

"Major," Joney began, approaching from another angle, "I jest can't figger on no way to git rid o' dat gambler nigger. Is you noticed a big black feller what loafs around here, brown hat an' green-trimmed low quarters? A diamont horseshoe pin? Chunky-built nigger? Head shaved slick, an' got ridges on it, like a washboard?"

"You mean Snowball?"

"Dat's him. Gambler from Vicksburg. Cheats our tenants out o' deir money, an' I can't corntrive no plan to separate Snowball from dis plantation."

When Joney reached this point his face began to show traces of Cherokee ancestry, the nose seemed straighter, hair less kinky, more of an Indian than a negro, as he suggested, "Snowball won't lemme draw nigh enough to argue. An' ef I happens to drap half a ounce o' lead on Snowball, kinder accidental, you white folks mought tangle me up in some sort o' lawsuit concernin' it."

"What sort of a lawsuit?"

"Dunno, major. White folks is so perculiar dey mought sue me on a-salt-an'-batter, an' murder wid intent to kill."

"Murder? With intent to kill?"

"Sholy, suh. Dat's how I hear dese jackleg lawyers orate it in de cotehouse. Anyhow, major, I got to chase dat nigger off widout cripplin' him too bad. Y'onderstan', boss, dis Snowball gambler is won all o' Joedick's money. Us got to git dat back. Den he goes splurgin' roun' our plantation a-showin' off his green shoes an' diamont pin. Major, dat's a bad 'zample to young niggers. Dey sees Snowball wid plenty money in his pocket, so dey says to deirselves, 'What's de sense o' plantin' an' pickin' cotton? I'm goin' to start out for a gambler, an' be somebody.' Huh! I itches to jerk a knot in Snowball's tail."

Now! Joney's scatteration of leads began dovetailing, like bits of a puzzle picture, yet Major MacDougal knew that he had not yet pieced them all together. So Major Mack eyed the apparently aimless Joney, who rambled to the front door, where he stood in full sight of anybody that might be passing, and stretched himself so elaborately as to give the major a hunch. The movement seemed a part of Joney's play, a preconcerted signal, a cue for some other actor to step upon the stage. Although Major MacDougal was born amongst negroes, and had lived with them all of his life, their strategy had never ceased to interest him. It was amusing to watch Joney, stalking the boss by roundabout approaches, and try to guess what he was driving at.

After all these preliminary stories, and that public stretching, Joney returned and recommenced his fanning. In a few moments Major Mack heard someone step up on the rear gallery, and saw Joedick at the back door—Joedick, proprietor of the rooster. So that was it, and the major smiled internally. He understood now that Joney had given the grand hailing sign for Joedick to arrive, after putting the boss in a receptive frame of mind. The pair were working in cahoots, and the major waited to see how their scheme might develop.

"Well, Joedick," he called, "what do you want?"

"I wants to see you, suh, a minute."

"Come right in."

The tenant, Joedick, a long-legged, gangling and simple-looking negro, shuffled into the hallway and took his position across the table from Major Mack.

"Good evenin', major. Is you heared from Miss Emma lately? I hopes she's well an' doin' well, suh."

"Oh, yes. She's having a fine visit in New York."

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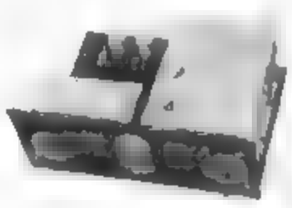
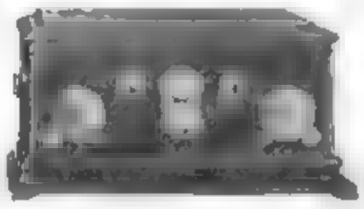


This illustration shows how the antenna circuit, at left, including coil, condenser and tube, is encased with a heavy, tinned copper shield. It also shows at the right three shields which encase the second and third radio frequency stages and the detector stage with all coils, condensers and tubes.



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"Dat's nice. Dat's mighty nice." Joedick's words dribbled away; he stood fumbling at his hat until Joney began to squirm and gave him a start.

"Joedick, how is you gittin' along?"

"Po'ly, Unc' Joney, po'ly."

"Dat's jest it," Joney encouraged him. "Befo' de war when niggers got along po'ly, dey come to ole marster, an' deir wants was promptly justified."

In spite of this cheerful assurance, Joedick continued to fidget with his hat and to scrape a foot along the floor.

For a while Joney eyed him disgustedly, then snorted, "Open yo' mouf, nigger, an' tell de boss what you 'zires. Major ain't no bear."

The black man gulped down his Adam's apple, and blurted out:

"Major, I'm 'bleeged to 'cover back my money from Snowball. He's got me busted."

Here was the milk in Joney's coconut, nearly all of it, and Major MacDougal nodded, "That gambler's got you broke, has he? So that's where your money went?"

"Yas-suh," desperately, "but Unc' Joney is corntrived for me to git it back—on Bully Boy. You see, major, dis Snowball nigger he fetched up a Georgy Shawlneck from Vicksburg, an' wants to bet a hundred dat his bird kin beat mine. Major, 'tain't nary bird on dis earth kin beat Bully Boy. An' I'll git back my money. But I ain't got de hundred."

There! The puzzle picture was complete. Every part fitted. All of Joney's circumlocution was for the purpose of borrowing a hundred dollars to bet on a chicken fight. However, a hundred is a hundred, and Joedick already owed more than his cotton would pay. Had it been anybody except Joney the major would have said no. But the old trainer possessed such uncanny knowledge of gamecocks that his boss inquired, "How about it, Joney?"

"It's a cinch, major. A nailed-down cinch."

"There's no such thing as a cinch in a cockfight."

"Dere is in dis'n," Joney answered positively, laying his fan on the table so that he could use both hands for emphatic gestures. "Dat Georgy Shawlneck ain't got one chance in a thousan' ag'inst Bully Boy."

"But, Joney," the major objected, "why is this gambler so anxious to bet? Must be a trick in it."

"Dere is a trick in it." Joney laid his lips close to the major's ear and whispered, "We got de trick."

Still the boss made no yielding sign, so Joney began to talk, talk convincingly, talk for a hundred dollars.

"Y'onderstan', major, it was me what touted Snowball into dis bet, to git back Joedick's money, an' chase Snowball off dis plantation. Make him stay off. Snowball's a chicken nigger, so it come easy. You knows dat wuthless Lonnie? Mammy Liza's boy? Huh! Lonnie ain't got no head for work, but he sholy is one artful little nigger at all kinds o' rascality. Runs wid Snowball a heap. Kind o' caps for Snowball's game. Ever since Snowball is been hangin' roun' dis place, him an' Joedick squabbles over roosters. Co'se Joedick can't brag much about his crops, and he oughtn't to brag none whatever 'bout rollin' de bones. So Joedick mostly shoots off his mouf concernin' his rooster, whilst Snowball keeps braggin' on dem Georgy Shawlnecks what he got in Vicksburg. Dem two niggers continual made cracks at one 'nother to bet.

"So I takes Lonnie way off in de woods for a talk, 'cause Snowball would be skittish o' me, whilst he puts trust in Lonnie. 'Here, Lonnie,' says I, 'here's two bits cash. An' ef dis trick gits de gravy, I gives you two dollars more.' Den I 'splained to Lonnie what I wants did. As I forestated, Lonnie's a crafty little nigger, an' cotch on to de flea I 'zires him to put in Snowball's ear. 'All right,' Lonnie grins, an' says, 'dem two dollars o' yourn is jest as good as in my pocket.'

"I travels on ahead an' hides up in de loft o' Joedick's stable, ontil Lonnie fetches Snowball to see dat rooster run from de guinea. Dey come when none o' Joedick's family was at home, 'cause we fixed dat. 'Twarn't long after I got dere befo' here come Lonnie wid Snowball. An', major, Lonnie behaves percisely like I tole him, 'cause he fotched his ma's prankin' guinea underneaf his arm. It sholy t'ckled me to hear Lonnie 'spress hisself to Snowball, 'See dat rooster prancin' roun' 'mongst dem hens? He's terrible brave wid hens, same as some menfolks what shows off befo' wimmens. But he won't fight. Jest watch him.'

"An' sho 'nuff, major, whilst Lonnie an' Snowball was lookin' at him, dat rooster kept promenadin' an' gallivantin' befront de ladies, floppin' his wings an' crowin'. 'Dat ain't no slouch of a chicken,' say Snowball, sorter doubtful. 'He looks fine,' Lonnie 'plies back, 'but dat's all bluff. I kin prove dat chicken's under hack, an' skeered to fight. Jest watch how he lets ma's pet guinea run him off de place.'

"An', major, I laughed out loud, up dere in Joedick's stable loft, nigh give myself away, when Lonnie took dat prankin' guinea from under his coat an' drapped him in de fowl yard. It sho was comical. Bully Boy had done perched hisself on top o' de woodpile a-lettin' off his bazoo, an' de guinea made at him. It 'peared like Bully Boy never did complete dat one crow; he shut up sudden, same as ef somebody strangled him. Lord! Lord! How dat rooster's feathers fell, an' he begins hustlin' for a place to hide. Huh! De guinea never give him no rest. Right up on de woodpile dat guinea lit. An' Bully Boy lit off. Den dey had a chase, an' ever so often de guinea got a feather. Bully Boy drapped his bluff concernin' dem hens. What he craved was to git loose from de guinea. After a while he finds a crack in de fence, little bigger'n his head. Dar he got stuck, wid dat guinea a-peckin' an' clawin' at de souf end o' Bully Boy, whilst his norf end was wrigglin' to squeeze throo de crack.

"'Dat's a plenty,' Snowball reemarks. 'Pull him off, Lonnie. Pull him off. He won't leave enough o' dat rooster for Joedick to bet on.'

"After Snowball an' Lonnie had done vanished away, I crope out from de stable, an' sneaked in de fowl yard to 'zamine ef Bully Boy was hurt. Had a time draggin' him outer de hole. He kicked an' scrambled mightily. Den, when I sot him on his feet, Bully Boy glanced roun' an' seen dat de guinea was gone. Lordee, major, he sholy was de maddest rooster in dese whole Unity States. Skeered? Not a frazzlin' bit, only mad. Bully Boy went plumb crazy. An' what you reckin' he done? Landed on top o' my biggest hound, like a thousan' o' brick, an' nigh tore de hide off'n him before I could drag old Roarer outer de yard. Major, dat Shawlneck ain't got no chance ag'inst Bully Boy, an' we'se 'bleeged to have a hundred."

"Well, Joney." When the fat old major leaned back and laughed, both negroes knew that luck was flocking their way. "Well, Joney, you begin by telling about a rooster crowing, and end by touching me for a hundred. Took you a long time, and it's worth the money." Opinions might differ as to whether he was a good planter, but no man ever questioned the fact that Major Robin MacDougal was a darned good sport.

In an abandoned gin house the catastrophe occurred. Mr. Ramsey Coleman, one of the clerks at MacDougal's store, held stakes, two hundred dollars cash, and acted as referee. There, for the first time, Joney made public appearance as the handler of Joedick's bird; which jostled Snowball, for he had supposed that Joedick wouldn't know how to heel a gamecock, even if Joedick possessed a pair of gaffs. Of course, Snowball himself tended his Shawlneck, and impressed upon these country darkies that he was a genuine sport. As a preliminary he removed his coat, exposing a

(Continued on Page 205)

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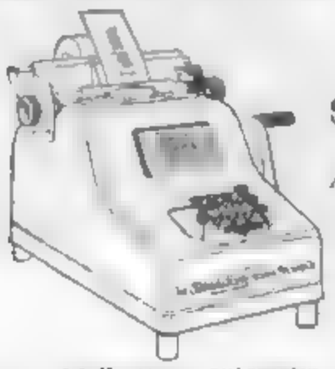

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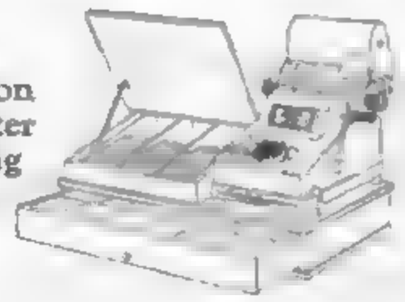

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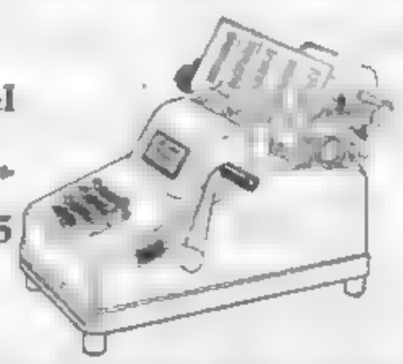

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(Continued from Page 202)

shirt whose stripes matched the redness of his necktie, with the diamond. Already Snowball's trousers were cuffed at the bottom to reveal a pair of black-and-green checkerboard socks which harmonized with the green filigree of low-quarter shoes. A natty brown alpine tilted back on his head. Chewing a two-bit cigar, Snowball was the real thing, yet while girding his Shawlneck for battle he didn't quite relish the business-like methods of Joney in binding gaffs on Joedick's bird. Nor the calmness of Bully Boy himself, submitting to his handler with the composure of a lady whose maid is combing her hair. Once he crowed in Joney's arms.

"All bluff," sneered Snowball.

Then Joney set Bully Boy on the floor, trimmed, heeled and ready, proud as any Spartacus that ever held his head erect before the Roman rabble.

"Stand back, boys," Mr. Coleman ordered the few witnesses of this tragedy. "Snowball, are you fixed?"

"In a minute, suh."

Lonnie, the treacherous go-between, skirmished near a convenient exit; he didn't know which way this cat was aiming to hop, and played safe. Both Joney and Snowball knew the rules. So did the referee. The rival trainers crouched at regulation distance apart, their birds in hand, confronting each other. As far as the anxious eye of Snowball could detect, Bully Boy showed no visible inclination to run. On the contrary, as Joney well knew, that guinea had got him riled, and he fretted to get at Shawlneck.

"Let go," the referee ordered. Simultaneously the birds were freed.

An instant—one dazing, bewildering, calamitous instant. Shawlneck seemed cautious, and might have become a brilliant ring general had he lived long enough. Not so the magnificent black-breasted red, with powerful legs and glittering gaffs of steel. He did not hesitate or deliberate, or spar for an opening. There was the foe. At-a-boy! Together they fluttered into the air, breast to breast and steel to steel; a gasp, a breathless silence out of which the red cock crowed, one long shrill note, triumphant, clear.

At his feet lay Shawlneck, a convulsive kick or two, stillness.

"Dead as a doornail," Joney spoke, and the cold sweat broke out on Snowball.

"Gimme my money, please, suh, Mister Coleman."

This was the first remark that Joedick had ventured to make. He didn't cut much ice until collection time came.

"Any protest, Snowball?" Mr. Coleman stirred the dead cock with his foot. Snowball tried to say "All right," but his lips stuck together, and his tongue felt thick.

"Thankee, Mister Coleman." Joedick counted his winnings.

Stunned by this amazing shock, Snowball was still kneeling; had never had time to get up.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet and yelled, "It's a accident! A accident! Yo' red chicken won't fight. He's hacked."

"What make you say dat?" Joney queried gently, as he sought to entangle the gambler.

"Yo' bird ain't got no sand in his craw!" Snowball shouted. "He'll run. He'll run from a—run from a sparrer."

Not a smile on Joney's lips indicated that he knew what was in the other negro's mind, and had prepared another trap. So he retorted, with the very suggestion that would bait his trap, "Bully Boy won't run. Won't run from nothin' wid feathers on it."

Fowls with feathers included guineas, and Snowball swallowed the hook, biting warily lest he put Joney on his guard.

"Yo' chicken will run," he insisted. "I kin pick up most any bird on dis plantation an' chase him off his own dunghill."

"It never is been did," Joney smiled, and stood up very straight, looking like an Indian, but an innocent, guileless Indian; so the city gambler went after him, with a guinea up his sleeve.

"I kin take a bird up to Joedick's house right away what'll drive dis rooster out of his own yard. I'll bet good money!"

If Snowball had been less intent upon his sure thing, he might have suspected something when the usually prudent Joney failed to inquire what sort of bird, but merely asked, "How much'll you bet? Nothin' on dis property, nothin' what wears feathers, kin make Bully Boy run," which stated their wager exactly as Snowball wanted.

"Nothin' what wears feathers?" Snowball repeated.

"Nothin' what wears feathers," Joney's voice came like an echo, and words could not be more explicit.

"Hear dat, Mister Coleman?" Snowball called the referee's attention. "Dat's our bet."

A difficulty. Snowball was bankrupt, and confessed, "I ain't got 'cept three dollars an' forty cents."

"You got a diamont pin," Joney appraised him up and down. "Dem shoes, an' dat hat yo' socks is wuth two dollars—coat, watch an' chain, necktie—you kin scrap up enough to make a hundred."

When Major Robin MacDougal supplied the stakes, he omitted to foresee a consequent paralysis of business. For before Shawlneck finished kicking, every picker within half a mile had heard the news by grapevine telegraph, dropped his sack and run. An intensely curious crowd tagged behind Snowball and Joney, who started from the gin by a plantation road which led to Joedick's house. The anxious Snowball tarried only long enough for a conference with Lonnie. "Dat guinea, Lonnie," he whispered. "Quick. Go fetch him."

As Lonnie hustled off to Mammy Liza's house, taking a nigh cut through the woods, Snowball smiled and peartened his step.

"Hurry up, Joney; hurry up," he urged.

"Us'll git dere in plenty time for de funeral," the Indian negro answered, stroking Bully Boy, who nestled quietly in his arms.

According to agreement, the second combat with Snowball's Great Unknown would take place in Joedick's fowl yard, and the Vicksburg gambler kept smiling as he stretched his legs.

"Hurry up, Joney." A cinch. Snowball walked a little faster. He had already seen that guinea lick the tail off of Joedick's rooster.

His step was so very springy and assured, his eye so certain, that Mr. Coleman got uneasy and inquired, "Joney, what bird does Snowball figure on?"

"Dunno, Mister Coleman." Joney shook his head. "Snowball thinks he got a ringer. But you knows dere ain't no chicken on dis place kin whip Bully Boy."

Upon arrival at Joedick's fowl yard, by referee's orders, only the principals were admitted; onlookers must hang over the fence. Quite carelessly Joney dropped Bully Boy just within the gate. Lord of the manor, king of what-he-saw, the black-breasted red went strutting about in his highest-stepping demeanor. He still wore gaffs, which Joney had left on him, and which Snowball didn't consider worth mentioning. A runaway chicken has no use for gaffs.

"Snowball," with considerable curiosity, Mr. Coleman asked, "where's your bird?"

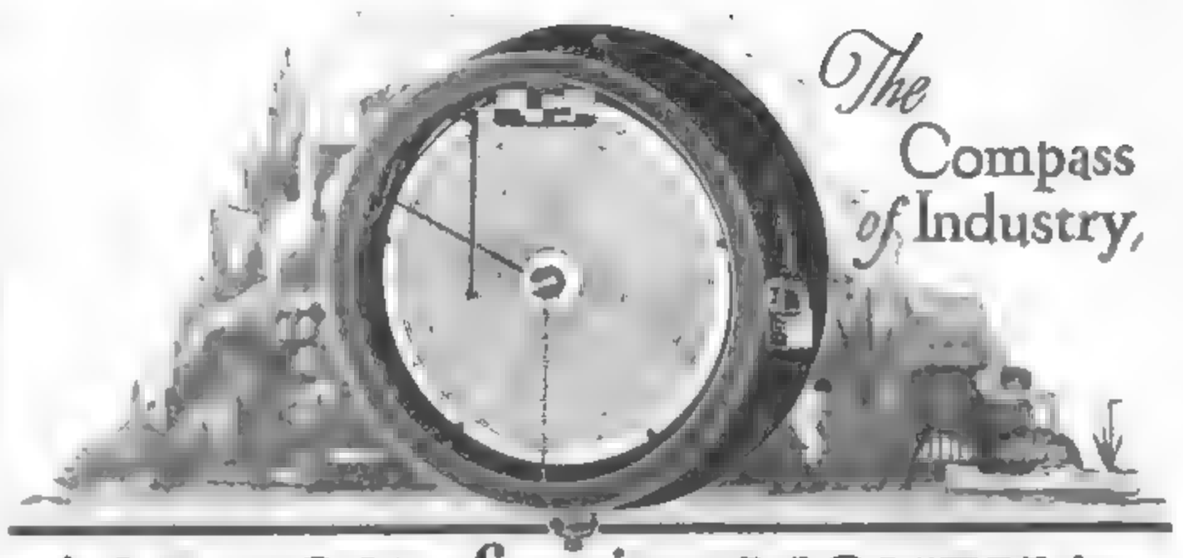
"Yon he comes, suh. Lonnie's fetchin' him."

As Lonnie approached with a queer-looking critter under his arm, all eyes turned upon him, and a fence hanger shouted, "Look, people! What is dat thing what Lonnie's got?"

Nobody had ever seen such fowl. With feathers? Yes, but red and green and yellow, and blue-striped, mottled and daubed with every color. Clutching his freak, Lonnie came through the gate, where the startled Snowball met him and demanded:

"Lonnie, what ails dat guinea?"

"Nothin' ails him," Lonnie grinned. "Ma's been dyein' rags to make a crazy quilt. Dis guinea, he's so meddlesome, an'



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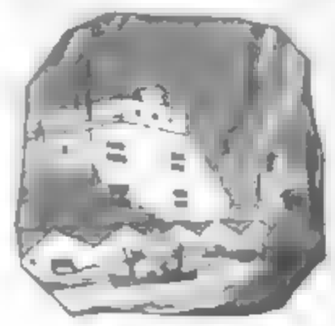

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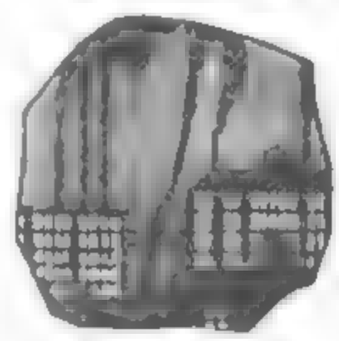

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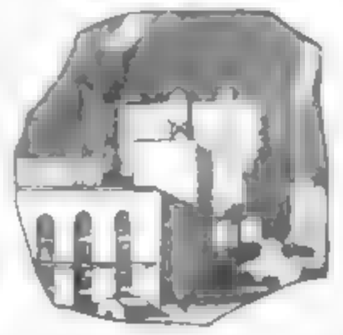

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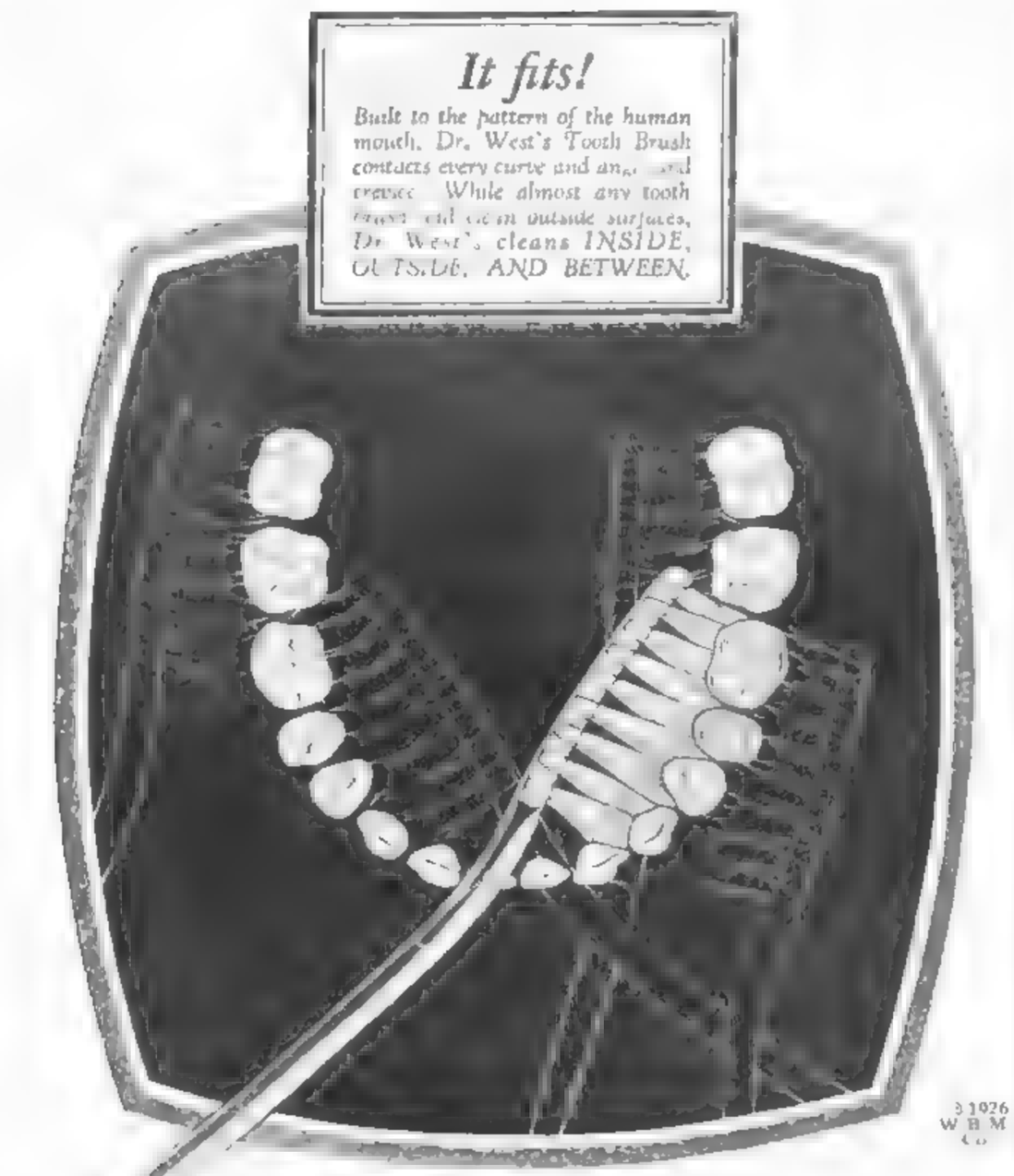
It fits!
Built to the pattern of the human mouth, Dr. West's Tooth Brush contacts every curve and angle and crevice. While almost any tooth brush can clean outside surfaces, Dr. West's cleans INSIDE, OUTSIDE, AND BETWEEN.
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Cleans Clean

WHY? *Because it Fits!*

There's a difference between brushing your teeth—and *cleaning* them. To *clean* them you must use a brush that *fits* the curves and angles—one whose bristles seek out the crevices and sweep them clean.

To fill this need came Dr. West's—a new-day tooth brush—*correct* as modern dentistry. It is small, arch-conforming and crevice-fitting. Every pointed bristle-tuft does its work with every brushing.

The true diagram above shows clearly the *fitness* of Dr. West's. Its use and effect in your own mouth is self-demonstrated proof that this one brush cleans every part of all your teeth—and cleans them clean, *inside —outside—*and *between.*

Dr. West's TOOTH BRUSH

WECO Product

There's a Dr. West's Tooth Brush for every member of the family. Prices: Adult's, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; Special Gum Massage, 75c. At all good dealers'.

kept prankin' round an' prankin' round, ontil dem chillun painted him up wid de dye—painted him good fashion."

Joney also pretended to be surprised and suspicious. "Look here, Snowball," he protested, "dat ain't nary rooster."

"I never 'greed to fetch no rooster. You bet dat nothin' what wears feathers could chase yo' chicken off his own dunghill—nothin' what wears feathers. Didn't he, Mister Coleman? Didn't he? Didn't he?"

"Yes, Snowball." As referee, Mr. Coleman was pledged to be fair, and said, "At the time your bet was made I never thought of any bird except a rooster."

"Me, neither." Joney seemed puzzled. "I figgered on a rooster."

"But," Mr. Coleman decided, "those were your words, 'anything that wears feathers.'"

"But, Mister Coleman, supposin' I don't let Bully Boy fight aginst dis guinea?"

"I'll give Snowball the stakes. He's got you, Joney."

"Dat's right, white folks," Snowball applauded. "Ack square."

With the shrewdest of black eyes Joney had been watching the gambler. When Snowball first saw the guinea, that Joney himself had so patiently disguised, Joney feared that the gambler might smell a trick and back down. But a crooked sport, with a cinch, becomes the blindest of men. Snowball was so chock-full of his own sure thing that Joney might have had an elephant up his sleeve without attracting attention.

"Mister Coleman," he appealed to the referee, "is we all set?"

"I suppose so. What do you say, Joney?"

"Well, Mister Coleman," Joney could not appear too willing. "I looked for a rooster; but ef I said 'anything wid feathers,' I'll have to stick by my bet."

Ring conditions were exactly as Snowball had observed them on the previous afternoon, when this same guinea had chased Bully Boy all over the lot. Again Bully Boy was perched atop his woodpile, defiant and crowing. The guinea seemed far more vicious. War paint had made him fretful. He struggled to get free, to fly at Bully Boy, to eat him alive.

"Lonnie," the referee ordered, "turn him loose."

Human eyes never beheld such a dreadful-looking object as Lonnie dropped, smeared and smudged and streaked. Joney had done his camouflaging most thoroughly, so that Bully Boy could not possibly identify this terrible creature as a guinea—and Bully Boy would refuse to run from anything except a guinea.

Atop of his woodpile citadel the black-breasted cock stood crowing, when Mr Guinea stretched his long neck and rushed the braggart. Like a streak of many colors, with wings aspread he crossed the open space, and nobody could have recognized him for a guinea. Most certainly Bully Boy did not suspect, and an astounding novelty occurred which violated all precedent. Bully Boy failed to run. He saw that awful apparition darting toward him, and flew—flew down from his perch to light on the guinea's back. The guinea had no time to be surprised; one powerful stroke, two merciless legs driving home the gaffs. All over.

It happened even quicker than the slaying of Shawlneck, for Mr. Guinea did not kick. Neither did Snowball. Snowball stood like a frozen tar man, staring with wide white eyes upon the calamity, until Joney grabbed him by the collar, and said:

"Now den, Mister Snowball, I'll take yo' hat an' diamont pin, dat red necktie an' coat. Gimme dat watch an' chain. Set down on dis woodpile. Jerk off dem shoes—wid de socks."

Late in the afternoon Major MacDougal heard a sudden uproar, the clamor of many voices from the direction of Joedick's house—negroes shouting, yelling, screeching. A riot? He could not be sure. The mob seemed to be moving along a plantation road toward the main highway, so the major galloped his horse to cut them off.

At the roadside, somewhat ahead of the noise, Major Mack withdrew into the bushes. The mob was coming. Now he could see them, around the bend. Leading the rabble came one solitary negro—Snowball—coatless, hatless, barefooted, trudging through the dust, his clean-shaven head glistening with sweat. He wiped it off with a polka-dot handkerchief which Joney must have overlooked. Every few steps Snowball whirled and replied to the jeers that were flung after him, then plodded on again. Behind the departing gambler followed a hilarious mob, every tenant on the plantation. In their midst strode copper-colored Joney, his grim face luminous with joy.

As the crowd swarmed past their boss, old Joney stepped aside and remarked, "Major, we picked dat nigger cleaner'n a jaybird. Snowball is now arrivin' away from dis property, an' won't never return back."

"I'm a Stranger in New York." "Yeh—Well?" "Could You Direct Me to the American Consulate?"

Unfailing radio power from the **LIGHT SOCKET** *with*

Balkite Radio Power Units

Balkite Radio Power Units give unfailing, uniform current for both circuits from the light socket. One very popular Balkite installation, especially for heavy duty sets where reserve "A" power is required is with the Balkite Battery Charger and Balkite "B." Here the noiseless high-rate Balkite Battery Charger is ideal. If your battery should be low, you merely turn on the charger and operate the set. Balkite "B" eliminates "B" batteries entirely and supplies plate current from the light socket.

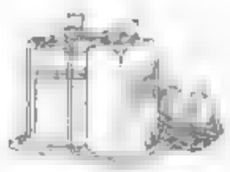
Balkite light socket equipment

Another very popular Balkite installation is with the Balkite Trickle Charger and Balkite "B." The Balkite Trickle Charger converts your "A" battery into an automatic "A" power unit that provides "A" current from the light socket. Balkite "B" supplies "B" current from the light socket, so that both circuits operate from the lighting circuit. This installation converts your present receiver into a light socket set.

Noiseless—No bulbs Permanent

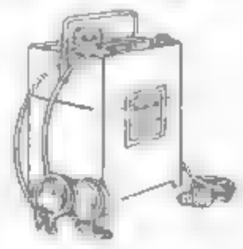
All Balkite Radio Power Units are permanent pieces of equipment, entirely noiseless, have no bulbs, nothing to break, replace or get out of order. Their current consumption is very low. All operate from 110-120 volt AC current, with models for 50, 60 and other cycles. *All are tested and listed as standard by the Underwriters' Laboratories.*

The Balkite Railway Signal Rectifier is now standard equipment on over 50 leading American and Canadian Railroads



Balkite *Trickle* Charger

[illegible] charger if a rea[illegible] down the charging rate [illegible] West of Rockies, $10.50. In Cana[illegible] $[illegible]

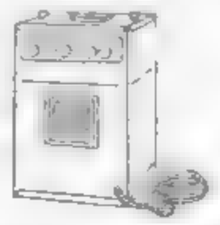


Balkite *Battery* Charger

[illegible] "A" batteries. Noiseless, enclosed [illegible] the set when in operation. Special [illegible] $4 [illegible] $ 7.50 West of Rockies [illegible] In Canada, $27.50

Balkite "B"

Eliminates "B" batteries and supplies plate current from the light socket. Keeps the "B" circuit always at full power. For sets of 6 tubes and less, $3[illegible] In Canada, $49.50



Balkite "B" II

Supplies plate current from the light socket. Will serve any standard set. Especially adapted to sets of 6 tubes or more. $55. In Canada, $75

FANSTEEL

Balkite *Radio Power Units*

MANUFACTURED BY FANSTEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC., NORTH CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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THE Tuxedo! So important to the man of today. So constantly his companion for evening affairs. The garment of garments demanding perfection of tailoring and refinements of finish.

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Your Tuxedo is a coat you want to last several seasons. With the lining, the facing and the sleeve linings of Skinner's Satins, you are sure of *wearing quality* and a rich appearance.

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WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS—NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON, PHILA.—Mills, Holyoke, Mass.

ESTABLISHED 1848

THE NEW HINDENBURG LINE

(Continued from Page 5)

Two prevalent beliefs must be disposed of, according to our German informants, before that conference gets very far: First, that Germans possess some all-embracing efficiency which renders them immune from the difficulties besetting other peoples: second, that any endeavor of theirs to share the economic burden of the rest of the world must be propaganda. Imperial Germany is shattered, and, according to the argument, the new Europe has forever done away with conditions which gave that nation unique industrial advantages over her competitors.

It is admitted that prewar Germany made a marked success in the organization of industry. It is even admitted that the same German workers continue to have respect for order and discipline; but now, alas—— Our German acquaintance shrugs his shoulders almost as expressively as a Frenchman. The Dawes Plan stabilized chaotic conditions, he goes on to say, and put the tangled problem of reparations upon a business base. It even improved the political atmosphere; but in the long run, or perhaps in not so long a run, the world must understand that reparations payments can be met only by a favorable trade balance, which does not now exist.

Digging In for Peace

The German therefore glances away from the agent-general's report. It requires no statistics or other expert knowledge on his part to conclude—from factories shutting down, daily demonstrations of unemployed, empty shops, high prices, a score of other signs that he need not name—that Germany as a nation continues to be critically ill.

One fine winter morning at the beginning of 1917 the Allied armies on the western front were surprised to discover that no German forces immediately opposed them. The Allied plans, which then were for immediate decisive action, had to be changed radically, because the enemy had deliberately retired to a new and stronger position, which became known as the Hindenburg Line.

Germany has now fallen back upon a new Hindenburg line, and again the Allied plans may be subject to change. She has again dug in and intrenched herself, but this time not upon a line of war such as that which finally gave way before the Allied blows. The new Hindenburg line is a line of peace.

Perhaps, after all, Germany is right in objecting to the facts as shown by statistics being accepted by the world. Perhaps my informants of a year ago have good reason for their vexation at my then commendation of their accomplishment. Not only the Dawes report but the findings of other agencies in Germany, such as the bureau of the American commercial attaché, the British, the French, all show the same thing—namely, that though the present situation is not good, it is on the whole better than a year ago, and continually improving. Even so, perhaps it is true that Germany really is facing the hardest and most fateful period since the truce was signed. Be all this as it may, under the new command of Hindenburg, she has made the great discovery that she no longer needs a war—that probably she can get everything that she wants through peace, and possibly more.

After Marshal von Hindenburg's inauguration as president of the Reich, he said to his entourage:

"I trust, gentlemen, you have convinced yourselves that I arrive in Berlin neither in an invalid's chair nor on a cannon." Immediately afterward, to a confidant, he made an even more important remark:

"You are greatly mistaken in thinking that I shall be influenced by any of the parties. I intend to steer this ship of state above party quarrels."

Up to now, and against the belief of the world in general, Hindenburg has proved to be the medicine man that Germany most needed. It has been reported that until his election he had never read the new constitution of the state he was to govern, and that after reading it he remarked dryly that he didn't find it so bad. Anyhow he has lived up to it, even though, as the first soldier of the land, he had several opportunities, before his election, to destroy it.

When, in 1918, he led his armies back, intact, across the Rhine, he could easily have squashed the newborn republic had he so desired. Later, at the time of the Kapp Putsch, when the police were just as militarized as the Reichswehr, a word from Hindenburg would have made both bodies join the movement. As it was, just the passive resistance of police and Reichswehr broke the rebellion. Finally, in the autumn of 1923, after the breakdown of the Ruhr resistance, when Stresemann made his famous remark that his would probably be the last constitutional cabinet, when Ludendorff made his absurd beer-cellar Putsch in Munich, when public opinion and public spirit violently demanded a dictatorship, Hindenburg, gazing with farseeing eyes at the restless Allies already on the Rhine, said calmly, "The production of a heavy gun takes a year and a quarter."

It was always a mistake to imagine that during the war Hindenburg ever was overdependent upon Ludendorff, who, though he then proved himself as clever a strategist as he has since proved himself a poor politician, merely passed his plans on to Hindenburg, who either approved them or rejected them, always with startling rapidity, and always able, according to one of his aides, to see wherein the plan became fantastic. Hindenburg today, of all Germans, knows best how fantastic it would be to lead his people into war. It is he therefore who took the leadership in bringing them to the line of peace, of intrenching them upon the new Hindenburg line.

The task of Hindenburg, as he sees it himself, is essentially this: The permanent closing of the broad chasm that divided the German people after the war, and the unanimous participation in the idea of national union. It is not a fact that he was ever one of the particular favorites of the Kaiser. From boyhood, when he attended a military school, he was brought up as a soldier and leader. As a soldier still, he accepted the constitution of Weimar, he took the oath of the presidency, and with the fealty of the true soldier he intends to fulfill it.

Old Traditions and New Unity

It is only natural perhaps that at heart he belongs to the old tradition. He continues to attend reviews of the Reichswehr, wearing the uniform of a field marshal, with all the decorations of the empire. But France did not abandon the Legion of Honor of Napoleon just because she changed into a republic, he argues. The former Crown Prince and the remaining Hohenzollern princes may idle in Berlin or Potsdam if they desire; it matters not to Hindenburg, as long as they obey the law. The ex-Kaiser may have his lands and castles restored because that is the law as laid down in the high court of Prussia, reactionary though that court may be. But in his heart Hindenburg knows that the restoration of the old order is impossible.

The German people would never believe today that any policy proposed and followed by Hindenburg could, in a national sense, be doubtful. Hindenburg's presidency, for all patriotic circles, stands as a guaranty that, whatever happens, it will be consistent with the German standard of national honor and interest. The excitement that followed the elections has long since died away, and the people—even the majority of the party leaders—are calm and assured, except, of course, as we have

The Sun God *smiles* on the GULF COAST

Dark and rainy days are few and far between—cold weather is unknown and nature smiles you a flower-kissed welcome to this "Riviera of America."

Go down to rest—to play—to fish, swim, motor—play golf, tennis or polo—or just to "laze around" in the sunshine. Go down for pleasure—and maybe you'll stay for profit—for the Gulf Coast is teeming with industrial and agricultural opportunities—of sound and sane possibilities. Reach this charming spot from the central west and north by

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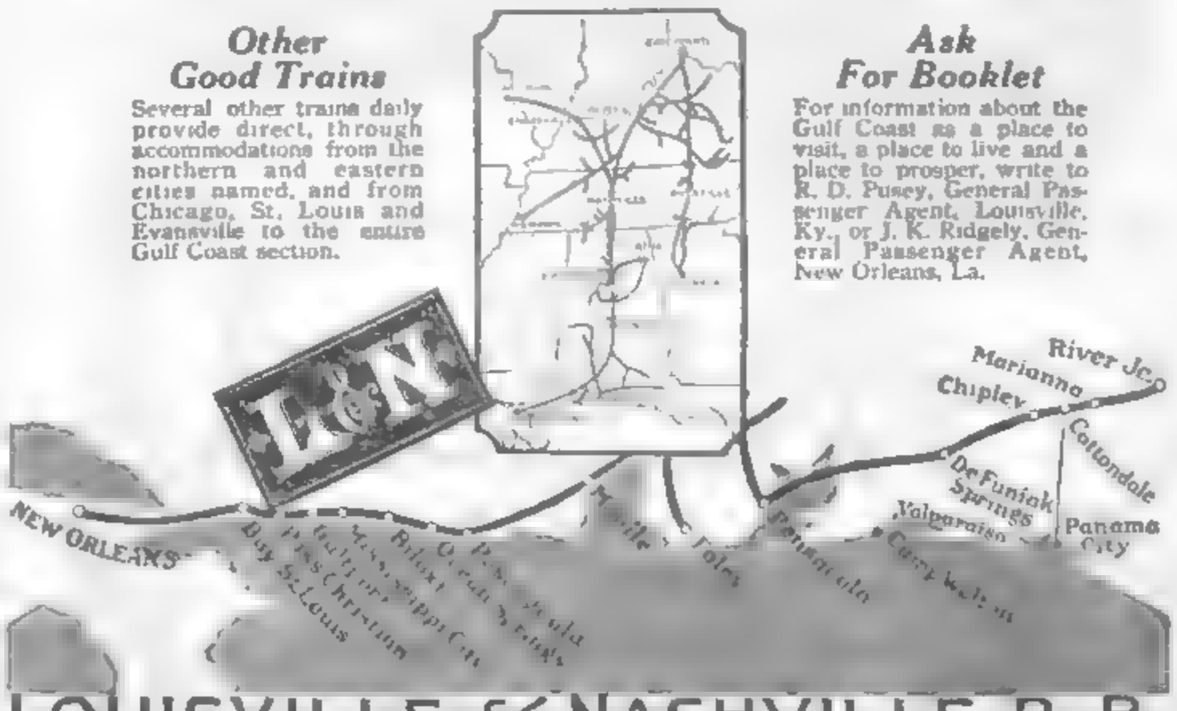

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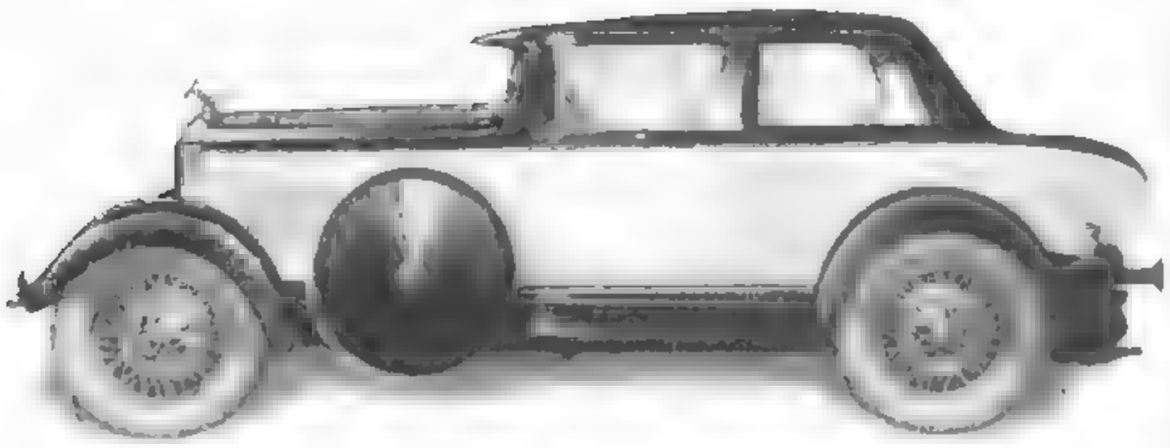

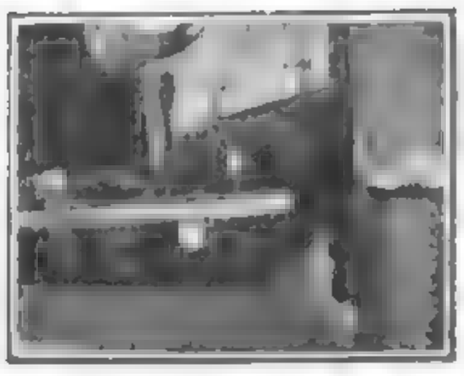

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Captain E. V. Rickenbacker *famous ace, racing driver and motor car manufacturer says:*

"We CHOSE Hartfords for the new 100 horse power 90 mile an hour Rickenbacker because our experience with them in racing and in service on our regular Vertical '8' models proved to us that Hartfords are the best device to give luxurious comfort and still keep all the wheels hugging the road regardless of speed and road conditions."

E. V. Rickenbacker

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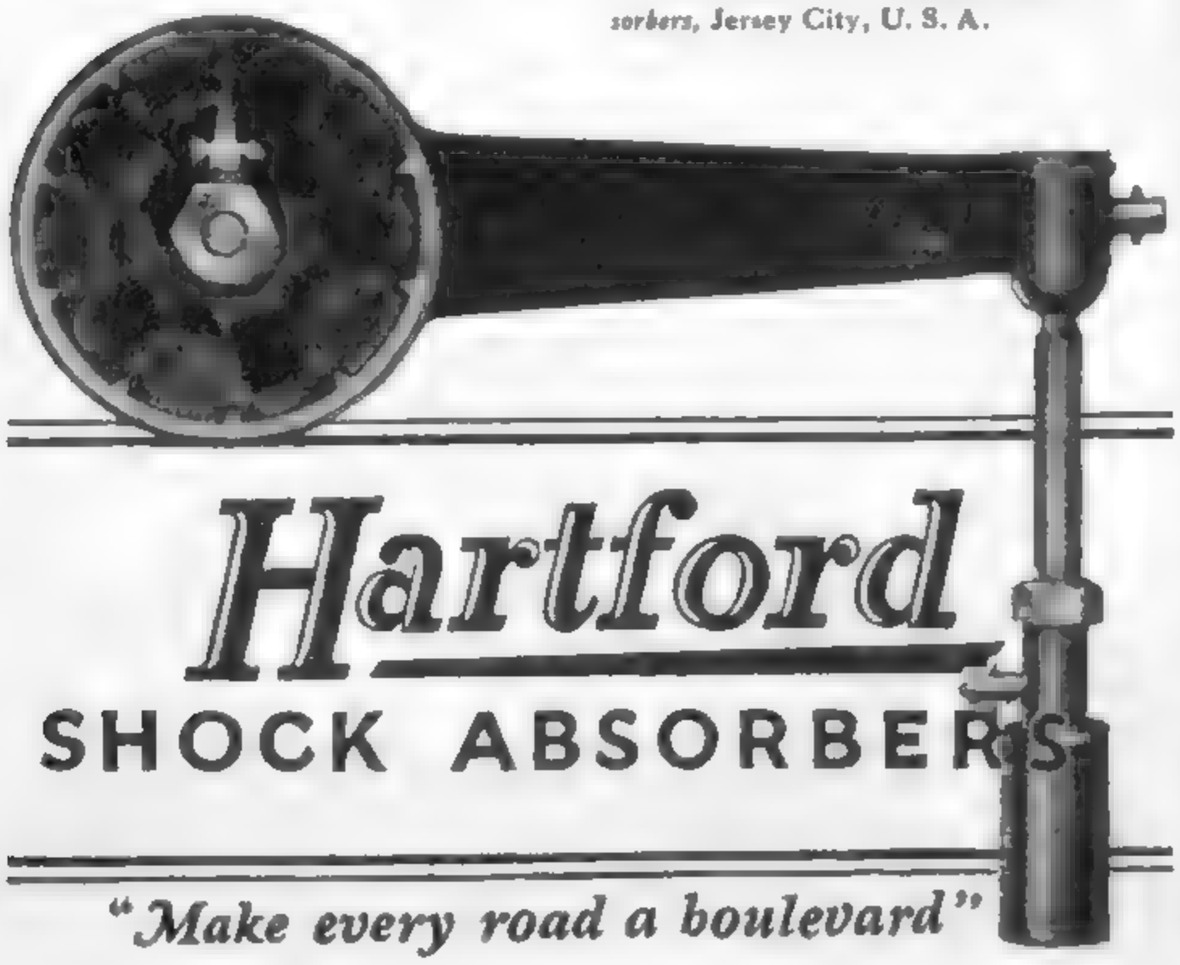

Hartford

SHOCK ABSORBERS

"Make every road a boulevard"

outlined earlier in this article, about the burning industrial theme. Therein we can but assume that the German standard of interest, if not of honor, is to make out a worse case for herself than the case really is. Despite the hard-luck story of hard times and harder times to come, Germany is a more animated nation now than it was one year ago. There is less unemployment than in either England or France. In Berlin the traffic squads, those machinelike Robots of policemen, are beginning to have a real problem, even though they continue to disdain batons or other signal devices. One curt gesture of a black-gloved hand still halts traffic in the Freidrichstrasse as suddenly as though it were by magic.

But out at the automobile show they told us sadly that many motor firms were dying, even upon the stands in the exposition hall, staving off bankruptcy hour by hour or hoping to take a few orders there to put off the evil day. It is a fact that German automobiles have not kept pace with other forms of German manufacture. Before the war they made cars that were easily in the front rank of the world market. Since the war many nations have outstripped them, the German vehicle still containing a cumbrous engineering monstrosity, so complicated that only a German can understand it, and with heavy, ugly body lines. However, it is a curious fact that the number of new automobile licenses granted in Berlin during the last months of 1925 averaged ninety a day.

The Spirit of Locarno

Hindenburg accepted the policy of a guaranty pact with France to secure the western frontier. In fact, it was the president himself who resurrected the idea, set aside after the conference at Cannes, when Briand fell before the then popular Ruhr policy of Poincaré. It was the president himself who, despite the noisy opposition of the Right, forced the idea on the Luther-Stresemann cabinet. The French are now out of the Ruhr. The Allied troops trickle slowly out of the Rhineland as well; so silently, so inconspicuous in their departure, that the press scarcely pays attention. It is always possible, of course, to assume that one day the Allies will reflect profoundly upon the fact that the Germans made all the first moves in the present situation, not by their old-time warlike methods but with the benign gesture of peace.

The ghost of Locarno, thus materialized, thanks largely to German initiative, at once conjures up other problems. The spirit of the new pact, the Germans argue in a somewhat wily fashion, must also be observed by the Allies. The Treaty of Versailles, upon which, of course, all postwar international agreements are based, limits the armed force of Germany to purposes of police work, but it also calls for disarmament all around.

Will the Allies, too, accept the spirit of Locarno and properly disarm, or will Europe continue to be cluttered up with soldiers disguised as policemen? The special League of Nations meeting and disarmament conference at Geneva will have much to do in framing the proper answer to this question. But Germany, as the result of her *beaux gestes*, must now be accepted at Geneva and elsewhere, no longer as an inferior but as an equal in the councils of the powers. She goes to the meetings for the common good, and the spirit of peace must prevail on both sides of the table. Otherwise ——

Otherwise, quite naturally the German tells you, the calm which reigns just now in Germany may be essentially endangered. Already the Entente has made demands which Germany says do not go well with the spirit of the pact. In the line of military demands, so-called, there has been Allied exception taken to the general army staff with which General Von Seeckt has surrounded himself, and also to the fact that this highly intelligent and competent Prussian officer holds such despotic sway over the military forces of Germany.

There are some things in the military line that Germany will not do. She may change the name of her general staff into something resembling a training school for cadets if that change will please the Allies, but the general staff does remain and will remain just the same, and about as large as in the days of the Kaiser.

General Von Seeckt may lose his title as commander in chief of the Reichswehr, if that will bring any comfort to the Entente heart. They may call him sergeant-colonel of the Reichswehr, or something equally absurd, but he will remain the same arrogant master of all German land forces just the same. And the 100,000 men of the Reichswehr, permitted by the Treaty of Versailles, will continue not to be just ordinary soldiers enlisted for a long period of years —the Allies at Versailles insisted upon the bright thought that long-term service would prevent new classes forming—but 100,000 trained officers of career, able to whip the on-coming German youth into war order more competently and more quickly than any other body of men in the world.

The removal from barracks of the German police will also be a subject of discussion—always in the spirit of Locarno. The Entente has justly argued that police bodies residing in barracks really augment the actual size of the army as permitted under the Versailles Treaty. Germany admits—she usually begins with an admission—that in the old Reich there was no need for a strong police force concentrated in barracks. The great standing army was all-sufficient. But now, alas, if the police are disbanded from their quarters they will not be on the spot when needed. Men living at home or in lodgings will be tempted to excuse themselves from trouble and run the additional risk of being slaughtered helplessly. Practical, material-minded Germany always previsions the possibility of slaughter, no matter what spirit may be stalking about.

The police organizations are not under the command of the Reich, as affirmed by General Morgan, but are under the governments of the states. To remove them from barracks would also take away their character, in which they must serve as means of protection against possible rebellion. The demand seems unacceptable to the Reich, and it is probable that all the states will support the government, either in an elaborate camouflage of or a definite refusal to accept the situation.

The Turn of the Screw

The proposed destruction of industrial plants such as the Krupp and Deutsche works is another difficult problem of which the spirit of Locarno is supposed to take cognizance. This would, of course, mean the loss of hundreds of millions of marks, the bankruptcy of giant enterprises, followed by the increase of unemployment, the driving of discontented masses into the hands of the Bolsheviks just at the fatal moment when the police, by their removal from barracks, would have lost their efficiency. Thus, to the German mind, this proposition would seem to be a screw without an end. The strongest point comes at the end of the argument, to the effect that such a blow as is thus suggested against German industry would seriously endanger the working out of the Dawes Plan and the payment of reparations.

Now that Germany sits in with the Entente Allies on terms of equality and fair dealing; now that she is accepted as a respectable person by respectable persons according to affirmation and belief—there is yet another matter that must soon be treated in the spirit of Locarno. Otherwise Germany will feel that her suggestion to make the guaranty pact was not met honestly. This question is that of her eastern frontiers. No, there is not the slightest danger that Hindenburg will seek the chancellorship of Ludendorff or the reintroduction of the bread card to achieve this end.

Continued on Page 213

"The World's EASIEST Easy Chair"

This is the Chair that put him to sleep

No. 1024 Coxwell

Many Beautiful Styles

Royal Easy Chairs have style and distinction. They may be had in a wide range of designs, coverings and prices.

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We'd all live longer and better if we *rested* oftener. Life today is fast and strenuous. At the end of the day you are fagged and tired—but probably don't realize it. You need rest to soothe you and restore your vanished energy . . . But to rest you must RELAX . . and to relax you must RECLINE—and STRETCH OUT. Thirty magic minutes in your Royal Easy Chair will refresh and restore you—and bring new zest to the pleasures of the evening.

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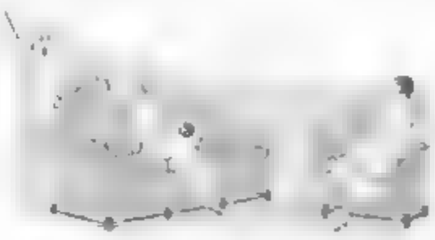

Royal Easy Suites are authoritative in style and comfortable in a remarkable way. Davenport has full box spring bed. Does not fold. Cannot sag.

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SOOTHE away the wear and tear of each busy day with a magic half-hour in your Royal Easy Chair. Spend the whole evening in it if you will—luxuriously—restfully. Or, at the end of thirty minutes, arise—refreshed and eager for whatever the evening may offer. Here's comfort such as you have never known in a chair. Rest . . . absolute relaxation . . . Every home deserves at least one chair as restful as a Royal. Try a Royal at your dealer's. Mail coupon for dealer's name and Royal Style Book, FREE.

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Royal Easy Chairs are sold singly or in Bed-Davenport Suites by 5000 leading furniture dealers

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McKINNEY HINGES

McKinney Hinges finished in Dull Nickel, Sanded Dull Brass Slightly Oxidized, and Dull Rubbed Antique Bronze—Painted by T. W. Bigoney

A new note in the selection of hinges

McKinney Hinges presented in forty-four different finishes—captivating in colorful variety—now make selection of hinges for the home an eager adventure into new decorative possibilities.

Time was when a brass hinge was just brass—unromantic hardware. But today McKinney Brass Hinges confront you clothed in new beauty and wearing an astonishing variety of intriguing aspects: Dull finish, Bright, Polished, or Oxidized and Sanded. A McKinney Hinge is a fixture of definite decorative value. And as such it is an artistic element of importance to the ensemble of every room.

The lustrous silken sheen of a McKinney Dull Nickel Hinge, or the clear brilliance of Bright Nickel, flashes jewel-like against a setting of white or old ivory doors and wood trim. Either may prove appropriate to your taste. For the dignified quiet of a first-floor room done in Flemish or Weathered Oak, the more austere and subdued tones of Old Iron Finish, Antique Bronze, or perhaps Verde Antique, offer the blending note. Mahogany trim often finds its foil in Dull Brass or Statuary Bronze.

For each effect desired, and for harmony of atmosphere in every room, there is some one McKinney Hinge of particular charm and appropriateness. You will find it fascinating to examine these superb McKinney Hinges, sold by merchants carrying Builder's Hardware.

Naturally, you will wish to leave wholly technical matters of construction in the hands of your architect or builder. But here, where you may so fortunately combine your own personal good taste with their technical knowledge, join your choice to theirs. Select your McKinney Hinges and do it soon. You are choosing for a lifetime of service.

A Gift for Those About to Build

McKinney Forethought Plans consist of little cutouts of your furniture made in proportion to your plans. With them you can arrange and rearrange your furniture right on the blue prints, until you are certain the wall space, fixtures, doors and base plugs are as you want them. To aid you in your home building McKinney will gladly send a set of these plans. Just write.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

THE NAME McKINNEY *on the hinges on public buildings, schools, hospitals, fine residences, is an indication of appreciation of quality which augurs well for the construction of the building throughout*

(Continued from Page 210

He respects the military qualities of his former comrade in arms, but as a politician he despises him. The recent attacks made by Ludendorff upon his policy, the president has not even bothered to answer. Also, he does not believe that the German people can make any more sacrifices of the war-time character. He intends to put the case squarely up to the Allies and call for a fair show-down.

The Rhine boundaries do not worry Germany so greatly. The loss of Alsace-Lorraine had to be, they argue; but on the eastern side they feel that the nation has been struck vitally. Upper Silesia, as an economic factor, such as it was before the war, has completely vanished. Upper Silesia was developed and made great by Prussia, but it now belongs to Poland, and it is practically dead. Both the Upper Silesian situation and the Dantzic Corridor demand prompt reëxamination and readjustment. Otherwise Germany will feel free to consider that she has been fooled, and in that event—well, in that event the unity of the German people again exists, thanks largely to Hindenburg, and the old black-white-and-red flag of the Reich is again a proud emblem, perhaps worth fighting for.

There are many other things that will come up for discussion. Naturally Germany does not expect to keep on paying reparations forever. Sooner or later, when she is strong enough, she will ask for readjustment there. Meanwhile the Allies must help her get strong, help her to maintain that calm which now exists all along the new Hindenburg line. Germany does not need another war She does not think the Allies need one either. She prefers to win her battles peacefully if she can.

Germany has definitely succeeded in reestablishing her currency, and has set herself at the task of making over the entire lot of tax and customs laws, so that the demands of the Dawes Plan may be taken into account. Economy and a balanced budget are necessary. This can be accomplished only by peace, both internal and external. This alone gives the new Germany the tendency to avoid all crises and to introduce a real peace. The new Reich president, in both word and deed, steers in this direction. There is suffering in Germany, certainly, just as there is suffering everywhere. Perhaps there is more in Germany than in other places. Beggars starve these cold nights, and the churches and aid societies constantly take collections for the impoverished professional class, which was the hardest hit during the war and, later, during the inflation period. But on the whole Germany has decided to do everything possible to see things through, in order that she may keep her position as a great nation—one of the greatest nations of the earth.

On the night following the Chrysanthemum Ball at the Adlon, just around the corner in the Wilhelmstrasse, that wide, somber thoroughfare of chancelleries and government offices that has witnessed so much of the making of modern Germany, a *Bier Abend*—beer evening—is in progress at the palace of President Marshal von Hindenburg.

It snows steadily, blanketing the gloomy courtyard, covering the hideous grinning lions at the entrance, embedding the feet of the Robot sentries at each side of the great doorway. These men never move, and the soft white flakes form into heavy crowns upon their black helmets, forcing them down over the eyes.

Many guests come afoot, for, in contrast to the Chrysanthemum Ball, this is a democratic party. Inside, a huge fire crackles on a vast open hearth and hundreds of candles cast flickering shadows high up the great tapestried walls. Beer is served—prime Pilsener and Münchener—in enormous steins. All puff industriously at long-stemmed, fat-bowled pipes. The Herr President Marshal sprawls at ease in a wide chair, drawn close to the big blazing logs. A bear hound crouches beside him. Hindenburg greets several journalists who have been invited. One is the resident correspondent for a renowned daily published in England. Hindenburg grunts affably, hoists his stein, takes another long puff and then asks the name of the journalist's native town.

"Ah! You come from London," he remarks, almost naïvely it seems. "How very interesting that you visit us in Berlin!"

The Englishman is discomfited and his questions are unasked. Apparently it has not dawned upon the Herr President Marshal that he is not merely on a visit but has lived in Berlin ever since the war.

"Imagine anyone coming here for pleasure!" the correspondent mutters as he escapes.

A German journalist is introduced. He edits a small paper that is neither famous nor yet altogether unknown.

"Ach, you speak German very well," Hindenburg tells him. "Perhaps you live in Berlin." Another puff at the pipe. "Hum—very interesting."

The native-born Berliner is nettled. Also he desires to question the president about a crisis that had been threatening in the Reichstag concerning the Locarno treaties and their application at Geneva. He manages, finally, to inject the word "crisis" into the conversation. Hindenburg stares at him—a long stare that in former days would have been labeled Bismarckian.

"Crisis!" he says at last. "But, my dear sir, there has been no crisis. I never have a crisis—never."

The *Bier Abend* does not last so long as the Chrysanthemum Ball. Before midnight all the guests have taken their way into the snowstorm.

The next morning, as the population solemnly and stolidly shovels the drifts from the sidewalks, the newspapers announce calmly that Germany is a sick nation, and unanimously but kindly criticize any view that may be taken by the Entente Allies, or more particularly by observers over from the United States, to the effect that the nation is economically sound. Politically, the nation squats content upon her new Hindenburg line.

DIMITY GAY, AUNT ELEANOR'S CHICK

(Continued from Page 11)

already asleep, and smiling in her sleep, at that.

III

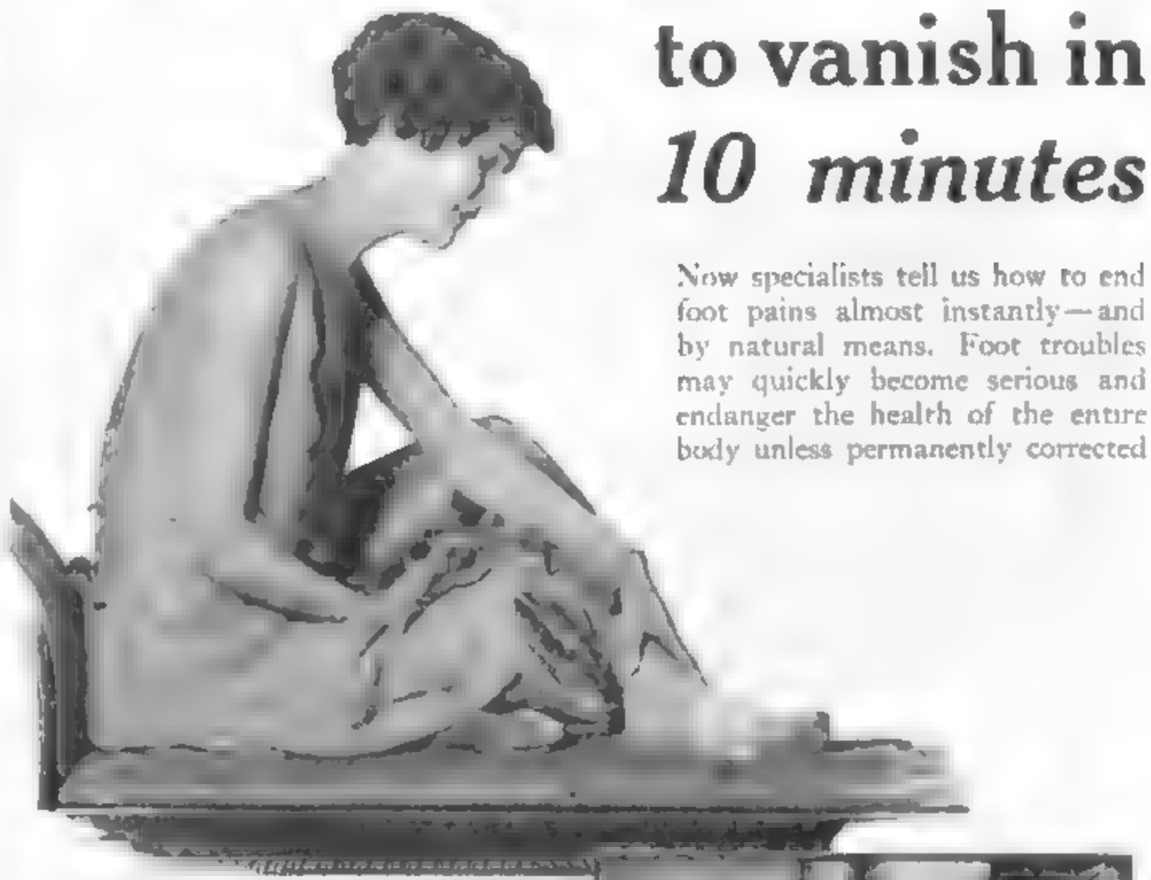
FROM the moment they crossed glances and exchanged well-trained smiles, Messieurs Gainsborough Gay, book publisher, and Julius Balm, business expert and social adviser, understood each other, and this though they were physically as unlike as they were mentally alike. The good Gainsborough was little, alert, sharp-featured and snipy; but the urbane Mr. Balm was large, impressive and remotely like a good-humored, bland-mannered, bald-featured bear.

They had met once before, but on that occasion Mr. Gay had very little direct interest in the difficulty which Mr. Balm had been expensively engaged to be expert about, and consequently neither had bothered much about the other. But this was a different matter.

Gainsborough Gay explained that he was seriously alarmed about two things—one being the future happiness of Mrs. Eleanor Savernake and the second being the looming danger to his daughters' legacies. In a kind of way, too, he felt that perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Balm should, as a matter of simple common sense, just keep a casual

This test is FREE if foot and leg pains fail to vanish in *10 minutes*

Now specialists tell us how to end foot pains almost instantly—and by natural means. Foot troubles may quickly become serious and endanger the health of the entire body unless permanently corrected



This new way will amaze and delight you. Send the coupon.

ONCE again science adds joy to living by a new discovery. And this discovery is so far-reaching that it will benefit no less than twenty million people

Almost everyone at different times suffers from aching, burning arches and legs. Many think their pains are nothing to bother about—that they come from fallen arches, rheumatism, or other similar diseases. But in countless cases there is no need to suffer as these victims do. For today science has discovered it.

Now for the first time medical authorities are realizing how serious foot troubles may become. They tell you not to neglect the slightest twinge of pain—the symptoms that warn you.

When certain muscles weaken

The foot is composed of innumerable muscles, sensitive nerves and tiny bones

The bones are arranged to form two arches. One is a hidden arch, few people know about, extending across the foot from the little toe to the big toe. The other extends along the foot from heel to toe, composing the instep. It is the function of the muscles to hold the bones forming these arches in place.

Now, say the specialists modern shoes, and other things, too, cause the muscles to weaken. As a result the bones spread from overstrain and arches sag.

The forward arch falls first, throwing the entire foot structure out of balance. Then the instep breaks down and completely gives way. Bones crush blood vessels and sensitive nerves. Pain becomes unbearable.

Science corrects misplacements. Nature heals and strengthens. Pains vanish like magic

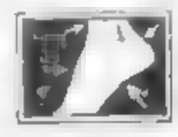
Difficult as this might seem to correct, science has found a simple, yet astonishingly effective, remedy. To strengthen the muscles, exercise is necessary. So science provides a thin, strong, super-elastic band to assist the muscles in holding the bones in place. It takes the pressure off the nerves and helps nature strengthen the muscles through constant daily use. This band is the Jung Arch Brace. The secret of its success lies in its correct tension, in its scientific contour and design.

Many supports merely offer temporary relief and tend to further weaken the muscles by supplanting their natural functions. But this soft, pliable band can soon be discarded entirely, so quickly does it do its work. And from the instant you slip it on you can dance, run, walk or stand without the slightest twinge of pain.

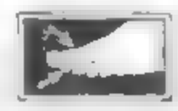
So light and thin is this band that it can be worn with the sheerest hose, the tightest and most stylish high-heeled shoes. Physicians say that it is the one scientific way to restore the natural structure of the foot They urge you to make the test offered you here, without delay.

Ends These Pains

Pains, aches or cramping in ball of leg and knee



Pains or aches in ankle, heel, arch or instep



Pains or cramps in toes, callouses on ball of foot, spreading causing bunions.

Other Symptoms: Tired, aching burning feet and limbs. Shooting pains when stepping on uneven surfaces. Shoes feel uncomfortable and seem too small. Feet become sensitive.

Make this amazing 10-minute test

Over a million men and women are enjoying normal, healthy feet as strong as an athlete's. Make the test that performed a miracle for them.

Go to any druggist, shoe dealer or chiropodist and be fitted with a pair of Jung Arch Braces. Make this free test. If not delighted with the instant and lasting relief, take them back and every penny will be returned.

If your dealer hasn't them, we will supply you. With a half-inch strip of paper measure around the smallest part of your instep, where the forward edge of the brace is shown in the circle diagram, or size and width of shoe.

Mail us this measure. We will send you a pair of Jung's Arch Braces ("Wonder" Style). Pay the postman $1 and postage.

For people having long or thick feet, for stout people, or in severe cases, we recommend our "Miracle" Style, extra wide, $1.50. Wear them two weeks. If not delighted, we will send every penny back immediately.

In Canada address: Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Bldg., Toronto
Canadian Prices: Wonder $1.25, Miracle $1.75

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WRITE FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Write to us for our free book, illustrated with X-ray views of feet. Tells all about the cause and correction of foot troubles. How to stop foot and leg pains.

JUNG'S
"The Original"
ARCH BRACES

THE JUNG ARCH BRACE CO.
143 Jung Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me a pair of Jung Arch Braces in style checked.
☐ Wonder Style, $1.00 Miracle, $1.50
I will pay postman the above price and postage. My money to be returned if not satisfied. I enclose foot measurement.

Name .....
Address .....
P. O. ..... State .....

EASIER STEERING • LESS ROAD SHOCK

Handles Your Car Like an Invisible Giant

Doubles Your Ability to Handle Your Car

You'll find it twice as easy to handle a car equipped with the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear. The cam-and-lever principle makes your strength count for twice as much—delivers twice as much of your energy. Ross thus relieves the strain and excessive effort of steering and parking—protects against jolts that might jerk the wheel from your hands—holds the car steady through sand and gravel—prevents the road shock that otherwise wearies your hands, arms and shoulders. Standard equipment on more makes of cars, trucks and buses than any other gear. Drive a Ross-equipped car and you'll have no other.

It's All in the Cam and Lever

You can do things easily with a lever that you can't do at all *without* it. Everyone knows this. The *long lever* in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear is the source of the tremendous power that makes Ross steering so easy. And the *cam* with its variable pitch constitutes the almost impassable barrier to road shock that makes Ross Steering so safe and so comfortable!

Mail the coupon below for FREE booklet "Efficiency in Steering" and list of Ross-equipped cars, buses and trucks.

Ross Gear & Tool Co., Lafayette, Ind.

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CAM *and* LEVER STEERING GEARS

EASIER STEERING LESS ROAD SHOCK

Ross Gear and Tool Company, Lafayette, Indiana

Please send me your free booklet, "*Efficiency in Steering*," which explains fully the Ross Cam and Lever principle.

If you are interested in the Ross Cam and Lever Steering Gear for replacement on Ford cars, put a check mark in this space. ☐

Name .....

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Car owner ☐ *Car dealer* ☐ *Automotive jobber* ☐

eye on the trend of events touching the general management of the Savernake Tankard Company, when the present manager, P. J. Alabone, retired of his own accord or was retired of someone else's. Yes, it would be as well for Mr. Balm to keep an eye on that possibility—merely, of course, to watch developments—get ready to act—be on the alert to—to—well, to jump right in first chance and fight teeth and nails, like an infuriated lynx, on Mr. Gay's behalf. Not to make himself conspicuous or to appear eager at all—just merely to go about with his jaws wide open and a large, sharp meat hook in each hand in case of -um—developments.

He explained this blandly enough during the course of the interview, and Mr. Balm's "Quite—oh, quite! One will do what one can, naturally. A delicate question, of course. But I ought to say, almost invariably it is to deal with such delicate questions that I am retained" was very reassuring—very so.

Except for one or two similar interpolations, Julius Balm listened throughout in a large-sized silence.

But a strange remotely wan look appeared in his eyes at the first mention of Mr. Gay's good girl, little Dimity, and there was even a species of reluctant respect in his voice as he murmured that he had already made Dimity's acquaintance—indeed, that he had been the party privileged to introduce the child to Mr. Archie Crust. Mr. Gay nodded.

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow, I remember. In the matter of my stepfather's mineral-water works, was it not?" He ducked across a brief bow at Julius.

"A magnificently handled difficulty, that," murmured Gainsborough. "I believe I wrote you a letter of congratulation about that—have another cigar—made a note to do so, at all events."

They slithered conversationally about in that fashion for a little, but finally made contact, and Julius summed up, jotting down in a notebook, gold-bound at the corners, as he summed.

"Between the business expert—the real, the—um—high-class, expensive business expert and his clients complete frankness is absolutely essential—need I say? And, as I understand it, you wish to retain me first to do what I can to show up this Major Denzil D'Estrange to Mrs. Savernake as the needy fortune hunter you have reason to believe he is; second, to take such steps as I deem advisable to urge Mrs. Savernake not to rescind her long-standing resolution to leave a considerable legacy to her nieces, your daughters; and, lastly, to survey and report on the possibilities of your levering yourself into the Savernake Tankard Company when Mr. P. J. Alabone, the present general manager, retires to enjoy a tranquil and doubtless well-feathered rest. That is so? I have it right, Mr. Gay?"

Gainsborough smiled a little wryly.

"Um—well, yes, yes. On the whole, broadly speaking, yes."

Julius nodded gravely. "Very well. I anticipate no great difficulty. But, frankly—nay, with the utmost candor—let me say at once that the expense will be considerable. I mean that my fee will necessarily be enormous."

"Oh, quite, quite—one understands that," purred Gainsborough, with a remotely dismal smile.

"It is, of course, possible to cut glass, after a fashion, with a cheap metal-wheeled device," pursued the gentle Julius comfortably, "but the glass is badly cut. The wise man uses a diamond to cut his glass, and though the diamond is dearer than the wheel, it cuts decisively and well."

"Assuredly, my dear Balm. Thank you for being so explicit. The best is never dear—expensive. And now we are upon the subject of your fee, let me be equally frank and open-handed." He beamed upon the business expert. "In the course of many years' experience, my best authors—some of the most astounding brains in the country, my dear Balm—and I have found that there is no form of remuneration which in the long run bulks so hugely as that method of genial coöperation called the royalty system -a form of payment by results. Many of my authors have made most handsome fortunes—the extent of which will bewilder folk one of these days—by following my advice to take their er - money on—um—results. They have made far more, far greater sums, by taking my advice and receiving payment on these lines than by requiring and receiving cold cash at the outset. Now may I advise you——"

"On the whole, no, thanks," said Julius, seeming to settle solidly, with his whole weight, in his chair. "Thanks all the same. The royalty system to which you refer, my dear Mr. Gay, is good—for authors. I have glanced at it in the past, and I believe it excellent—for authors. But myself, I am not an author. I am, on the contrary, a business expert, and cold cash at the outset is a *sine qua non* to any and all business experts of my standing and caliber."

He waved a large white hypnotic hand slowly before the good Gainsborough's staring eyes.

"What would you hope or expect if I left this office like an author with my head in the clouds, clouds in my head, and practically nothing on account in my pocket—me, definitely commissioned to handle and adjust one of the most delicate triple complications I have ever yet had to handle? Nothing, Mr. Gay. You would expect nothing—and probably you would get it. No. Two things are essential between the business expert and his client. One is frankness, the other is cold cash at the outset. Is not that so?"

Gainsborough Gay sighed briefly.

"That is so," he said—and, between them, they made it so.

"I shall send you a preliminary report in three days, my dear Gay," said Julius presently, buttoning up his check.

"Thank you. I shall await it with very real anxiety," explained Gainsborough, a little flushed about the tips of the ears. Julius lingered.

"The question of the visit of the bridesmaids—particularly little Miss Dimity—I suggest might be deferred until you have my preliminary report," he said slowly.

"Willingly," agreed Mr. Gay.

"I understood—indeed, it is obvious—that Miss Dimity is a very great favorite of her aunt, Mrs. Savernake." Gainsborough nodded.

"Yes, one might say so. Aunt Eleanor's chick we call her—playfully—at home. You understand, her auntie calls her chick or chickabiddy. Just a homely little pet name. Quite a personal thing really. I mention it merely in case it might be useful, expertly speaking." Julius Balm nodded absently.

"Quite, oh, quite. Her grandfather, Mr. Avery Hackett, I believe, calls her his little maid."

"Why, yes, that is so," agreed Mr. Gay. "And, now I come to think of it—in case it may have some bearing—I usually call her I believe, daddy's good girl."

"You are to be envied. She is quite the loveliest little thing I have ever encountered. Charming—entirely. She and I oh, quite old friends. Very. Well, then" - Julius arose—"I will report as promised."

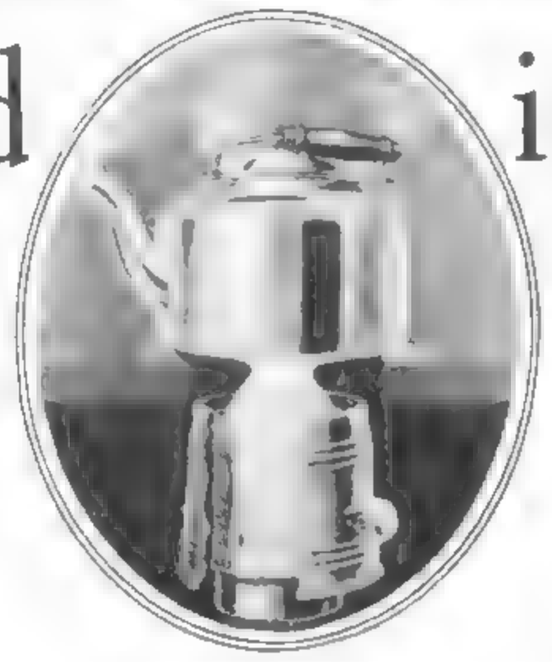
"Excellent, excellent!"

Mr. Gay went to the very jaws of his office with him—even watched him go down the street for a little way. And that had never happened since that long-distant day when Gainsborough had paid the celebrated Duchesse de Doublecroix five thousand pounds on account of royalties for her Memoirs, which sold two thousand pounds' worth, thus leaving Gainsborough three thousand pounds deep in the cart ruts. He had watched her and her check go down the street. They were soon out of sight.

Although he and his preliminary check were even more quickly out of sight, there was something reassuring and heartening about Julius Balm, and, on the whole, Mr. Gay felt that it was money well sown, even if it did hurt a little to sow it. There would

(Continued on Page 217)

Heat that is *focused* on the cooking Not wasted in the room



Florence Burner with outer jacket cut away to show how flame is ***focused*** *on the cooking vessel. There is no wick, for the Florence operates on the most advanced principle of combustion engineering, mixing the vapor from kerosene with heated air. This assures complete combustion and intense heat.*

MEALS are cooked by the heat a stove sends into the cooking—not by the heat it throws out into the kitchen.

That's a simple statement of the working principle of the Florence—the oil range with *Focused Heat.*

The burners of the Florence are designed to overcome heat's natural tendency to scatter in all directions. They send it straight up into the cooking.

The top of the short, wickless Florence burner is only 2½ inches below the cooking. But that's not all. Florence burners force air *inside* the flame, giving a quick and most intense clean heat. Hottest heat close up under the cooking—this is *Focused Heat.*

The Florence is beautifully easy to operate. Turn a lever and touch a match to the asbestos kindler, and the clear, gas-like flame rises to any height you choose. There are no wicks to trim, no priming, no difficulty in lighting or extinguishing the flame.

You'll be proud to own the Florence

Here's an oil range that any good housekeeper would be proud to have in her kitchen. Its sturdy frame is built for years of hard use, and its shining enamel means just as many years of good looks.

Good cooks—like all good workers—welcome good tools. And that's exactly what the Florence is—the handsomest, most efficient cooking tool that years of experience and experiment have been able to produce.

An ideal oven

Women who use the Florence always give the oven a good word all its own. They like its special features that make successful baking a certainty—the patented heat-spreader, the oven-door thermometer, the bakers' arch that prevents heat pockets.

The Florence oven is ideal for every type of baking—from browning a meringue to baking a ham. The oven is portable and can be used on any kind of range.

You really ought to see it

There is a Florence dealer near you at a department, hardware, or furniture store—who will be glad to show you the Florence. If you don't know his name ask us to tell you. And let us send you a copy of our new booklet.

The New Grid-Top Florence Oil Range

Notice the roomy cooking surface made with an all-over grid. You can use every inch of the space—for quick cooking directly over the burners, for simmering over the cast-iron lids, and for keeping food warm near the back of the stove.

You can move cooking vessels around on the even surface without danger of tipping them into the flame. Another practical feature is the wide warming shelf above the stove. The single Giant burner under the oven does all types of baking efficiently and with great economy.

FLORENCE STOVE COMPANY
Park Square Bldg.,
Boston, Mass.

Division Offices: New York, Chicago, Washington, New Orleans, Dallas, San Francisco, Detroit, Columbus

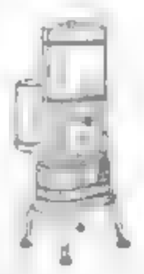
Also Makers of Florence Ovens, Florence Water Heaters, Florence Room Heaters, Florence Garage Heaters

Sold in Great Britain by
E. W. French, London

LEFT—Florence One-Burner Water Heater—for quick hot water.

RIGHT—Florence Two-Burner Water Heater.

Send for Free Booklet



FLORENCE Oil Range

The stove with *Focused Heat*

© Florence Stove Co

What are they *Saving* by *not* wearing Rubbers?

They are not saving time—or shoes—or shines—or health—or money; and they are not adding to their dignity, gracefulness or surefootedness

The man and woman in the foreground "hate to wear rubbers." You often see such people hopping over mud puddles and walking on their heels on every sloppy day. Perhaps you do it, too.

Stop it! Be sensible. Get some rubbers—good rubbers. Ask for "Ball-Band." They will help you walk naturally, safely and comfortably on wet, slippery ground.

Get your rubbers now, so you can get the kind you want, with a good fit. If you wait for a rain or snowstorm to drive you into the nearest shoe store, you will have to take what you can get. You may be disappointed in style, fit and quality.

And when you have your "Ball-Band" Rubbers, wear them. Don't *think* of going without them in cold or wet weather any more than you would go out without a hat or overcoat.

Many people as robust as you have caught severe colds because they hated to wear rubbers. How foolish this is, when so much depends on such a small, sensible act!

What kind of rubbers to buy

For more than a quarter of a century millions of people have been wearing "Ball-Band" Rubbers. That is because of the long wear "Ball-Band" Rubbers give, and they give long wear because of the good materials and careful workmanship used in them.

You can tell "Ball-Band" Rubbers, Arctics, Galoshes, Boots, Gaiters and other footwear by the Red Ball Trade Mark. Ask for "Ball-Band" and look for the Red Ball.

If the stores where you usually buy do not have "Ball-Band" Rubbers, write for booklet "More Days Wear" and the name of a dealer who can supply you.

MISHAWAKA RUBBER & WOOLEN MFG. CO.
467 Water Street, Mishawaka, Indiana
"The House That Pays Millions for Quality"

"BALL-BAND"
Rubber & Woolen
FOOTWEAR

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL TRADE MARK—IT IS YOUR ASSURANCE OF MORE DAYS WEAR

(Continued from Page 214)

be a harvest some day, and Gainsborough was a great harvester.

IV

BUT the preliminary report submitted by Mr. Julius Balm to Gainsborough Gay a few days later proved to be so wholly devoid of anything which could be called progress that Gainsborough, anxiously figuring the quickly decreasing period remaining before the marriage of Aunt Eleanor, promptly decreed that the girls should accept her invitation

"And I leave it to you, Elaine, to have a gentle, tactful, motherly talk with the girls in which you can make quite sure that they clearly appreciate the seriousness of the situation—I mean the grave, even disastrous effect this perfectly suicidal marriage will have on their futures."

Elaine sighed a little. "I will do my best, Gainsborough."

"Do, my dear, do. Convey to them delicately that for Eleanor's own sake the thing must be decisively crabbed—er rendered unfeasible. They must stick at nothing—broadly speaking, that is, and within reason, within reason, of course—to show up this alleged military bounder. If you have any doubts about their clearly understanding the extremely delicate task before them, advise me and I will talk with them. As a last resort—a forlorn hope—I will, of course, have a talk with Eleanor myself."

Elaine managed the affair with much more ease than her more tortuously working husband appeared to think possible. Indeed, it sounded quite simple, put as she put it:

"Your father has reason to believe that Aunt Eleanor is simply throwing herself away on Major D'Estrange and he wishes you all to accept her invitation to visit her and try to do something to save her. So you had better go tomorrow, and if you get too bored there after a few days telephone to me and I will see what can be done. Be nice to Aunt Eleanor, for she is the kindest and most generous-natured relative you have, and I am very fond of her. And, Dimity, remember you are to be a good girl and not to get into debt with her tradespeople, whatever you do."

Dimity shook her sunny hair about.

"No, mummy. I'm sure I don't want to bother with her old tradespeople. There's nothing I want—nothing at all—except perhaps a silly little pearl necklace."

"Well, some day, if you are a good girl, you will have a lovely one, when you marry Archie."

"Oh, that's years and years and years away, mummy darling. But we will go and do our best to save Aunt Eleanor, won't we, Frida?"

"If papa says so we certainly shall," observed the darkling beauty, Bethoe, shrugging one shoulder.

"May we have the horses sent on, please?" asked Dimity. "Aunt Eleanor won't mind having them for us, I know. I asked her the afternoon she was here." She laughed. "I thought I had better make sure of that."

Mamma agreed. There wasn't much else to do, though she fancied the good but careful Gainsborough would grizzle a trifle at the expense of sending the steeds.

The big eyes of Aunt Eleanor's chick opened a little wider and she sidled herself into her mother's arms, kissing her.

"Why, mummy, I will take the blame for that. I will just order the horses to be sent on and we needn't bother daddy about it until they are there. He won't mind—much."

Elaine sighed. "Won't he, child? Very well, then." Dimity caught the sigh.

"You see, daddy hasn't to buy us lots of clothes and things this time, so he will be quite happy, and I know he is doing nicely at his business, he is so quiet about it." She was more or less right.

Eleanor Savernake was charmed that Gainsborough had allowed all the girls to visit her. For she was so full of the great romance which had bloomed suddenly in her middle age that she felt she needed at least four fair girls as aids in her all-bethrilled and excited preparations, not to describe them as sympathetic receptacles for what Gainsborough Gay would have called her sentimental gush about the major.

Aunt Eleanor should not be misjudged or misunderstood; indeed, it would be impossible to any who cared for a few seconds to speed up their imaginations sufficiently to figure themselves standing in Aunt Eleanor's shoes—her bedroom ones, say, for sake of the comfort to which we are all entitled if we can get it.

Left, some ten years before at the age of forty, the sole and unchallenged tyrant of any number between six and eight thousand pounds a year—depending on the state of the tankard business—Eleanor Savernake had been well content to rest from married life with the late Samuel Savernake—a hardish man in his day, totally devoid of false notions about who was boss of the home and the income—and to enjoy the novel sensation of being undisputed mistress of the fine old house, quaintly named Fairmeasure Manor; an ancient name which, to be frank, had attracted the attention of the late Samuel to the house as a likely place for a wealthy tankard builder's residence.

Aunt Eleanor's first year or two of life as a rich widow had proved so extremely pleasing that she had no hesitation at all in prolonging it. Indeed, she had prolonged it so consistently that it had long been a generally accepted belief among her relatives that Eleanor would never marry again, preferring, on the whole, to take things quietly and comfortably, with her good cook, her competent staff and the collection of Persian cats for which she was reputed, apparently with truth, to possess a liking. She was a large lady, no longer physically narrow, but she was good-natured; fairly plain but extremely jolly; easy to deceive but apt to act rough when she discovered that she had been deceived. Her favorite niece was little Miss Dimity, because she was so pretty. On the whole, a sound, good-hearted soul, who for years past had refused more offers of marriage than requests for loans. A stable, balanced, safely-settled-in-life lady. As Gainsborough Gay put it, just exactly the sort of rich aunt one would naturally wish to be the favorite niece of.

And yet—at fifty—here she was, in love with a plausible, good-looking, military-sounding mystery with a smart mustache, square shoulders, a straight back, and—and a hole in his sock.

Dimity and Bethoe noticed a great change in their auntie—a change for the worse. She had abolished her expensive cats—almost every house in the village was looking for an excuse to get rid of the handsome but useless Persian with which it had been endowed by the lady bountiful; she had abandoned the moderately old-fashioned apparel, which once she had affected, in favor of more modern and far, far more youthful modes; her favorite girl, Lizzie, who for years had acted as a sort of personal maid to her, had been retired in favor of a slick, rather *passée* party whose references as a smart lady's maid had been even as plentiful as they were remotely ambiguous; her old blunt, practical, jolly conversation and tone had yielded to a flow of coy stuff all about love and fidelity and romance and idealistic stuff of that sort. She giggled several times within an hour of the girls' arrival. Giggling at fifty lacks magnetism. Dimity was very alarmed. Had she not possessed a pretty wiry streak of Gainsborough's tough tenacity, she might easily have been a little scared. She herself had given up giggling much a year or two before, and it was disconcerting to find Aunt Eleanor doing it.

But she soon got over that, for she realized that Aunt Eleanor was in love and she knew that people in love were funny in lots of ways. Even Archie Crust, who was—or had been—in love with her, was always making murmuring sounds at her.

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THE ALKALINE ANTISEPTIC

And when on the morning after their arrival Aunt Eleanor and her chick went for a ride—a rather steady one, for Aunt Eleanor had only recently taken up riding again for sake of the exercise—Dimity learned that the elder lady was still liable to lapse for brief periods into the old style. They had pulled up for a moment on a wide stretch of turfy common, and Aunt Eleanor, a little flushed, had looked at Dimity.

"What do you think of Major D'Estrange, chick? Do you think I am doing wisely to marry again? What did your daddy say when he heard?" she had asked abruptly.

Dimity's answer came at once—perfectly natural, unstudied.

"I think the major's mustache is perfectly sweet, auntie. I don't know whether you are doing wisely to marry him. I shouldn't think you were. I don't think you will be very happy being married, but then mummy always says that women don't marry for happiness. I mean, they should not seek for happiness just out of being married; but if they seek to win happiness out of studying how to make their husbands happy, then they will be awfully happy, though I don't think that seems to me to be a very good plan. But mummy knows, I expect, being married so long to daddy. I haven't bothered much about it."

"But you're practically engaged yourself, chick. You ought to think about it."

Dimity's eyes danced. "Oh, Archie, you mean. I think I'm tired of Archie; at least, I don't know quite; but if Archie thinks to himself that I would be silly enough to marry him, not expecting any other kind of happiness than what I should get by fretting myself about being quite sure to do every silly little thing to make him contented and lazy-happy, he will have to make up his mind to marry one of the parlor maids at Crust Court instead of me. I am only a child, I know, but I would bet anything that a man ought to get his happiness as best he can out of trying to make his wife happy and keeping her happy."

The old Aunt Eleanor was lost in the new one at once.

"Why, my dear, that's exactly what Denzil D'Estrange says—a man can only hope for happiness by trying to make his wife happy and keeping her happy. That's the sort of man he is. And to think he's chosen me to be the one!"

She looked as if she were going to giggle or sigh or both, and so Dimity kicked her horse quietly in the ribs and moved it on rather abruptly.

"At all events they can't say that I've jumped at the first man who proposed to me in the last ten years," said Aunt Eleanor. "Why, chick, I've had scores of offers—but I'm afraid most of them were after my money."

"But that's horrid," said Dimity. "To be after silly old money!"

"Yes, isn't it? But, thank goodness, the major is different—quite different." Dimity said nothing to that. "Will you like being my bridesmaid, chick?" asked Aunt Eleanor.

"Oh, yes, it will be lovely, I think," said Dimity.

"Denzil is going to give each of the bridesmaids a pearl brooch. Do you like pearls, Dimity?"

"Yes, auntie. I think pearls are sweet—in necklaces like yours. Did Uncle Samuel give you that beautiful necklace, auntie?"

Auntie shook a decisive head. "Oh, no. Your Uncle Samuel was not very passionately fond of jewels for his wife. I bought it for myself, a little after your uncle's time," explained Aunt Eleanor, with remotely something of the air of one who could a tale unfold.

But she broke off as a horseman cantered up, sweeping off his hat to them in a really impressive gesture.

"Why, it is Mr. Balm, who came with a letter from your father asking if he might study conditions at the works," said Aunt Eleanor.

Dimity nodded, dimpling. She was charmed to see the gentle Julius, and even as she acknowledged his salutations it occurred to her that Aunt Eleanor by no means hated this sudden addition of Mr. Balm to the immediate landscape. Which was proved to the child before they had ridden another furlong by the simple fact that Aunt Eleanor asked him to dinner that evening—an invitation which Julius enthusiastically accepted.

It was, in its unimportant way, something of a surprise to Dimity to discover, long before they reached Fairmeasure Manor, that Julius and Aunt Eleanor were evidently extremely good friends, holding each other in high mutual esteem.

"If auntie were not so much in love with Major D'Estrange," mused the little one, listening, "I should think that she might quite easily be in love with Mr. Balm—and Mr. Balm quite deeply in love with her. Perhaps it is only just his way of trying to save auntie from Major D'Estrange; but if daddy knew, I don't think he would feel very happy about it, all the same. I expect that if dear Mr. Balm saved auntie from the major by marrying her himself it would please Mr. Balm very much more than it would please daddy. After all, auntie has seven thousand pounds a year and a sweet pearl necklace and she is very nice and not much older than Mr. Balm, and I should think Mr. Balm might easily fall in love with her, and be willing to manage the tankard factory in the most expert way for her for love alone. But I am sure daddy would be very cross about it and he would make everything wretched for mummy for a long time if that happened. But perhaps we shall see."

She nodded her charming little head and cantered alongside the lady with a business and the gentleman with only an expert knowledge of business.

V

IT WAS, at first glance, rather a delightful-looking little dinner party at which Aunt Eleanor presided that evening. But peering a little closer, one given to peering closely might have decided that perhaps the party was not too perfectly matched and made up.

For example, the sweetness and youth of Bethoe, paired with Mr. P. J. Alabone, general manager of the Savernake Tankard Company, were almost startlingly wasted on that gentleman. He was a person of rather unusual appearance, tall, extremely thin, with a remarkable flushed complexion, a curious blond wig, a prominent jaw and greenish eyes. On the whole, a rather hard-looking bachelor of forty, slightly the worse for wear. He talked very little and hardly took his eyes off Dimity during the meal—no bad judge, for the child looked completely eatable in one of her prettiest frocks, as well as seeming utterly happy in her dinner partnership with Mr. Julius Balm.

Sisters Torfrida and Maulfry were unavoidably unsquired; but Maulfry, like many another full-blown blonde, was always capable of daydreaming; and if Torfrida, looking her queenliest, lacked a squire, it did not seem to distress her. Probably she was quite content to sit there looking like a shingled Juno and congratulate herself on the fact that she had not been allotted either the flushed Mr. Alabone or the weighty Mr. Balm.

Aunt Eleanor and the major seemed to chime in years more satisfactorily; anyway there was nothing to indicate at first glance that the chime was slightly flat or out of strict time.

The major's manner was almost wholly perfect; his appearance was quite so; and his habits appeared to be entirely nice. He talked easily and well—that is to say, not too much. He ate neatly and his drinking was masterly. He was a good-looking young fellow around forty-five, and very few folk would have found fault with him. He had a thinnish, distinguished face, with a major-like mustache, and his hands were the hands of a man who earned his living with his mouth or his brains or both.

(Continued on Page 221)

The "Thermos" Set on the bedside table (and in enlarged size below) is Quart Lip Jug Set No. 67.5 with Art Enamel Finish in various colors. Including tray and glasses: $13.75. Other styles of enameled sets from $10.25 up.

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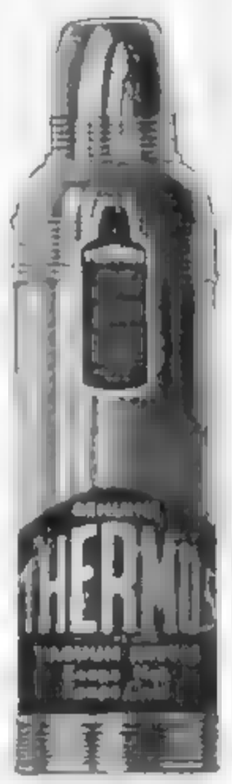

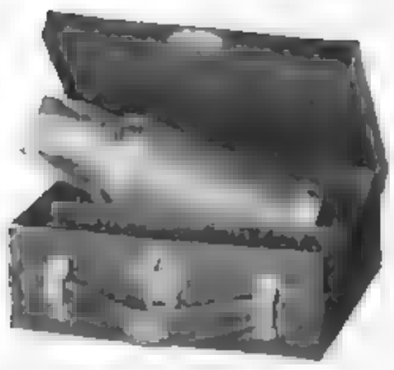

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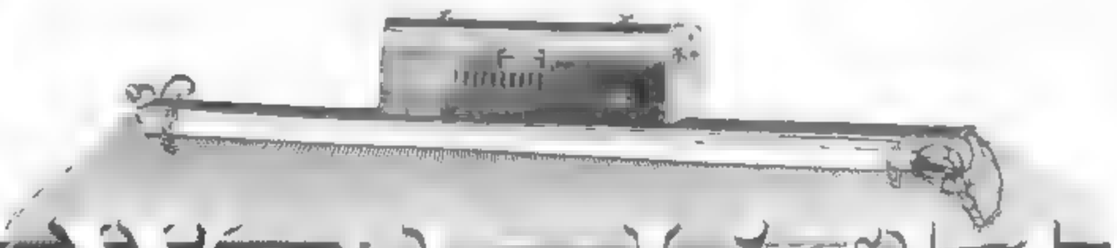

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COOPER HEWITT ELECTRIC COMPANY

(Continued from Page 218)

Dimity, watching him, came to the odd conclusion that although he looked forty-five, he might just as easily have looked thirty-five.

"But I should think that he prefers to look a little older than he is out of compliment to auntie," mused the child over her chicken. "I wonder if he has made up a little to look about as old as she looks. That would be rather romantic, I think."

In between the general conversation and murmurings to gentle Julius, the little one found time to observe that the air of Mr. Alabone toward the major was vaguely that of one who imperfectly conceals or masks a faint distaste.

Mr. Julius Balm, of course, was wholly himself; bland, impressive and quietly important, beaming restrainedly upon one or all upon the slightest pretext.

Aunt Eleanor was pretty satisfactory, but perhaps a shade prone to the major

Nothing of the slightest importance was said, and the evening, to Dimity, looked like becoming one of the very dreariest functions at which she had assisted, when a very welcome jolt was administered to the proceedings by the totally unexpected arrival of none other than old Mr. Avery Hackett, grandpa to Dimity and a species of uncle to Aunt Eleanor.

Grandpa, thanks to a lifetime spent in manufacturing and selling the celebrated natural mineral water Sfitz, was too rich to have to explain why he dropped in unexpectedly on any member of the family; but as he settled down with them he volunteered the information that business had brought him into the neighborhood and he considered it an excellent opportunity of looking in and seeing and making the acquaintance of Major D'Estrange. He added that he was delighted to find his little maid, Dimity, there; and, indeed, the rather grim-looking old gentleman spared the little one a slightly thin-lipped kiss and a quite luscious pat. He liked Dimity—not without cause. He had a smile for the sisters, too, and a cordial nod for Julius Balm, whom he greatly admired, and Mr. Alabone, whom he cordially despised. He must have approved of the major, for as he settled himself down to the sparse entrée which was all he proposed to wish upon his rather ancient digestion, he observed that everything was very nice—very homy and nice.

That the old fellow was in a good humor and an easy, expansive mood was evident to all, except perhaps Mr. Balm, and, in a careless sort of way, Dimity.

Julius, beaming genially upon the old gentleman, for whom he had sometimes worked and whose ways he understood, was merely conscious of a very sincere amazement at the tenacity of Mr. Hackett. He was an old man, but he had not yet become careless about money. Julius knew, if the others did not, what old Avery had come for.

Like Gainsborough Gay, grandpa had been perturbed at the thought of Aunt Eleanor's business passing under the control of this pending new husband from nowhere but an old Army List, and he had come along to see what there might be in the matter for grandpa. For he was an active-minded old gentleman and he hated waste. And the idea of allowing the tankard works to drift into the prehensile hands of this major person gave him what the same idea had already given his stepson, Gainsborough—namely, a sharp attack of neuritis in the wallet.

Grandpa was uncommonly like Gainsborough in many respects, and he, too, had long cherished the idea that when Aunt Eleanor's stubborn belief in her flushed general manager was overcome and Alabone retired, the works would look extremely well as a nice little limited-liability company, with Mr. Avery Hackett figuring as chairman, and, next to Eleanor, largest shareholder.

Precisely as Gainsborough Gay figured that he could run a tankard building company comfortably in conjunction with his book-publishing business, so grandpa found it beautiful and feasible to picture himself as bossing the drinking-vessel works in conjunction with the Sfitz factory. So he had come questing rather like a slightly rheumatic but still sharp-scented old bloodhound in search of his.

Julius Balm, himself no mere amateur bloodhound, knew it. And Dimity, idly speculating over her ice cream, said to herself, "I wonder what dear grandpa has come for. Something, I expect. He does not like going out to dinner very well, I know, and it is funny that now he has come out he should be so smiling and kind and chatty to everybody. He seems to like Major D'Estrange very much, and Aunt Eleanor looks awfully pleased about that. But grandpas are rather funny old gentlemen, and if I were Aunt Eleanor I don't think I would be quite so pleased about that until I was quite sure that grandpa was here on pleasure and not on business."

But Dimity didn't care. She was a daughter of Gainsborough Gay, and that keen-spirited gentleman had long since trained his daughters to endure with equanimity and patience the spectacle of business-minded gentlemen eating their dinners and chatting more or less obscurely about their business—or somebody else's.

Besides, when she felt too bored she could always catch P. J. Alabone's eye and send him a shy smile of mischievous encouragement, or take another admiring peep at auntie's truly superb pearl necklace and wish she had one like it, or make a little, almost invisible *moue* at a sister, or press a satin shoe accidentally on Julius Balm's patent leather so that Julius peered furtively to see if she meant anything—any old idle little time-passing thing like that.

But then no doubt the little one felt she could afford to be idle, for she had noticed in her innocent birdy way several interesting things during the meal—among them the fact that P. J. Alabone was semihypnotized by herself, and, much more thrilling, that the major's manner to Torfrida was, by an almost imperceptible hairbreadth, not quite his manner to the rest of the ladies. Nobody seemed to notice it but Dimity, and Dimity did not seem to care much anyway.

After dinner everything was quite exceptionally jolly—so very jolly, indeed, that only the most miserable of cynics would have cared to suggest that, with the possible exception of Aunt Eleanor, her charming little chick and the chick's sisters, everybody present was there with the fixed idea of protecting the profits of the Savernake Tankard Works from everybody but himself.

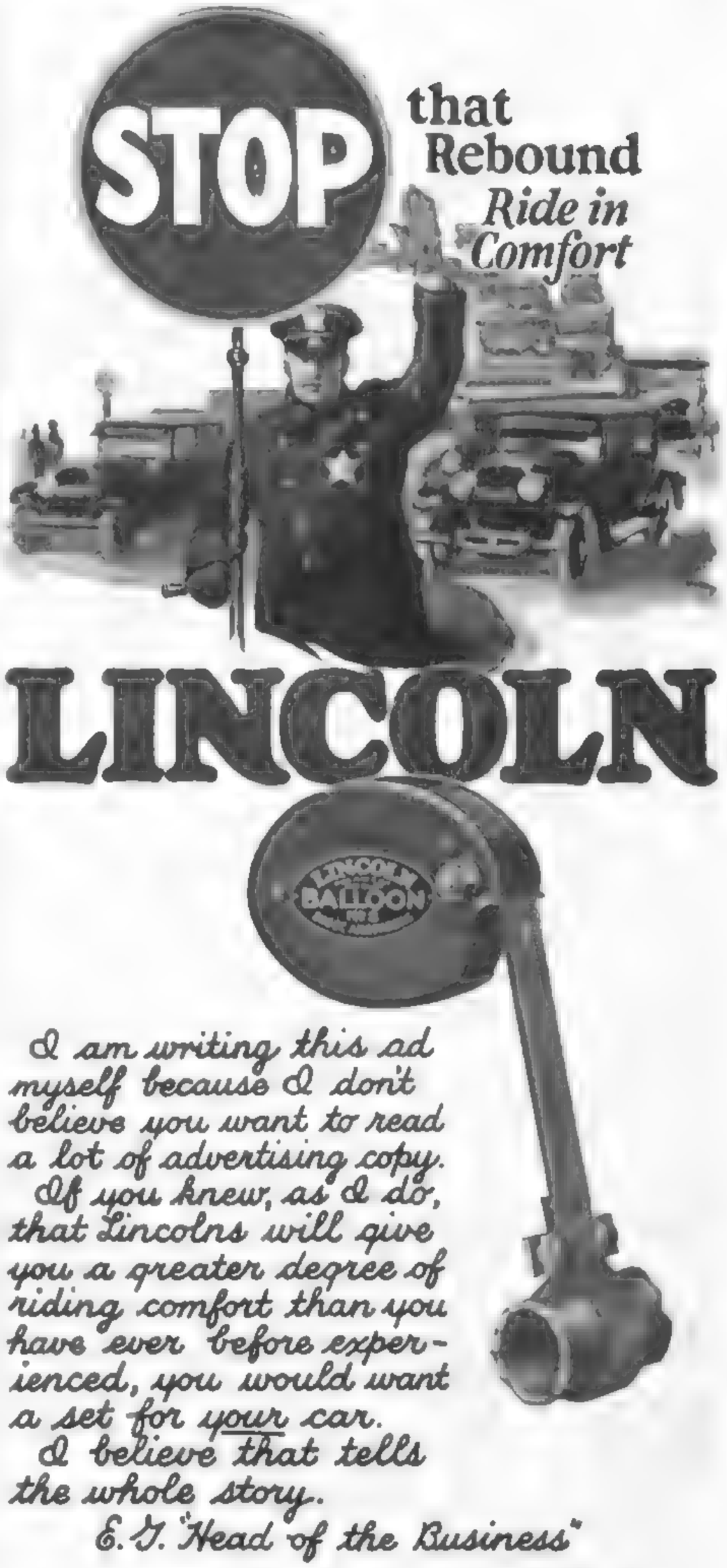
It was when grandpa bore off Aunt Eleanor for a few minutes' private chat in the library that, to Dimity's mind, things advanced themselves a little.

P. J. Alabone very openly, indeed, made himself one of a group of two with Dimity, and in a rather practiced way began to let her see that he was hers forever if she cared about such things.

The major paired off with Torfrida with the air of one glad and proud to do so. Evidently he conveyed to her, though rather cleverly and without ostentation, a first dim inkling of what he thought of her; for Dimity observed, as sisters can, that the ever-conscientious Torfrida began to look faintly alarmed. Her magnificent eyes widened a shade, her fine color grew just a trifle more vivid and her manner the merest mite more regal. She looked extraordinarily beautiful in her queenly way. Only Dimity guessed she was a little uneasy.

"Poor Torfrida! It is such a pity she is so high-strung," thought Dimity. "She is really beautiful, much lovelier than a silly little snip like me or a sweet golden fatty like Maulfry or a silent, smooth, mysterious enchantress like Bethoe. Only, she doesn't know it."

Dimity sighed slightly, shaking a wise little golden coronet, as her gaze passed on to Bethoe, who, apparently for sheer amusement, though maybe for practice, was playing soft stuff on the piano at Julius Balm.



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"Don't you agree with me that my sister Torfrida is most thrillingly beautiful, Mr. Alabone?"

Mr. Alabone studied Torfrida for a moment, while Dimity idly considered his cream-colored wig and wondered whether he stuck it on or balanced it on, or whether he just trusted to luck about it staying where put.

"Indeed, she is, Miss Dimity—as Major D'Estrange seems to think."

Dimity looked at the major and agreed.

"Yes, doesn't he? But everybody likes and admires Torfrida, and I just adore her. She is so kind and considerate and conscientious and sweet, even though she looks like a princess," prattled Dimity.

She had caught a faint, far acridity in the tone of the flushed gentleman as he spoke of the handsome major, but Alabone did not see it.

"And I think that Major D'Estrange has a noble face, don't you, Mr. Alabone? And the loveliest hair—did you notice the glint of red-gold on that thick lovely wave at the side?" she chirped happily on, apparently serenely unaware that the man she was inviting to admire the major's lovely wave must, rather obviously, be as bald as a grindstone.

She caught a deep, remote note in P. J. Alabone's voice as he slowly agreed that might have startled her if she had been a girl easily startled—a note of bitterness—a hint of sheer hatred, desperately controlled. But she gave no sign that she had heard anything odd. Every instinct she possessed told her that Mr. Alabone hated the major. But Aunt Eleanor had already told her that it was the trusted Mr. Alabone who had originally introduced the major to Aunt Eleanor.

Dimity wasn't particularly interested, but to a girl who had been born the possessor of a set of brains like hers, the inference was staringly obvious.

Alabone hated the major. Yet he had introduced him to auntie. And the major was going to marry auntie. Assuming that, as was probable, the major returned the hatred—as hatred usually is—it was extremely likely that Alabone would, under the major's control, lose his position. But Alabone must have known that. Why had he introduced the major then? Clearly, because he had to. That meant—what did it mean?

Dimity concealed a tiny yawn with pink finger tips. She was getting tired of all this.

The major had made Mr. Alabone introduce him to auntie, of course, and that meant that the major had some power, some sort of hold, over Alabone. Well, supposing he had—was that any excuse for spoiling a girl's evening by bothering her with silly problems that started her brains working against her will? Dimity did not want to think or be like a stuffy old detective. She was really grateful to see the portly form of Julius Balm standing before her.

"Your grandpapa is in the hall, Miss Dimity. He is going now, and he wishes to say good-by to you," boomed the deep voice of the business expert as he neared them.

"Oh, dear grandpa!" breathed Dimity, and flew to the old gentleman where he stood, all becoated, in the hall.

"That's my little maid," said grandpa, eying her under his shaggy eyebrows. "You must ride your horse over to breakfast with me one morning, now you are staying so close to Salington Hall. You and your Aunt Eleanor—hey, now?"

Dimity pulled him down to be kissed. Nobody but Dimity ever pulled old Avery Hackett about, but somehow he didn't mind Dimity.

"Thank you, dear grandpa; of course I will, of course I will. I would love it."

It was very pretty to watch—far too pretty to be spoiled by any sour speculations as to why the sharp-set old gentleman wanted to entertain the little one for a valuable hour which he would certainly grudge from the Sfitz works. Indeed, the only one who wondered what he wanted was Dimity herself, and she was anything and everything but sour. Queer, that.

VI

NATURALLY enough, that evening ended with a rather charming little séance of bridesmaids-to-be and bride-maybe, in which everybody and everything were discussed and, on the whole, approved. Half an hour later, after the customary few minutes' lacy gossip among the girls, Dimity, drowsing happily in her little bed, was aware of the quiet entry of Torfrida, more beautiful than ever in last-minute negligee. She closed the door extremely quietly, switched on the light and moved across to sit on Dimity's bed.

"Are you asleep, dear?" she breathed.

"Why, no, Frida! Of course not. How can anybody sleep?" cooed the child obscurely. She sat up, smiling. "Is anything the matter, Frida?" Her eyes searched her sister's face, and her red lips went round like a small flower. "Why, Frida, what is it?"

Frida began to talk softly.

"I am dreadfully worried, Dimity dear," she began rather nervously, "and it's just because I know what quick, cool wits and perfectly reckless impudence you have that I thought I would like to ask you about something. I—I—well, you see, I am the one daddy put in charge of us all, because I'm the eldest, and if anything went wrong—like Aunt Eleanor being annoyed or offended—daddy would blame me; and if it was because of me, I suppose he would blame me twice over."

Dimity looked with big blue eyes at her beautiful but rather timid sister, and threw out two warm arms—still a little thin with the pretty, childish slenderness of one not fully developed—and hugged her.

"Oh, but, Frida, don't bother so much about daddy," she urged. "I don't. It's all very well for dear daddy to be a—a sergeant major to the poor darlings of authors—they deserve it; I'm sure they do—but truly, dearest, it's quite wrong to encourage him at home. You are just like mummy." She stared at her big shapely sister as a sudden thought seemed to strike her. "Why—why, Frida, I do believe you are afraid of daddy!" She squeezed Torfrida's pale hand most urgently. "If you allow yourself to be afraid of daddy you will ruin him—for yourself. You will get not to like him, and that wouldn't be nice, not to like your own daddy. Daddy isn't half bad—truly, Frida—if you take him as you find him. You must try to be lots more—more haughty and imperial—is it?—no, imperious—as you look, Frida."

For a moment the child seemed seriously concerned.

"If anything goes wrong, I will take the blame and daddy can settle about it with me; but nothing is going to go wrong, Frida."

Frida kissed her—anybody would have—but remained nervous and unconvinced.

"But, Dimity, that's all very well, but you remember what daddy wanted us to come for—to—to save auntie from the major if he proved to be the sort of man one's auntie ought to be saved from, wasn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose, if anybody cared to bother about it," agreed Dimity.

"But at the same time daddy insisted that neither of us should offend auntie by—well, to put it vulgarly, cutting her out with the major, for her own sake."

Dimity nodded her charming little head.

"Yes, that's just how daddy goes on. He always seems to require miracles. But even his authors say that about him, so mummy says. But miracles aren't so easy, so I never bother about it. Let daddy simmer and after a while he cools down."

Torfrida came to the point at last, whispering the dread news, her great dark eyes wide and anxious.

"Well, you see, Major D'Estrange has fallen in love with me—he says."

"Frida! When?"

"Tonight! We went into the conservatory when you were out, and went behind

(Continued on Page 225)

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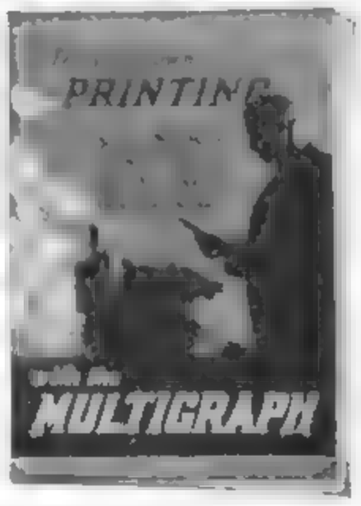

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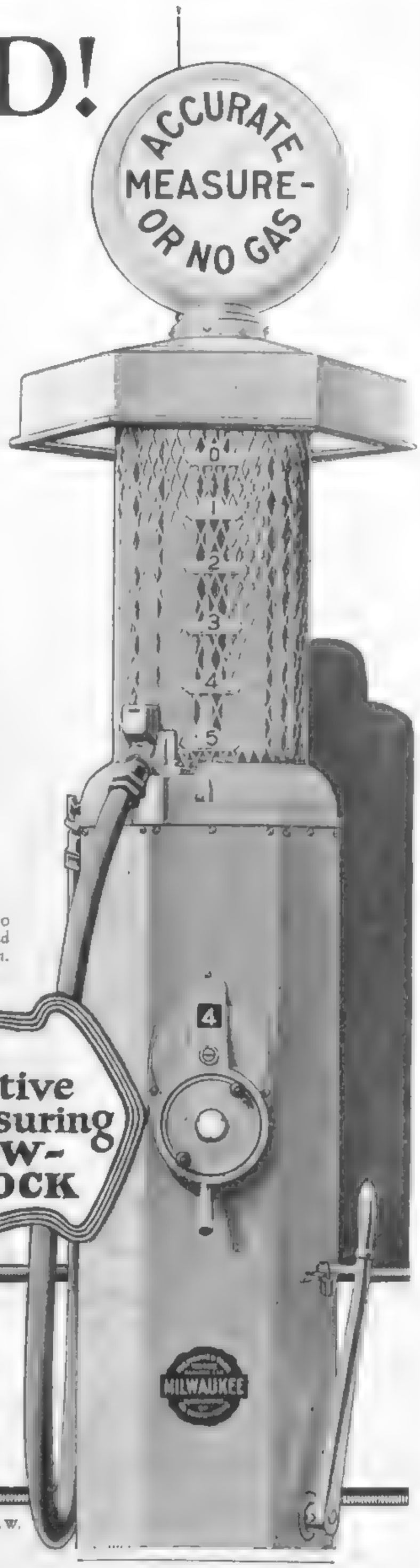

The Positive Measuring FLOW-LOCK

MILWAUKEE

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(Continued from Page 222)

those big ferns nobody could see -and he turned to me quite suddenly and caught my arms and said, 'Why, you glorious, great creature, you're going to make a fool of me! Torfrida! I've been looking for you these twenty years! And what are we going to do about it? Take that—for a start!' All in such a strange voice. And he drew me close to him quite roughly—he hurt a little—and kissed me in a queer, fierce, almost terrible way."

Torfrida's voice was low and her eyes wider than ever.

"Frida! How thrilling!" said Dimity, intensely interested. "Just imagine if auntie had come in!"

Torfrida shivered. "She did—almost immediately afterwards."

"Did she notice anything, Frida?"

"She said she thought the conservatory was rather warm, and—that was all. We went back. I only just had presence of mind enough not to say anything. . . . But, Dimity, what shall I do? I'm nervous. I—I know that I don't look nervous—I mean, I know I look haughty and all that; but you know I haven't any pluck really. Dimity, do think of something!" But Dimity was dreamy.

"Archie doesn't kiss me like that," she mused. "He looks wistful and just says 'Oh, Dimity,' and kisses me as if I was a little bit of mummy's china. How different men are! And as for Maulfry, I don't believe Clarence Rackstraw kisses her at all—I should think she kisses him!"

"But, Dimity dear, it's all very well to joke—only what shall I do?"

"Well, what's a kiss?" said Dimity carelessly. "There's no harm in a kiss. Did it hurt much?"

"No-o, not much. But it was so startling, and it is serious too. Major D'Estrange cannot really love Aunt Eleanor if he would do that. Do you think we ought to go home and tell mother?"

"Go home and tell mother!" echoed Dimity, and if her eyes had not been dancing they would have been full of a species of indulgent pity. "Certainly not, Frida. You mustn't tell anybody—now you have told me."

She thought for a second—perhaps three seconds. Certainly not more. Then she leaned to her big sister.

"I think you have been ever so much cleverer than you know, Frida darling. Bethoe said the other day that I was a little cat that went always by herself and lapped up all the cream; but that wasn't true, really, and I can prove it to you, too, soon, you see. If you promise not to tell anybody about the major—perhaps he had only just had too much wine—I will promise to give you a lovely little pearl necklace before we go home, and one to Beth and one to Maulfry—and one for mummy too. And"—her tone grew rapt—"and there will be one for me too."

"Dimity, you dear little silly, how can you do that? You haven't a penny. And you—you"—Torfrida stiffened—"you surely aren't thinking of making the major buy them because of—of ——"

Dimity hushed her. "I shouldn't think the major could buy a single pearl, Frida," she said. "No; I shouldn't dream of mentioning pearls to him. Why, that was only just a sort of little joke, in a way. . . . Frida dear, I'm tired now, so will you please just not worry and leave it to me and be happy, please? We just won't bother at all, and we won't tell anybody either. But it will be all right in the end, I know."

So Frida, completely unreassured, kissed her, tucked her in and rather reluctantly left her. And presently Dimity drifted into her sleep, murmuring in a lovely, fading voice, as she drifted, "Archie says, 'Oh! Oh! Dimity!' and Maulfry kisses—kisses Clarence for herself, but it's the major who says, 'Take that!'"

VII

LEAVING Dimity to dream, it becomes politic to consider the pressing difficulties of Mr. Julius Balm, gravely at odds with the need to earn -or at least to appear to earn—the very shocking fee which he had charged Mr. Gainsborough Gay for protecting Aunt Eleanor and Aunt Eleanor's fortune from Major Denzil D'Estrange.

It may be said at once that the situation was made the more urgent by the fact that gentle Julius no longer represented Gainsborough Gay solely in the matter. He had, with true business expertness, seized an opportunity that evening of securing well-feed instructions from Grandpa Hackett to arrange that neither Aunt Eleanor nor her business ever became the property of the debonair Denzil. Grandpa had been almost improperly and certainly tactlessly blunt about it that evening.

"Look you here now, Balm," he had said. "That military man's got no business interfering with our family affairs the way he is. And I want to retain you at once to see that he's kept out. I don't believe in him. He'll ruin Eleanor Savernake's life—and, dammy, Balm, he'll ruin her business too. I engage you to stop him. Name your fee—and let it be reasonable. But, understand, stop it. Get that feverish-looking rascal, Alabone, sacked. It's necessary, Balm. I know—can tell a rascal ten miles off. The man drinks—I can see. Gambles too—only got to look at his hungry eyes and his anxious hands. Bad lot, that man. Always said so. Make Eleanor Savernake see sense. She was always stubborn about keeping him. Man ought to have been fired out years ago. . . . Hey? Grip like one of these boa constrictors, he's got. Pay you any sum—in reason. Very high fee—well, fair fee. Anyway, we shan't quarrel, Balm."

One does not make offers of that description to a business expert of Julius Balm's caliber and find it coldly refused. Julius met the old gentleman in the right spirit, drew down a truly sickening preliminary fee, listened patiently to Mr. Hackett's not entirely original notion that the tankard works was to be turned into a limited-liability company and he, grandpa, would naturally take up, put in or lay out whatever was necessary—in human reason—to make him controlling shareholder—precisely as his chisel-edged stepson, Gainsborough Gay, purposed to do.

Julius, charmed to kill two fees with one show-down, was perhaps a little enthusiastic for the rest of the evening; but when, in the stilly watches of the night, he settled down to think alone in his study, after a five-mile motor run home, he perceived that if he had not exactly bitten off more than he could chew, he certainly had acquired a mouthful which made his jaws work with extreme stiffness. For he had already put in nearly a week of hard research on the major and he had gleaned nothing beyond the simple fact that he really seemed to be precisely what he claimed to be—namely, a half-pay retired army man with no money but lots of good intentions; and Aunt Eleanor knew that already and apparently was satisfied with it. It was nearly two o'clock before Mr. Balm finally decided to go the limit on an idea—the only one—with which he had already coquetted. He would marry Aunt Eleanor himself—if he could. He decided, then rose and studied himself in the glass.

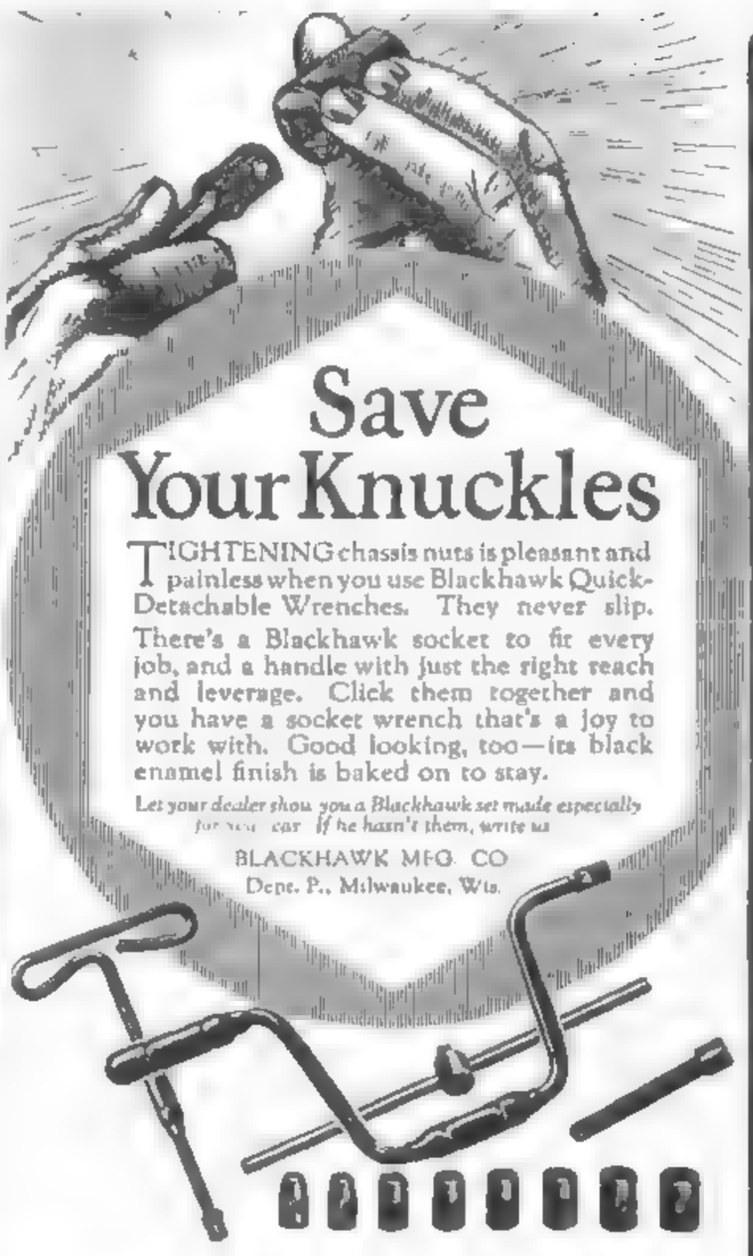
"Well, why not?" he asked. "I imagine that I am at least as competent a chairman of the board and controlling shareholder as either that snipy stiletto Gainsborough Gay or that obvious old cod hook Avery Hackett."

He smoothed his hair and decorrugated his brow as he surveyed himself.

"Not quite so dashing as D'Estrange—true; but comfortable, homy, solid, and, above all, reliable. All women above a certain age like a reliable man, and Lord knows I am that. Portly—a little? Yes, perhaps. But so, too, is Aunt Eleanor. Yes, on the whole, I think it will do, I think it will do."

And in making that final conjecture the reliable man was not guessing wholly at random.

He had known Mrs. Savernake rather less than a week, but she had taken to him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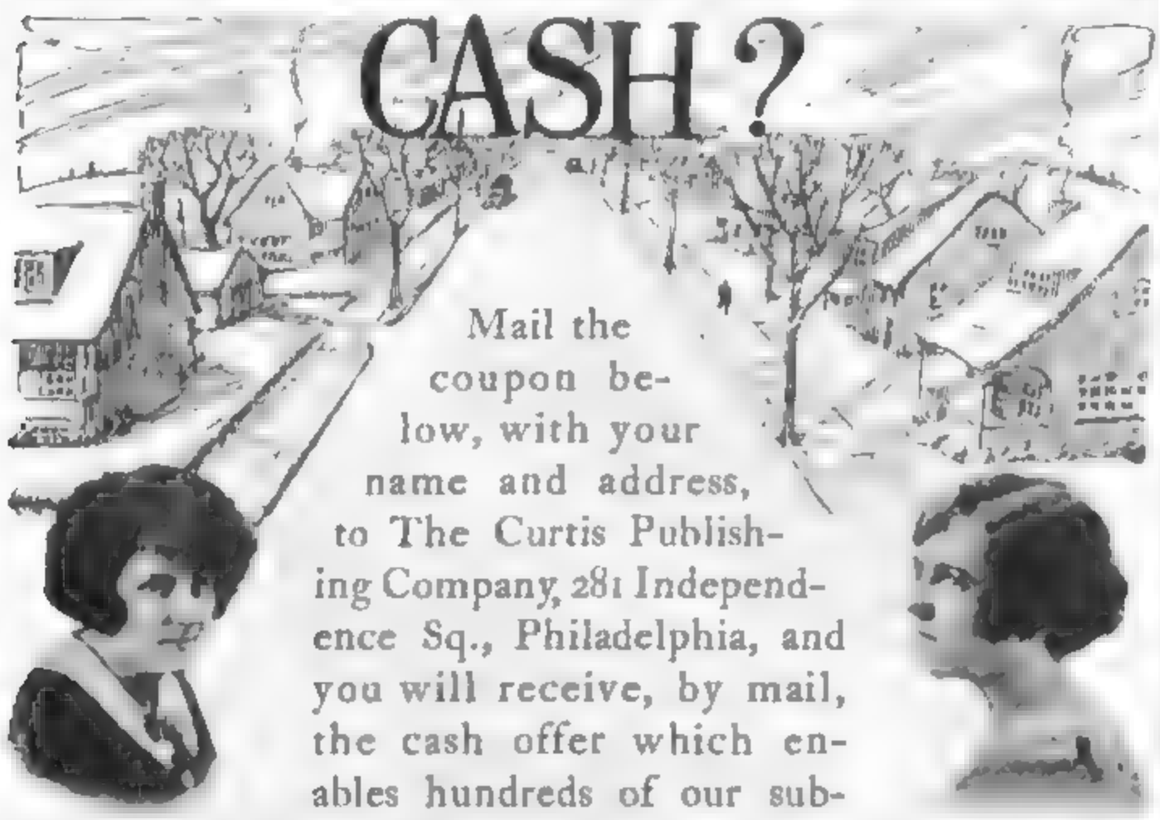
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quite astonishingly. Possibly not so completely as he had taken to her, but still fairly well. Julius was not a man prone to regret; but he had during the past few days more than once caught himself regretting that the major should have seen her first.

Julius was no longer a youth, exactly, and there was something besides her money about Aunt Eleanor that appealed to the business expert. She was no longer beautiful or slim, but also she was not yet either plain or overly unslim. And there was an air of home about her. She was exactly the type of woman—easy, tolerant, generous, as ready to laugh at herself as at her husband—that looks well in a comfortable chair helping her comfortable husband watch a comfortable fire.

"It is by no means a certainty," admitted Mr. Balm as he went upstairs. "But, major or no major, there is, I believe, a chance! Yes, distinctly a chance! Reliability versus dash! We shall see." He sighed rather loudly. "We shall see. Personally, if I were Eleanor Savernake, I should choose reliability. It is a pity that I shall have to press things a little; but she has to be protected, and if I am going to do that competently I cannot allow the grass to grow under my feet. And Eleanor Savernake—and all she implies—is not so bad a fate for any man."

But he sighed again as he said it, and it was for his jeopardized bachelorhood that he sighed. Almost anybody, acting as a looker-on rather than a participator in the matter, might excusably have written off the gentle Julius as a self-esteemer or an auto-kidder. But they would have been wrong. Julius Balm was a very keen and extremely clever person, and he understood ladies—as far as any man may. He was almost the last man in the world to sigh without cause for a bachelorhood in danger. He could not have said exactly why he felt that Aunt Eleanor would turn down the major in his favor when, next day, he invited her to do so. These convictions are not always the outcome of speech.

In the short time she had known him Eleanor Savernake had glanced at him with cordiality in her eyes, had spoken to him with a species of remote invitation in her voice, had seemed, more than once, to measure him with an air that held a little more than mere approval.

It was not vanity that prompted Julius to his decision, nor was it the possible pleasure of thoroughly double-crossing Gainsborough and Avery, for he was not the species of business man who used personal vanity to any great extent in his business. He believed that Eleanor Savernake sensed, in her heart, that dashing majors were not really good for her, but that Julius Balm was; and, for himself—well, he was a business expert, and to pass up a pleasant lady of whom one was genuinely fond and who possessed a yearly income of seven thousand pounds, which could easily be doubled, is not a course of action likely to commend itself to any unmarried business expert.

He rode early next morning, coincided very neatly with Aunt Eleanor and Dimity riding on the downs, and while Dimity stole one of the perfectly wild gallops she loved, he proposed quite nicely to Aunt Eleanor. Who, considerably to his surprise and, he suspected, a little to her own—in spite of the major—refused him, with nebulously something of the air of one who would sooner have accepted him.

Julius did not press her, even though, rather cleverly, he read in her look that she, too, guessed the major to be too young for her. But he was not quite keen enough to go deeper still and realize that, far down in her heart, Aunt Eleanor was by no means sure that she wanted to be married again at all. They talk of the wild and wayward moods of a girl of eighteen, but it's in the moods of a woman of near fifty that wildness-cum-waywardness builds its real home fire.

But thanks to a perfect digestion, Aunt Eleanor was always capable of quick recovery, and long before they reached Fairmeasure Manor she had confided it all to her chick, Dimity, who pulled up her horse solely in order to kiss her auntie quite tenderly. An understanding little snip, Dimity, in her butterfly way. Very.

On the whole, a jolly ride. Dimity was carelessly pleased that auntie had been so gratified; she was pleased, as far as it mattered at all, that auntie had refused Julius; and above all she was delighted, presumably for reasons of her own, that Julius had proposed. So delighted, indeed, that, ever sympathetic in happiness, the child noted with real concern that almond-eyed sister Bethoe, who was reading her letters on the sunny terrace as they rode up, was looking quite alarmingly Chinese.

"Such a lovely ride, Beth darling," said Dimity, wondering what had made Bethoe so angry. All the family knew that when Beth was angry she looked like an old-time Chinese princess who has just sent for her chief executioner to do a job of work for her.

"So pleased you enjoyed it," cooed Bethoe indifferently.

The big blue eyes of the little one fell on an envelope on the garden table, and she recognized the writing at once. It was that of one James Raven Devenish, to whom Bethoe was occasionally engaged. But it was a misunderstanding rather than an engagement, for Bethoe and Devenish were rarely successful in spending more than an hour in each other's company without quarreling. There were times when each was extremely fond of the other, but the times rarely coincided. They were high-spirited and had very little in common.

"How is James, Beth? Isn't that his writing?" asked Dimity idly, swinging her hat.

"Oh, just the vile-tempered idiot he always is. He's coming to see me this afternoon. Maulfry's Clarence, it seems, is starving to death for lack of one look from her, one touch of her hand, and he's motoring up this afternoon with James."

Dimity slipped an arm round the darkling Beth.

"Are you cross with James about anything, dear?"

"Cross with him! Good gracious, no! Who would be cross with a fool like James Devenish? Cross with him!" She laughed, opening her palm, to show Dimity the engagement ring lying therein. "I sent for the man in order to give him this bauble!"

Dimity gave Beth's lithe waist an affectionate hug and went indoors, unperturbed in spite of the fact that it was a Monday, whereas Beth's usual day for returning Devenish's ring was Thursday. Dimity was already acquainted with Beth's and Devenish's notion of a happy engagement.

"I should think that James would have learned by this time that the only way to get on well with Beth is to purr to her, like you have to do to some of those beautiful, mysterious, smoky Persian cats. You are bound to get scratched a little, but not so badly if you purr a little first," mused the child.

She paused for a moment, pondering whether she should send for Archie Crust, who would be her official fiancé when she was just a little older, and let him amuse her that afternoon. But she decided that she did not want Archie that day. It would be much more fun getting really well acquainted with Major D'Estrange, who was coming for tea and possibly tennis—if the weather and Aunt Eleanor's new and rather tight-looking tennis shoes permitted.

Julius Balm was supposed to be coming too. Dimity wondered whether he would. She hoped he would, for she was faintly curious to see how a well-balanced rejectee like Julius would deport himself in the presence of his rejectress so soon after the event.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

You'll never know till *you* try it

A good many old-fashioned persons think these advertisements are published merely to promote the sale of Barbasol.

They have a far nobler purpose.

What we are really trying to do is to help millions of our fellow men get out of a rut.

Here you are, let us say, a regular modern citizen living in an age when leaders commute back and forth across a continent and aviators fly 350 miles an hour, and yet—

You go plodding along in the same old rut when it comes to shaving. Dobbing around with a brush. Suffering under the rub-in, and groaning when the steel begins to pull.

Why don't you try Barbasol?

It will lift you out of the shaving past and send you singing to success! It will take years off your shoulders and strokes off your game. To say nothing of making more money. How come? Look here:

1—Wash the face
(but leave it wet)
2—Spread on Barbasol
(but don't rub in)
3—Shave

N.B.: No brush. Also n. r. i.: no rub-in. The full-bodied creamy Barbasol holds every hair straight up against the reaper, and swish, swish—how *nice* you look this morning!

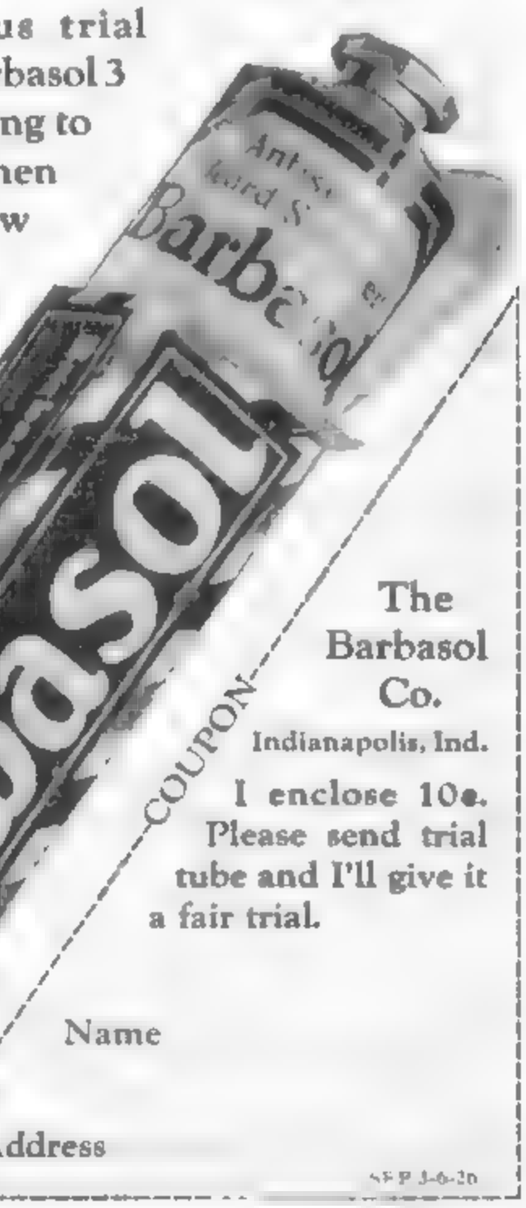
Have you ever tried Barbasol?

You'll never know how easy it is to shave with Barbasol until you try. Nor how delicious is that cool sensation all around the course. No smart; no burn; no ingrowing hairs. That's because Barbasol leaves the natural oils right in the skin—takes nothing away but the whiskers.

Now will you try Barbasol?

By this time you ought to be just honing to shave with Barbasol.

We've made the trial just as easy for you as Barbasol makes shaving easy. You select a dime from your small change pocket, fill out the coupon and mail it to us, and we send you the generous trial tube. Use Barbasol 3 times according to directions. Then you'll know why Barbasol's the Modern Way of Shaving.



Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

COUPON

The Barbasol Co.
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10¢. Please send trial tube and I'll give it a fair trial.

Name

Address

SEP 3-6-20

Boys' and girls' shoes as low as $2.50 to $3.50 (none more than $5), according to size and grade. Smaller sizes—$1.50 to $2.00. Look for the Endicott-Johnson trade-mark on the sole.

What every mother should know about buying shoes for active boys and girls

Look back. Recall your own childhood. Doesn't memory tell you that it is simply useless to expect happy, carefree youngsters to be careful with their shoes? That the secret of making children's shoes last longer must be sought in the shoes themselves?

We can help you. When next a pair of battered juvenile shoes reminds you that another trip to the shoe store is imminent, make it a point to remember this guide to "Better shoes for less money" —*Endicott-Johnson.*

Endicott-Johnson shoes are made by the largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world. Largest because millions of mothers have discovered the extraordinary wear, the smart looks and the unusual value that are in these shoes. Largest too, because 50,000 stores make it possible to obtain Endicott-Johnson shoes most everywhere.

Durability is built in

Endicott-Johnson shoes are made by a most unusual organization—an "Industrial Democracy" of 17,000 trained workers whose hearts, minds and hands are joined in a mutual determination to make better shoes. Each E-J Worker has a special incentive to put his best effort into his work. Each has a direct interest in every pair of shoes he makes. Workmanship is of the highest order.

But that isn't all. These are *tested* shoes. Not designed on theory. But made from direct observation of the punishment lusty youngsters inflict on shoes. We put shoes on active boys and girls. Watch what happens. And what we learn helps us to make better and better shoes.

It tells what lasts are best for each type of shoe. What leathers give the longest service. Where each shoe can be strengthened. We make every improvement that is possible. We tan leather in a special way in our own huge tanneries. We make our own rubber soles and heels.

Try these shoes

Ask your dealer to show you some of the new spring styles of Endicott-Johnson shoes. Examine them—closely. Note the strong, fine leather. Sturdy construction. Comely shapes. Splendid finishes. Put a pair on each of your children and watch them *wear*.

Scores of styles from which to choose—for school, dress and play. There's a store selling Endicott-Johnson shoes near you, most likely. If you don't happen to know where, we'll tell you—gladly. Write to Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City, N. Y., or St. Louis, Mo.

1. Sterling—Boys' nobby-looking Oxfords with brass eyelets. Lots of snap in the "balloon" last; lots of wear in the rich golden leather
2. Wildfire—Girls' patent Charleston pump. A touch of grown-up style added to an immensely serviceable little shoe
3. Hi-Kick—Boys' knockabout shoes made from sturdy golden elk leather. Nothing like them for every-day service and solid comfort.
4. Endwell—One-strap pumps decidedly in favor with high school girls. Patent leather in a dainty, practical model.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

THE ADOLESCENT MARRIAGE

(Continued from Page 7)

"I hear you've been getting married," Garnett began abruptly.

Clark's cheeks deepened to the color of his hair.

"Who told you that?" he demanded.

"Lucy Wharton. She told me the whole story."

"Then you know it, sir," said Clark almost rudely. "You know all there is to know."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I don't know." Clark stood up, breathing quickly. "I can't talk about it. It's my affair, you see. I ——"

"Sit down, Llewellyn."

The young man sat down, his face working. Suddenly it crinkled uncontrollably and two great tears, stained faintly with the dust of the day's toil, gushed from his eyes.

"Oh, hell!" he said brokenly, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand.

"I've been wondering why you two can't make a go of it, after all." Garnett looked down at his desk. "I like you, Llewellyn, and I like Lucy. Why not fool everybody and ——"

Llewellyn shook his head emphatically.

"Not me," he said. "I don't care a snap of my finger about her. She can go jump in the lake for all I care."

"Why did you take her away?"

"I don't know. We'd been in love for almost a year and marriage seemed a long way off. It came over us all of a sudden."

"Why couldn't you get along?"

"Didn't she tell you?"

"I want your version."

"Well, it started one afternoon when she took all our money and threw it away."

"Threw it away?"

"She took it and bought a new hat. It was only thirty-five dollars, but it was all we had. If I hadn't found forty-five cents in an old suit we wouldn't have had any dinner."

"I see," said Garnett dryly.

"Then—oh, one thing happened after another. She didn't trust me, she didn't think I could take care of her, she kept saying she was going home to her mother. And finally we began to hate each other. It was a great mistake, that's all, and I'll probably spend a good part of my life paying for it. Wait till it leaks out!" He laughed bitterly.

"Aren't you thinking about yourself a little too much?" suggested Garnett coldly.

Llewellyn looked at him in unfeigned surprise.

"About myself?" he repeated. "Mr. Garnett, I'll give you my word of honor, this is the first time I've ever thought about that side of it. Right now I'd do anything in the world to save Lucy any pain—except live with her. She's got great things in her, Mr. Garnett." His eyes filled again with tears. "She's just as brave and honest, and sweet sometimes. I'll never marry anybody else, you can bet your life on that, but—we were just poison to each other. I never want to see her any more."

After all, thought Garnett, it was only the old human attempt to get something for nothing—neither of them had brought to the marriage any trace of tolerance or moral experience. However trivial the reasons for their incompatibility, it was firmly established now in both their hearts, and perhaps they were wise in realizing that the wretched voyage, too hastily embarked upon, was over.

That night Garnett had a long and somewhat painful talk with George Wharton, and on the following morning he went to New York, where he spent several days. When he returned to Philadelphia, it was with the information that the marriage of Lucy and Llewellyn Clark had been annulled by the state of Connecticut on the ground of their minority. They were free.

II

ALMOST everyone who knew Lucy Wharton liked her, and her friends rose rather valiantly to the occasion. There was a certain element, of course, who looked at her with averted eyes; there were slights, there were the stares of the curious; but since it was wisely given out, upon Chauncey Garnett's recommendation, that the Whartons themselves had insisted upon the annulment, the burden of the affair fell less heavily upon Lucy than upon Llewellyn. He became not exactly a pariah—cities live too quickly to linger long over any single scandal—but he was cut off entirely from the crowd in which he had grown up, and much bitter and unpleasant comment reached his ears.

He was a boy who felt things deeply, and in the first moment of depression he contemplated leaving Philadelphia. But gradually a mood of defiant indifference took possession of him; try as he might, he wasn't able to feel in his heart that he had done anything morally wrong. He hadn't thought of Lucy as being sixteen, but only as the girl whom he loved beyond understanding. What did age matter? Hadn't people married as children, almost, one hundred—two hundred years ago? The day of his elopement with Lucy had been like an ecstatic dream; he the young knight, scorned by her father, the baron, as a mere youth, bearing her away, and all willing, on his charger, in the dead of the night.

And then the realization, almost before his eyes had opened from their romantic vision, that marriage meant the complicated adjustment of two lives to each other, and that love is a small part only of the long, long marriage day. Lucy was a devoted child whom he had contracted to amuse an adorable and somewhat frightened child, that was all.

As suddenly as it had begun, it was over. Doggedly Llewellyn went his way, along with his mistake. And so quickly had his romance bloomed and turned to dust that after a month a merciful unreality began to clothe it as if it were something vaguely sad that had happened long ago.

One day in July he was summoned to Chauncey Garnett's private office. Few words had passed between them since their conversation the month before, but Llewellyn saw that there was no hostility in the older man's attitude.

He was glad of that, for now that he felt himself utterly alone, cut off from the world in which he had grown up, his work had come to be the most important thing in his life.

"What are you doing, Llewellyn?" asked Garnett, picking up a yellow pamphlet from the litter of his desk.

"Helping Mr. Carson with the Municipal Country Club."

"Take a look at this." He handed the pamphlet to Llewellyn. "There isn't a gold mine in it, but there's a good deal of this gilt-edge hot air they call publicity. It's a syndicate of twenty papers, you see. The best plans for—what is it?—a neighborhood store—you know, a small drug store or grocery store that could fit into a nice street without being an eyesore. Or else for a suburban cottage—that'll be the regular thing. Or thirdly for a small factory recreation house."

Llewellyn read over the specifications.

"The last two aren't so interesting," he said. "Suburban cottage—that'll be the usual thing, as you say—recreation house, no. But I'd like to have a shot at the first, sir—the store."

Garnett nodded. "The best part is that the plan which wins each competition materializes as a building right away, and therein lies the prize. The building is yours. You design it, it's put up for you, then you sell it and the money goes into your own pocket. Matter of six or seven thousand dollars—and there won't be more than six or seven hundred other young architects trying."

Llewellyn read it over again carefully.

"I like it," he said. "I'd like to try the store."

America's Most Beautiful Refrigerator. All porcelain. As efficient as it is beautiful. Write for literature
RHINELANDER REFRIGERATOR CO.
DEPT. S-4 RHINELANDER, WISCONSIN
RHINELANDER AIRTITE REFRIGERATOR
Distinctive Homes at Wholesale Prices
Write for 200 Home Plans!
OVER 200,000 home-builders have taken advantage of Gordon-Van Tine's system of selling direct from mill and low wholesale prices to save money on their homes. We furnish complete plans by skilled architects, lumber and building materials shipped from our forest mills—everything as specified at one guaranteed price. Highest quality. Built-in features to save steps and lighten housework. Homes designed for beauty and comfort. Fully described and priced in "Book of 200 Home Plans"
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Campbell's Automatic Rapid Electric Fireless Cooker Range

Simply Wonderful— *Every Home Should Have One*

Here is just what you have always wanted—Think of an electric fireless cooker range, working right off your home lighting circuit—with which you can do your cooking, baking, roasting, etc., quickly, easily, cleanly, with a wonderful saving of fuel and work.

Wm Campbell
The Original Fireless Cooker Man

Automatic Oven Control

Automatic oven heat regulator turns electricity on and off as needed. Maintains a steady, constant temperature. Never too hot—never too cool—and only uses electricity one third to one-half of the time. Money saving, time saving, work saving, and insures perfect baking and roasting.

Here's What It Will Do For You

Roasts all kinds of meats—fowls and fish. Only uses electricity about 1/3 of the usual time. *Cooks all vegetables*—eight medium sized potatoes use electricity 8 to 12 minutes. *Does all baking*. A cake uses electricity about 12 to 15 minutes. A boiled ham uses electricity 30 to 35 minutes. Cooks a boiled dinner complete—using electricity about 40 minutes. Fries, Toasts, Stews, makes coffee, boils tea kettle—no other stove needed. Will do anything any range will do.

With this range you can do all your cooking under the perfect heat control of electricity and yet at a cost that is only one-third of what it would be if a regular electric cook stove were used.

Has double electric grill on top for frying, cooking, etc., a deep 18 inch oven for baking, roasting, etc., and a big electrically heated fireless cooker compartment—all under automatic control. Oven big enough to hold a large turkey or three loaves of bread. Oven has unbreakable "Pyrex" Glass door.

Entire range lined with aluminum—rust-proof and easy to keep clean. ***No Three wire special wiring necessary.*** Attach to any floor socket or wall plug. On casters, move anywhere. All complete, ready to use when you receive it.

Special Low Factory Price and 30 Day Trial Offer

Write today for big illustrated catalog and my introductory offer, special low price for limited time only. My price will amaze you! Selling direct gives you big savings! Cash or easy payments.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO. 1015 Union Ave., Alliance, Ohio

Canadian Address: Georgetown, Ontario

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
280 Independence Square
Philadelphia - Pennsylvania

Tell me how I, without selling experience, can make good money under your offer.

Name

Street

City

State

Not a Salesman?

He's Made $2 In a Spare Hour

"I don't think I am a salesman," writes Andre Tardif, of New York. "The best I've done is $2 in an hour."

That statement is typical of many that come into this office from representatives making a tidy little spare-time income by taking subscriptions in their own neighborhoods for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Profit from the Start

And maybe they're right. Maybe they aren't salesmen. But the plain fact is that *you don't need selling experience* to make mighty good money from the first at this work. The Curtis publications, with a combined net paid circulation around six millions, often need little more than an introduction to sell them. We'll venture to say you can think off-hand of a dozen acquaintances who are good prospects for one of the three. Why not ask for their subscriptions—and pocket the profit?

How Much Extra Cash Do You Need?

If you need more money than your regular position puts into your pockets, if you have even only a few spare hours to sell, you owe it to yourself to investigate this business opportunity. No capital is required. We furnish all supplies and give you the help you need to succeed. An inquiry will not obligate you in any way. And you may find our offer surprisingly interesting to you.

"Well, you've got a month. I wouldn't mind it a bit, Llewellyn, if that prize came into this office."

"I can't promise you that." Again Llewellyn ran his eyes over the conditions, while Garnett watched him with quiet interest.

"By the way," he asked suddenly, "what do you do with yourself all the time, Llewellyn?"

"How do you mean, sir?"

"At night—over the week-ends. Do you ever go out?"

Llewellyn hesitated.

"Well, not so much—now."

"You mustn't let yourself brood over this business, you know."

"I'm not brooding."

Mr. Garnett put his glasses carefully away in their case.

"Lucy isn't brooding," he said suddenly. "Her father told me that she's trying to live just as normal a life as possible."

Silence for a moment.

"I'm glad," said Llewellyn in an expressionless voice.

"You must remember that you're free as air now," said Garnett. "You don't want to let yourself dry up and get bitter. Lucy's father and mother are encouraging her to have callers and go to dances—behave just as she did before."

"Before Rudolph Rassendale came along," said Llewellyn grimly. He held up the pamphlet. "May I keep this, Mr. Garnett?"

"Oh, yes." His employer's hand gave him permission to retire. "Tell Mr. Carson that I've taken you off the country club for the present."

"I can finish that too," said Llewellyn promptly. "In fact ——"

His lips shut. He had been about to remark that he was doing practically the whole thing himself anyhow.

"Well?"

"Nothing, sir. Thank you very much."

Llewellyn withdrew, excited by his opportunity and relieved by the news of Lucy. She was herself again, so Mr. Garnett had implied; perhaps her life wasn't so irrevocably wrecked after all. If there were men to come and see her, to take her out to dances, then there were men to care for her. He found himself vaguely pitying them—if they knew what a handful she was, the absolute impossibility of dealing with her, even of talking to her. At the thought of those desolate weeks he shivered, as though recalling a nightmare.

Back in his room that night, he experimented with a few tentative sketches. He worked late, his imagination warming to the set task, but next day the result seemed "arty" and pretentious—like a design for a tea shop. He scrawled "Ye Olde-Fashioned Butcher Shoppe—Veree Unsanitaree," across the face of it and tore it into pieces, which he tossed into the wastebasket.

During the first weeks in August he continued his work on the plans for the country club, trusting that for the more personal venture some burst of inspiration would come to him toward the end of the allotted time. And then one day occurred an incident which he had long dreaded in the secret corners of his mind—walking home along Chestnut Street he ran unexpectedly into Lucy.

It was about five o'clock, when the crowds were thickest. Suddenly they found themselves in an eddy facing each other, and then borne along side by side as if fate had pressed into service all these swarming hundreds to throw them together.

"Why, Lucy!" he exclaimed, raising his hat automatically. She stared at him with startled eyes. A woman laden with bundles collided with her and a purse slipped from Lucy's hand.

"Thank you very much," she said as he retrieved it. Her voice was tense, breathless. "That's all right. Give it to me. I have a car right here."

Their eyes joined for a moment, cool, impersonal, and he had a vivid memory of their last meeting—of how they had stood, like this, hating each other with a cold fury.

"Are you sure I can't help you?"

"Quite sure. Our car's at the curb."

She nodded quickly. Llewellyn caught a glimpse of an unfamiliar limousine and a short smiling man of forty who helped her inside.

He walked home—for the first time in weeks he was angry, excited, confused. He must get away tomorrow. It was all too recent for any such casual encounter as this; the wounds she had left on him were raw and they opened easily.

"The little fool!" he said to himself bitterly. "The selfish little fool! She thought I wanted to walk along the street with her as if nothing had ever happened. She dares to imagine that I'm made of the same flimsy stuff as herself!"

He wanted passionately to spank her, to punish her in some way like an insolent child. Until dinnertime he paced up and down in his room, going over in his mind the forlorn and useless arguments, reproaches, imprecations, furies, that had made up their short married life. He rehearsed every quarrel from its trivial genesis down to the time when a merciful exhaustion intervened and brought them, almost hysterical, into each other's arms. A brief moment of peace—then again the senseless, miserable human battle.

"Lucy," he heard himself saying, "listen to me. It isn't that I want you to sit here waiting for me. It's your hands, Lucy. Suppose you went to cooking school and burned your pretty hands. I don't want your hands coarsened and roughened, and if you'll just have patience till next week when my money comes in —— I won't stand it! Do you hear? I'm not going to have my wife doing that! No use of being stubborn."

Wearily, just as he had been made weary by those arguments in reality, he dropped into a chair and reached listlessly for his drawing materials. Laying them out, he began to sketch, crumpling each one into a ball before a dozen lines marred the paper. It was her fault, he whispered to himself, it was all her fault. "If I'd been fifty years old I couldn't have changed her."

Yet he could not rid himself of her dark young face set sharp and cool against the August gloaming, against the hot hurrying crowds of that afternoon.

"Quite sure. Our car's at the curb."

Llewellyn nodded to himself and tried to smile grimly.

"Well, I've got one thing to be thankful for," he told himself. "My responsibility will be over before long."

He had been sitting for a long while, looking at a blank sheet of drawing paper; but presently his pencil began to move in light strokes at the corner. He watched it idly, impersonally, as though it were a motion of his fingers imposed on him from outside. Finally he looked at the result with disapproval, scratched it out and then blocked it in again in exactly the same way.

Suddenly he chose a new pencil, picked up his ruler and made a measurement on the paper, and then another. An hour passed. The sketch took shape and outline, varied itself slightly, yielded in part to an eraser and appeared in an improved form. After two hours, he raised his head, and catching sight of his tense, absorbed face he started with surprise. There were a dozen half-smoked cigarettes in the tray beside him.

When he turned out his light at last it was half-past five. The milk wagons were rumbling through the twilit streets outside, and the first sunshine streaming pink over the roofs of the houses across the way fell upon the board which bore his night's work. It was the plan of a suburban bungalow.

III

AS THE August days passed, Llewellyn continued to think of Lucy with a certain anger and contempt. If she could accept so lightly what had happened just two months ago, he had wasted his emotion upon a girl who was essentially shallow. It cheapened his conception of her, of himself,

(Continued on Page 233)

"There's an *Extra* Quart in every Gallon"

Study the chart below. You will see how Quaker State's exclusive *super*-refining process gives you an *extra* quart of lubricant in every gallon—and a type of motor lubricating oil entirely different from anything you have used before!

OFFICIAL INSIGNIA OF THE PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION PERMIT NO. 50

100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

The highest-grade oil in the world

QUAKER STATE TRADE MARK OILS AND GREASES

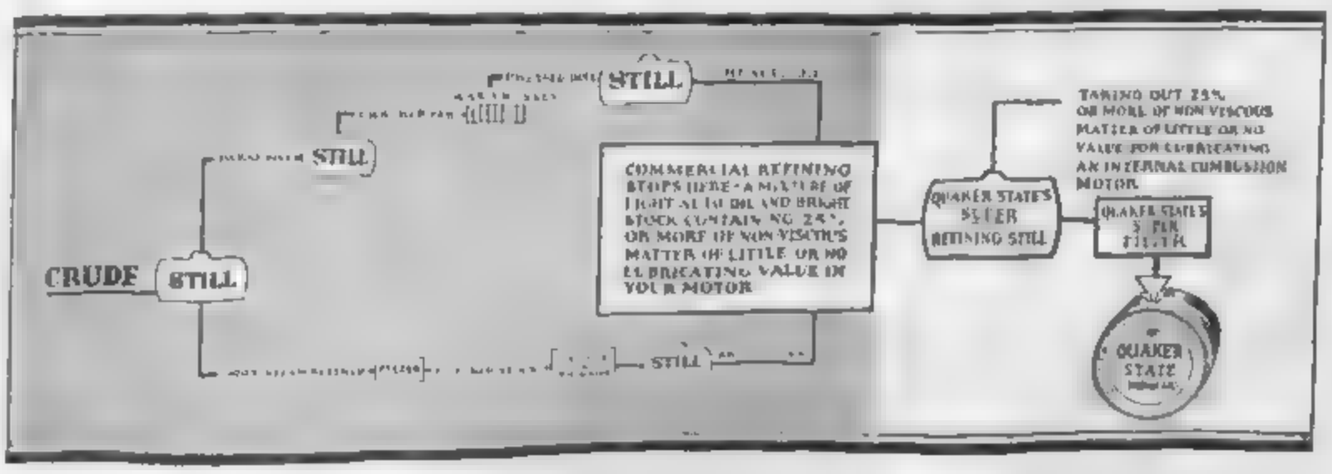
Without doubt the most startling and important announcement ever made to the American motorist.

There's an *extra* quart of lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State Medium Motor Oil! Ordinary motor oils contain from 25% to 30% of elements of little or no value for lubricating a gasoline engine. Quaker State, by a special, exclusive *super*-refining process, removes these undesirable elements, and gives you a motor oil that is *all* lubricant—100%.

That's why there's an *extra* quart of lubricant in every gallon—four quarts of service instead of three, or less. That's why Quaker State Medium Motor Oil is the most economical oil you can use in any car, large or small. That's the basis of Quaker State's remarkable performance records, which have won for it the recommendations of the makers of many of our finest cars—among others Franklin, Wills Sainte Claire, and Rolls-Royce.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CO., Oil City, Pa.

Follow this chart and see for yourself what ordinary motor oils really are—then see how Quaker State's super-refining removes the undesirable elements, and gives you an extra quart of lubricant in every gallon of Quaker State Medium Motor Oil.


STILL
STILL
CRUDE
STILL
COMMERCIAL REFINING STOPS HERE—A MATTER OF LIGHT AUTO OIL AND BRIGHT STOCK CONTAIN NO 25% OR MORE OF NON VISCOUS MATTER OF LITTLE OR NO LUBRICATING VALUE IN YOUR MOTOR
STILL
TAKING OUT 25% OR MORE OF NON VISCOUS MATTER OF LITTLE OR NO VALUE FOR LUBRICATING AN INTERNAL COMBUSTION MOTOR.
QUAKER STATE'S SUPER REFINING STILL
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Quaker State Oil Refining Co.,
Oil City, Pa.

Please send me your large chart which explains in detail Quaker State's exclusive *super*-refining process. I drive a

_____ car

Name _____

Street _____

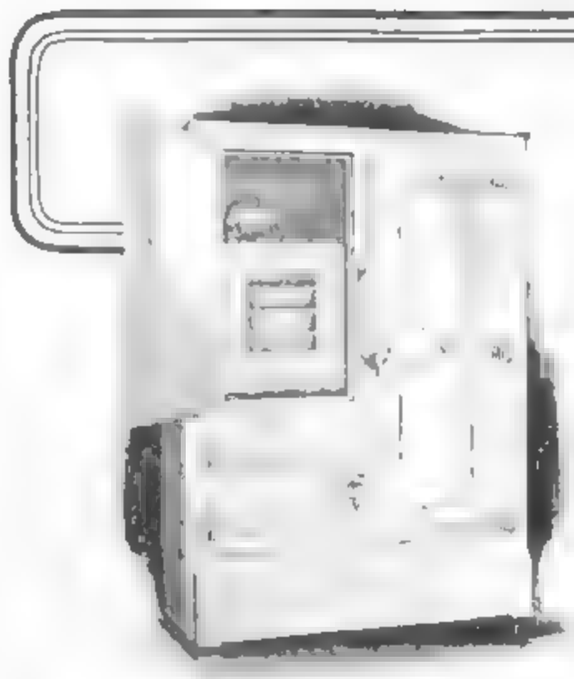
City _____ State _____

THE

Absopure

FRIGERATOR

The rapid freezing characteristic of the Absopure Frigerator provides plentiful supplies of ice cubes and quickly freezes desserts, etc



$185 To fit your present ice box from 5 to 20 cubic feet food space. A slight additional charge for the largest sizes.

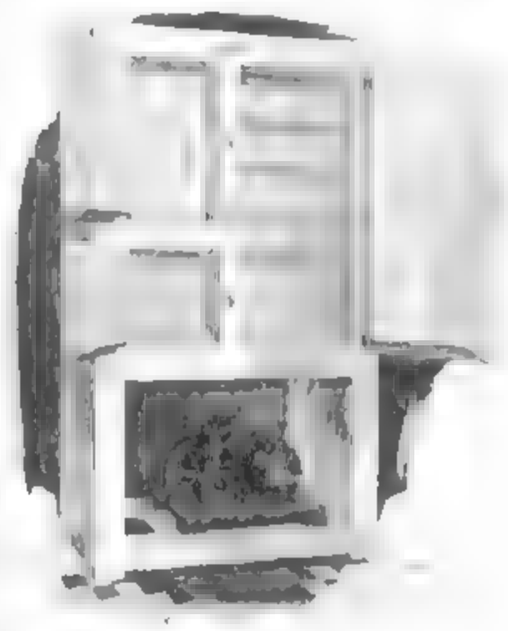
$245 The Absopure Frigerator A-5-2 Food Space 5 cubic feet, handsomely lined, cork insulated, two porcelain front ice cube trays.

Economical Electrical Refrigeration by World Famous Authorities

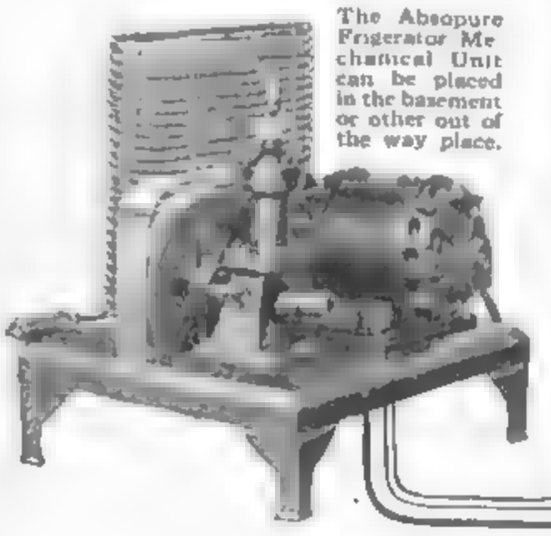
It brings new, brilliant and exclusive advantages in price, quality and quiet, trouble-free operation; new standards of value, reliability and economy. And with price and convenient payment terms that all can afford with ease.

The Absopure Frigerator is designed and built by refrigeration engineers who are recognized as leading authorities, not only nationally, but throughout the scientific refrigerating world. Their active experience in mechanical, business and household refrigeration covers more than a quarter of a century, and throughout that period they have made notable contributions in the advancement of refrigerating service to household and business.

In the Absopure Frigerator they have produced a simple, wonderfully efficient and dependable machine. In tests conducted by experts it has again and again demonstrated new factors of reliability and economy, exclusive to this design. It reduces the service problem almost to nil. It is economical to buy. It is economical, quiet and efficient in operation.



The Absopure Frigerator De Luxe line includes the finest cabinet work that can be built—full porcelain lined, cork insulated, Duco finish. Prices are: A-6 with 6 cubic ft. food space, $395; A 9 (illustrated above) with 9 cubic ft. food space, $495. A 16 with 16 cubic ft. food space, $595. f. o. b. Detroit.



The Absopure Frigerator Mechanical Unit can be placed in the basement or other out of the way place.

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Homes Apartments Ice Cream Dispensers
Stores Florists Delicatessens

with outstanding price advantage

Some Valuable Dealer Franchises Are Open. Write or Wire

GENERAL NECESSITIES CORPORATION

Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 230)

of the whole affair. Again the idea came to him of leaving Philadelphia and making a new start farther west, but his interest in the outcome of the competition decided him to postpone his departure for a few weeks more.

The blue prints of his design were made and dispatched. Mr. Garnett cautiously refused to make any prophecies, but Llewellyn knew that everyone in the office who had seen the drawing felt a vague excitement about it. Almost literally he had drawn a bungalow in the air—a bungalow that had never been lived in before. It was neither Italian, Elizabethan, New England or California Spanish, nor a mongrel form with features from each one. Someone dubbed it the tree house, and there was a certain happiness in the label; but its charm proceeded less from any bizarre quality than from the virtuosity of the conception as a whole—an unusual length here and there, an odd, tantalizingly familiar slope of the roof, a door that was like the door to the secret places of a dream. Chauncey Garnett remarked that it was the first skyscraper he had ever seen built with one story, but he recognized that Llewellyn's unquestionable talent had matured overnight. Except that the organizers of the competition were probably seeking something more adapted to standardization, it might have had a chance for the award.

Only Llewellyn was sure. When he was reminded that he was only twenty-one, he kept silent, knowing that, whatever his years, he would never again be twenty-one at heart. Life had betrayed him. He had squandered himself on a worthless girl and the world had punished him for it, as ruthlessly as though he had spent spiritual coin other than his own. Meeting Lucy on the street again, he passed her without a flicker of his eye—and returned to his room, his day spoiled by the sight of that young distant face, the insincere reproach of those dark haunting eyes.

A week or so later arrived a letter from New York informing him that from four hundred plans submitted the judges of the competition had chosen his for the prize. Llewellyn walked into Mr. Garnett's office without excitement, but with a strong sense of elation, and laid the letter on his employer's desk.

"I'm especially glad," he said, "because before I go away I wanted to do something to justify your belief in me."

Mr. Garnett's face assumed an expression of concern.

"It's this business of Lucy Wharton, isn't it?" he demanded. "It's still on your mind?"

"I can't stand meeting her," said Llewellyn. "It always makes me feel—like the devil."

"But you ought to stay till they put up your house for you."

"I'll come back for that, perhaps. I want to leave tonight."

Garnett looked at him thoughtfully.

"I don't like to see you go away," he said. "I'm going to tell you something I didn't intend to tell you. Lucy needn't worry you a bit any more—your responsibility is absolutely over."

"Why's that?" Llewellyn felt his heart quicken.

"She's going to marry another man."

"Going to marry another man!" repeated Llewellyn mechanically.

"She's going to marry George Hemmick, who represents her father's business in Chicago. They're going out there to live."

"I see."

"The Whartons are delighted," continued Garnett. "I think they've felt this thing pretty deeply—perhaps more deeply than it deserves. And I've been sorry all along that the brunt of it fell on you. But you'll find the girl you really want one of these days, Llewellyn, and meanwhile the sensible thing for everyone concerned is to forget that it happened at all."

"But I can't forget," said Llewellyn in a strained voice. "I don't understand what you mean by all that—you people—you and Lucy and her father and mother. First it was such a tragedy, and now it's something to forget! First I was this vicious young man and now I'm to go ahead and find the girl I want. Lucy's going to marry somebody and live in Chicago. Her father and mother feel fine because our elopement didn't get in the newspapers and hurt their social position. It came out 'all right'!"

Llewellyn stood there speechless, aghast and defeated by this manifestation of the world's indifference. It was all about nothing—his very self-reproaches had been pointless and in vain.

"So that's that," he said finally in a new, hard voice. "I realize now that from beginning to end I was the only one who had any conscience in this affair after all."

IV

THE little house, fragile yet arresting, all aglitter like a toy in its fresh coat of robin's-egg blue, stood out delicately against the clear sky. Set upon new-laid sod between two other bungalows, it swung the eye sharply toward itself, held your glance for a moment, then turned up the corners of your lips with the sort of smile reserved for children. Something went on in it, you imagined; something charming and not quite real. Perhaps the whole front opened up like the front of a doll's house; you were tempted to hunt for the catch because you felt an irresistible inclination to peer inside.

Long before the arrival of Llewellyn Clark and Mr. Garnett a small crowd had gathered—the constant efforts of two policemen were required to keep people from breaking through the strong fence and trampling the tiny garden. When Llewellyn's eye first fell upon it, as their car rounded a corner, a lump rose in his throat. That was his own—something that had come alive out of his mind. Suddenly he realized that it was not for sale, that he wanted it more than anything in the world. It could mean to him what love might have meant, something always bright and warm where he could rest from whatever disappointments life might have in store. And unlike love, it would set no traps for him. His career opened up before him in a shining path and for the first time in months he was radiantly happy.

The speeches, the congratulations, passed in a daze. When he got up to make a stumbling but grateful acknowledgment, even the sight of Lucy standing close to another man on the edge of the crowd failed to send a pang through him, as it would have a month before. That was the past, and only the future counted. He hoped with all his heart, without reservations now, or bitterness, that she would be happy.

Afterward, when the crowd melted away, he felt the necessity of being alone. Still in a sort of trance, he went inside the house again and wandered from room to room, touching the walls, the furniture, the window casements, with almost a caress. He pulled aside curtains and gazed out; he stood for a while in the kitchen and seemed to see the fresh bread and butter on the white boards of the table, and hear the kettle, murmurous on the stove. Then back through the dining room—he remembered planning that the evening light should fall through the window just so—and into the bedroom, where he watched a breeze ruffle the edge of a curtain faintly, as if someone already lived here. He would sleep in this room tonight, he thought. He would buy things for a cold supper from a corner store. He was sorry for everyone who was not an architect, who could not make their own houses; he wished he could have set up every stick and stone with his own hands.

The September dusk fell. Returning from the store, he set out his purchases on the dining-room table—cold roast chicken, bread and jam, and a bottle of milk. He ate lingeringly, then he sat back in his chair and smoked a cigarette, his eyes wandering about the walls. This was home. Llewellyn, brought up by a series of aunts, scarcely remembered ever having had a home

Keeps Your Hair Neat—

Rich-looking and Orderly

IF your hair lacks natural gloss and lustre, or is difficult to keep in place, it is very easy to give it that rich, glossy, refined and orderly appearance, so essential to well-groomed men.

Just rub a little Glostora through your hair once or twice a week,—or after shampooing, and your hair will then stay, each day, just as you comb it.

Glostora softens the hair and makes it pliable. Then, even stubborn hair will stay in place of its own accord.

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A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

A generous sample FREE upon request

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store.

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DEDUCT your own big commissions. Added bonus paid real workers. Weekly salary offered. Working equipment supplied. No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Find out today about selling some of your spare time. You win if you like our plan. If you don't, you lose only a postage stamp! Take the chance.

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Farms, Farmers, Farm Implements and Machinery

The January issue of *The Country Gentleman* carried what we believe to be a record in farm paper advertising:

9194 agate lines of farm machinery and farm implement advertising in a single issue!

No manufacturer knows the farm field better than do the makers of farm implements and farm machinery. None has had longer practical experience as an advertiser in the farm press. None is more anxious to reach directly, with a minimum of wasted effort, the working farm itself.

This record volume of farm implement and farm machinery advertising is significant endorsement of the truth of our statement that *The Country Gentleman* is the foremost publication in America for those whose homes, or whose interests, are in the country.

The Country Gentleman

more than 1,200,000 a month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Advertising Offices: Philadelphia, New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Detroit, Cleveland

before—except, of course, where he had lived with Lucy. Those barren rooms in which they were so miserable together had been, nevertheless, a sort of home. Poor children—he looked back on them both, himself as well as her, from a great distance. Little wonder their love had made a faint, frail effort, a gesture, and then, unprepared for the oppression of those stifling walls, starved quickly to death.

Half an hour passed. Outside, the silence was heavy except for the complaint of some indignant dog far down the street. Llewellyn's mind, detached by the unfamiliar, almost mystical surroundings, drifted away from the immediate past; he was thinking of the day when he had first met Lucy, a year before. Little Lucy Wharton—how touched he had been by her trust in him, by her confidence that, at twenty, he was experienced in the ways of the world.

He got to his feet and began to walk slowly up and down the room—starting suddenly as the front doorbell pealed through the house for the first time. He opened the door and Mr. Garnett stepped inside.

"Good evening, Llewellyn," he said. "I came back to see if the king was happy in his castle."

"Sit down," said Llewellyn tensely. "I've got to ask you something. Why is Lucy marrying this man? I want to know."

"Why, I think I told you that he's a good deal older," answered Garnett quietly. "She feels that he understands."

"I want to see her!" Llewellyn cried. He leaned miserably against the mantelpiece. "I don't know what to do. Mr. Garnett, we're in love with each other, don't you realize that? Can you stay in this house and not realize it? It's her house and mine. Why, every room in it is haunted with Lucy! She came in when I was at dinner and sat with me—just now I saw her in front of the mirror in the bedroom, brushing her hair "

"She's out on the porch," interrupted Garnett quietly. "I think she wants to talk to you. In a few months she's going to have a child."

For a few minutes Chauncey Garnett moved about the empty room, looking at this feature or that, here and there, until the walls seemed to fade out and melt into the walls of the little house where he had brought his own wife more than forty years ago. It was long gone, that house—the gift of his father-in-law; it would have seemed an atrocity to this generation. Yet on many a forgotten late afternoon when he had turned in at its gate, and the gas had flamed out at him cheerfully from its windows, he had got from it a moment of utter peace that no other house had given him since.

Until this house. The same quiet secret thing was here. Was it that his old mind was confusing the two, or that love had built this out of the tragedy in Llewellyn's heart? Leaving the question unanswered he found his hat and walked out on the dark porch, scarcely glanced at the single shadow on the porch chair a few yards away.

"You see, I never bothered to get that annulment, after all," he said as if he were talking to himself. "I thought it over carefully and I saw that you two were good people. And I had an idea that eventually you'd do the right thing. Good people—so often do."

When he reached the curb he looked back at the house Again his mind—or his eyes blurred and it seemed to him that it was that other house of forty years ago. Then, feeling vaguely ineffectual and a little guilty because he had meddled in other people's affairs, he turned and walked off hastily down the street.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Five Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

March 6, 1926

Cover Design by Charles A. MacLellan

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Adolescent Marriage—*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	6
The Pranking Guinea—*Harris Dickson*	8
The Last Survivor—*Leonard H. Nason*	14
Rattlesnake—*William J. Neidig*	18
Ladies' Change—*Sophie Kerr*	20
John Herd's Daughter—*Will Levington Comfort*	22
The Call of the Ruled—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	26
Land of Promise—*Thomas McMorrow*	30

ARTICLES

Shapes in Light—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	3
The New Hindenburg Line—*Wythe Williams*	5
My Dear! He Says Hawaii is American!—*Samuel G. Blythe*	12
Let's Look It Up in the Dictionary—*Spencer Armstrong*	16
The Independents—Their Part in Developing the Telephone in the United States—*Theodore Gary*	24
Adventures in Exports—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	28
Jazz—*Paul Whiteman and Mary Margaret McBride*	32
The Fifth Estate—*Jerome D. Travers and James R. Crowell*	36
The Prophets of Business—*Chester T. Crowell*	39
Fighting the Black Plague of Trade—*Boyden Sparkes*	42

SERIALS

Dimity Gay, Aunt Eleanor's Chick (In two parts)—*Bertram Atkey*	9
The Girl Who Forgot (Conclusion)—*George Weston*	34
This Way Madness (In two parts)—*George Kibbe Turner*	44

MISCELLANY

Editorials	38
Short Turns and Encores	40
The Poets' Corner	78

Just buttered it's delicious

Sun-Maid raisins in every bite

Raisin Bread French Toast

Beat 2 eggs; mix in ¼ teaspoon salt and ¼ cup milk. Dip bread to cover well, then fry both sides to golden brown in hot well greased pan. Serve plain, with syrup or jam, or with sugar.

Yet a score of treats are easily made with bakers' Raisin Bread

You're missing more than one good thing if you do not try this Raisin Bread the better bakers make today.

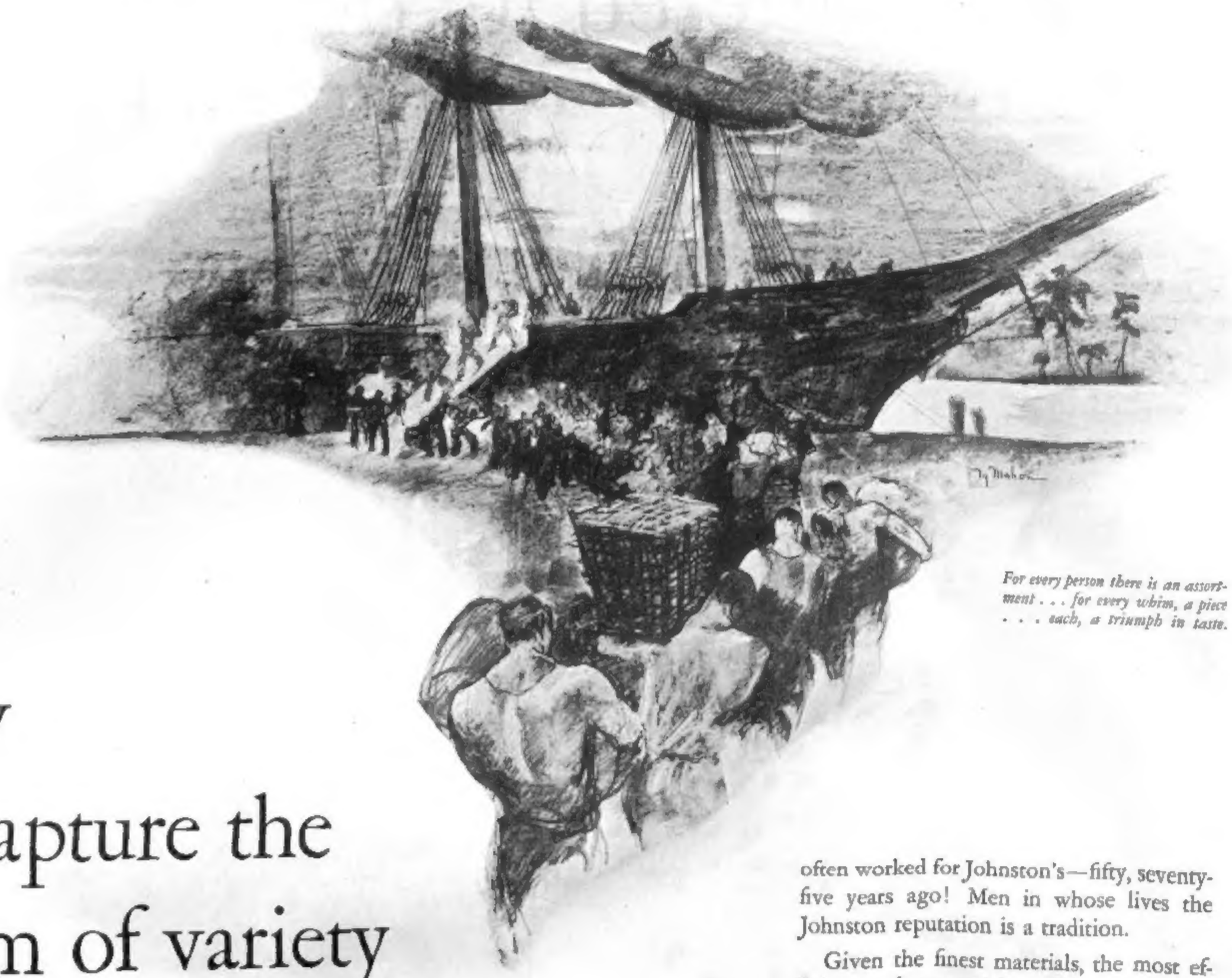
Their finest loaf generously filled with plump, juicy Sun-Maid raisins, millions of families enjoy it, especially on Wednesdays when bakers offer it *special*.

And it makes a toast that brightens Thursday's breakfast—toast with a rich fruit flavor! Gives new tastiness to every kind of sandwich—the simple ones for lunch boxes and for the children home from school, the dainty ones for luncheons, afternoon teas and jolly Sunday night suppers! Then there's Raisin Bread *French* toast, a delight you must surely try!

All have the goodness of Sun-Maid raisins, a quality that only Sun-Maid raisins can give.

Place a standing order with your grocer or baker for Raisin Bread—for at least a loaf from the Wednesday *special* baking.

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays



For every person there is an assortment . . . for every whim, a piece . . . each, a triumph in taste.

How we capture the charm of variety

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FROM old-world ports—from South and East and West—we gather Nature's treasures . . . her choicest, most succulent dainties . . . and put them in one box for *you*.

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The men who make Johnston's love their work. They are old-school experts. Men whose fathers, whose grandfathers often worked for Johnston's—fifty, seventy-five years ago! Men in whose lives the Johnston reputation is a tradition.

Given the finest materials, the most efficient and congenial working conditions, these men maintain a standard far above any mere inspection system . . . or set of rules.

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In gifts, good taste is the all-important factor. And today, as in grandmother's day, Johnston's *is* good taste.

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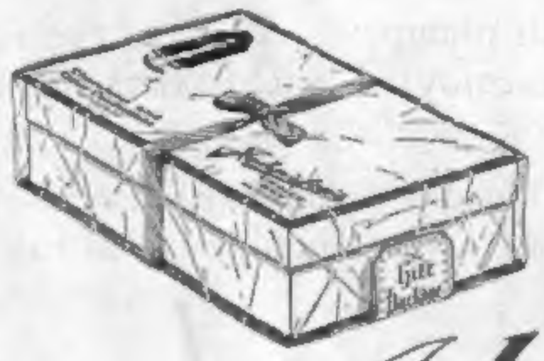

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We are thinking of a certain husband we know—in writing this advertisement. He loves his home. He is considerate. But sometimes, even as you and I, he misses a bet which he ought to cover.

Ever since the home-coming from the honeymoon, his wife has realized her need for an adequate silver service.

But this need, so poignant to her, has never been driven home to him. So her dream-purchase has remained an unreality, the yearning of a window-shopper.

We seek, therefore, to talk over this silverware question with this husband, as man to man.

We ask him to look at it in a business way. The 50-piece set shown in the picture below, with flatware enough for the average sized family and all their guest-emergencies, costs $71.50. But its cost is less than a cent a day, when spread over its life-long term of usefulness and beauty.

Is not the charm of better table service, throughout married life, worth a penny a day? Is it not worth that price to appease the fond wish of a fond woman? With that husband we know, we rest our case.

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A charming little brochure on how to entertain correctly and smartly for luncheons, dinners and afternoon teas. What to serve and how to serve it—for occasions both formal and informal. A copy is yours for the asking. Ask for booklet Q-90, International Silver Company, Dept. E, Meriden, Connecticut.

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PLEADING and strange . . . restless and beautiful . . . such are the rhythms that make up the irresistible charm of negro songs and spirituals. Nobody knows how old they are, or from what distant source they sprang —nobody cares—their deep, brooding melody—the weird cadences . . . these are enough.

It is the amazing ability of the Orthophonic Victrola to hold the minute and fragmentary tone shadings of the pleading, restless spirit of negro music. You will hear lower notes and higher notes than ever. You will find a new beauty and power, a new depth and sonority, to all music played on the Orthophonic Victrola. Whether the deep, rich basses of a negro song, or the strange, brooding melody of a negro spiritual —this marvelous instrument brings them all to your home, there to be played whenever you want them, again and again. , , ,

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See and hear the Orthophonic Victrola today. Your dealer will gladly demonstrate this musical miracle—any time. There are four beautiful models—the Credenza at $300—the Granada (illustrated above) at $150—the Colony at $110 and the Consolette at $85.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

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